★ May 27, 1944

THE NEW YORKER

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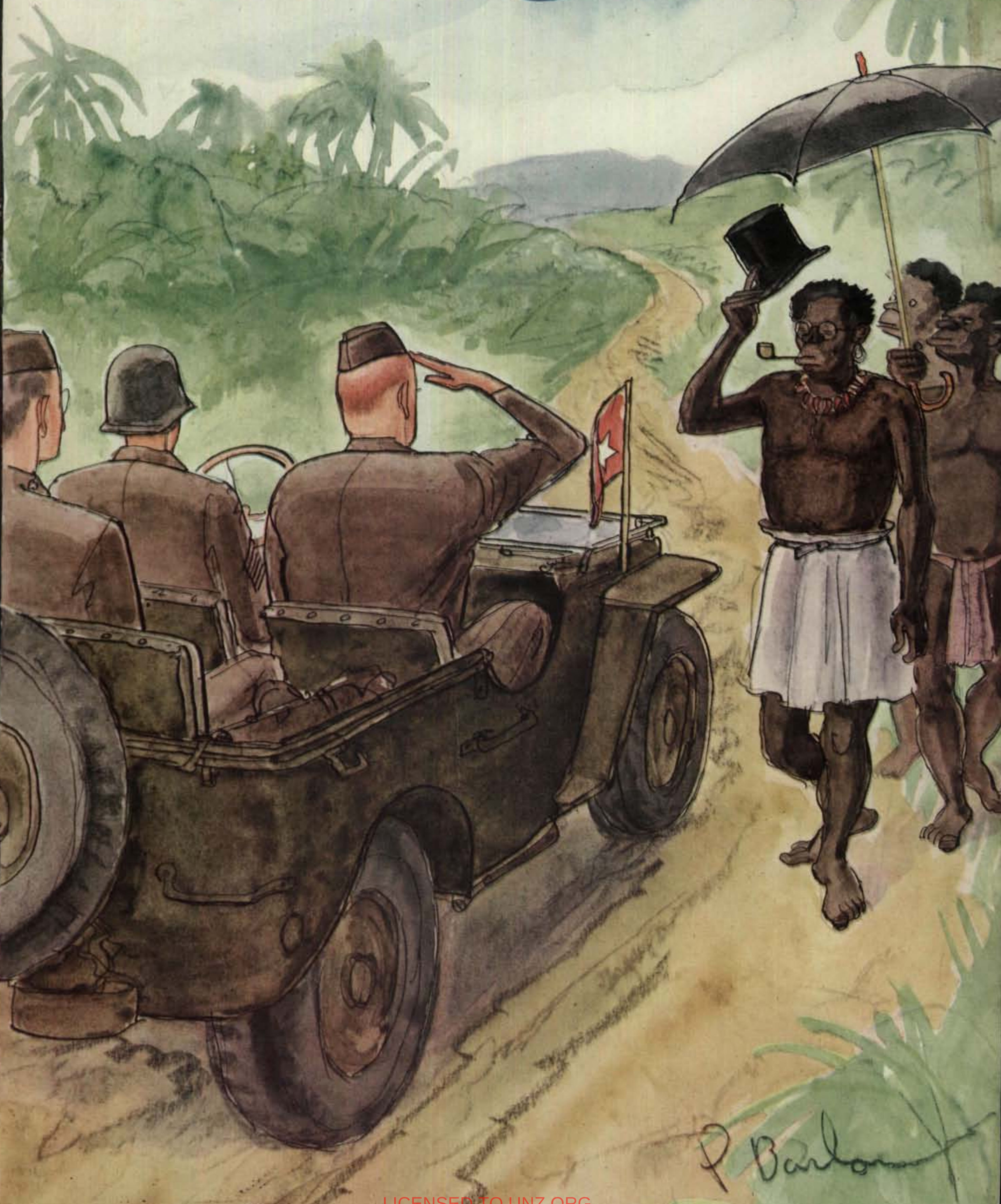
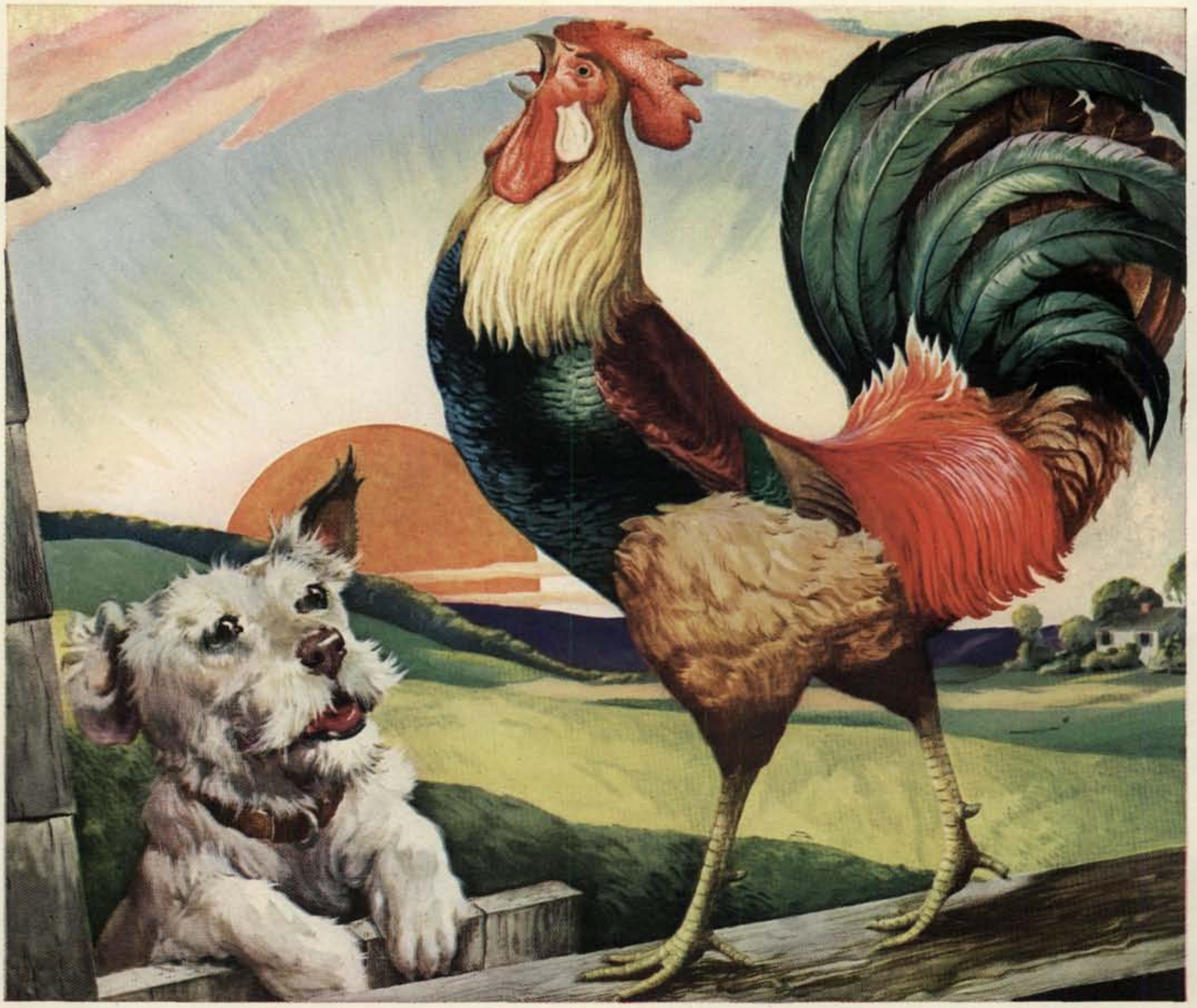




Step up... for the whiskey that's Like Sunny Morning in your Glass!

DON'T take our *word* for it – take a *sip* of it . . . and you, too, will agree that every golden drop of SCHENLEY Reserve has the bright, clean freshness of a breezy, sun-drenched morning! That brisk, delightful flavor is a *triumph* of blending . . . the result of true *genius* in the blender's art. America appreciates such outstanding quality . . . for SCHENLEY Reserve is a favorite among finer whiskies! You'll appreciate it, too . . . so why put off the pleasure? Step up and try SCHENLEY Reserve – today.

The basic whiskies in Schenley Reserve blended whiskey are supplied only from pre-war stocks. Our distilleries are now producing only alcohol for munitions, synthetic rubber and other important uses. Schenley has produced no whiskey since October 1942.

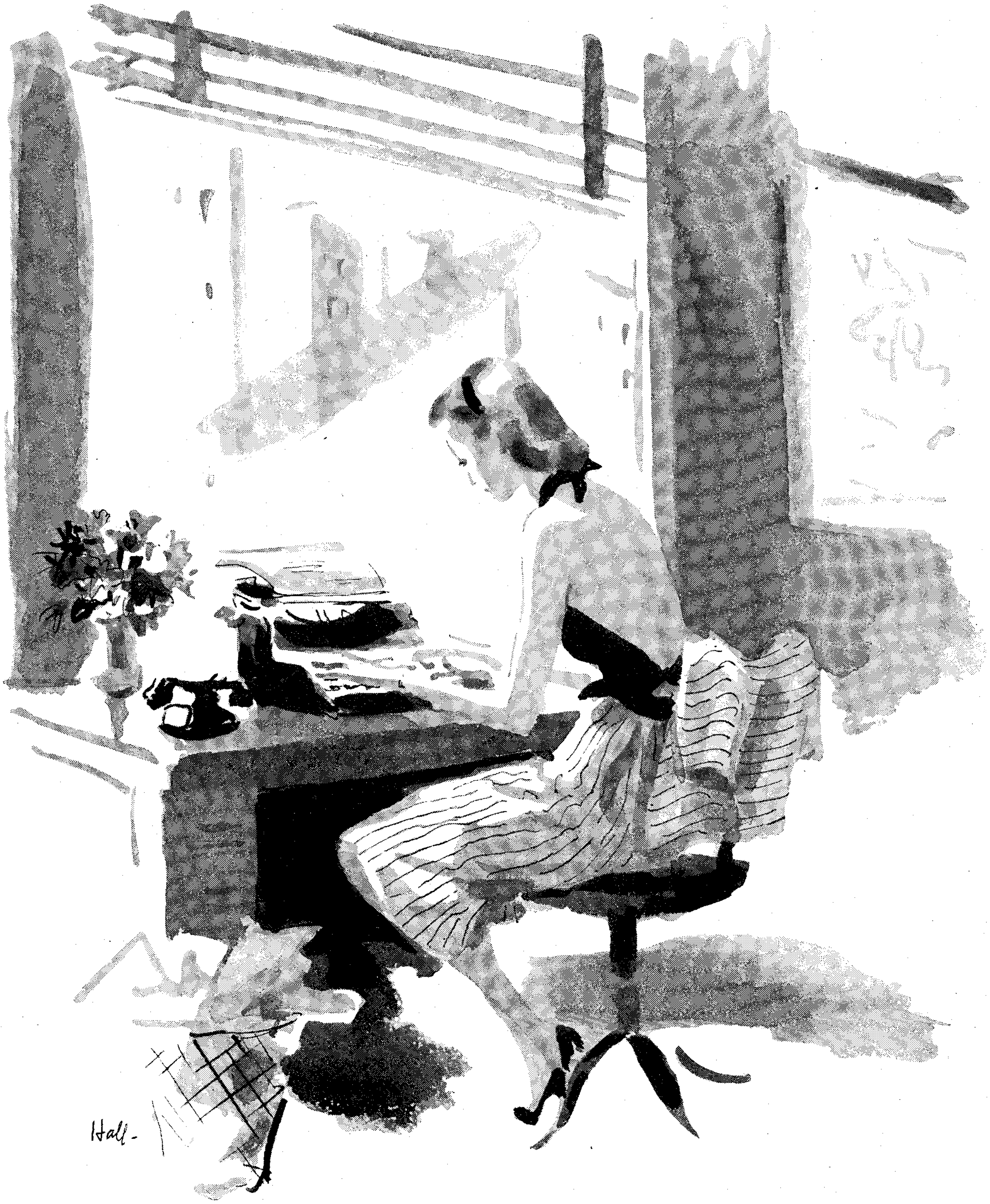
MELLOW AND LIGHT AS A PERFECT MORNING

They also serve, who BUY and HOLD WAR BONDS!

SCHENLEY
Reserve
BLENDED WHISKEY

SCHENLEY
RESERVE
Blended Whiskey

Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City. 86 proof – sixty per cent neutral spirits distilled from fruit and grains.



If You're a Hot Job in Town — here's a pretty nice way to speed up efficiency. Striped rayon in lime, aqua or coral with black stripes and top. Sizes 10 to 18. The halter dress, 10.95. The jacket, 3.75 — From the Budget Shop at Lord & Taylor

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, as indicated below, there will be some juggling of schedules because of Memorial Day. There may be further changes, so, to be on the safe side, you'd do well to check with the newspapers. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—A superior melodrama, now in its third year, about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. The cast will change on Thurs. Eve., June 1, when Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll will be replaced by Viola Keats and Cecil Humphries. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except May 31, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Tues., May 30, at 2:40.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. Now in its fourth year, this Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Effie Shannon and Josephine Hull, is still one of the funniest things in town. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Chicken Every Sunday—About a landlady in Tucson and how she copes with her dreamy husband. Rather pleasant and funny. The cast is headed by Mary Philips and Sidney Blackmer. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except May 31, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Tues., May 30, at 2:40.)

Decision—A worthy, rather heavy-handed play about Fascism on the home front. With Raymond Greenleaf and Gwen Anderson. (Ambassador, 49, W. CI 7-0760. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—Joseph Fields' farce about present-day Washington seems to contain all the necessary ingredients. Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, and Doris Nolan are among the ladies who upset the government. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except May 31, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Tues., May 30, at 2:40.)

Jacobowsky and the Colonel—Franz Werfel's slightly disappointing play (as rewritten by S. N. Behrman) about two refugees from France. The cast includes Oscar Karlweis, Annabella, and Louis Calhern. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs., except June 1, and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Tues., May 30, at 2:30.)

Kiss and Tell—Typical George Abbott piece about a couple of adolescents who pretend they're going to have a baby, with a fine cast headed by Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except May 31, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Tues., May 30, at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's stories, is in its fifth year. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except May 31, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Tues., May 30, at 2:40.)

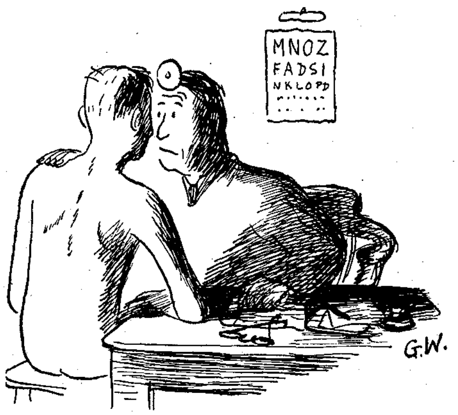
Othello—Margaret Webster and the Theatre Guild are responsible for this majestic revival. Paul Robeson is very impressive as the Moor, and José Ferrer's Iago is a masterpiece. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Over Twenty-One—Ruth Gordon as Dorothy Parker in a comedy about an Officers' Candidate School. Miss Gordon also wrote the darn thing, which isn't really as witty as some say. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Tues., May 30, at 2:40.)

Pick-Up Girl—An earnest play about how those little girls who hang around Times Square got the way they are. More interesting possibly as propaganda than playwriting. With William Harrigan, Pamela Rivers, and Doro Merande. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Thurs., June 1, at 8:40. Mats. Sun., except May 28, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Tues., May 30, at 2:40.)

Ramshackle Inn—Homicidal doings in an old dark house. Too amateurish and confused to be quite satisfactory, but Zasu Pitts may make you laugh. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Thurs., June 1, at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40; special Mat. Tues., May 30, at 2:40.)

The Searching Wind—Lillian Hellman combines an account of the history of Fascism with a triangular love story, and turns up with a play that is difficult but is certainly something for you to see. The cast assembled by Herman Shumlin includes Dudley Digges, Cornelia Otis Skinner, and Montgomery Clift. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 25, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 3.

Three Is a Family—A simple-minded, sometimes funny piece about pregnant ladies and the current housing shortage. With Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, Una Merkel, and William Wadsworth. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Moves on Sun., May 28, to the Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:50; special Mat. Tues., May 30, at 2:40.)

Tomorrow the World—What to do when you have a little Nazi in your home. An honest, if not always credible, attempt to solve a difficult postwar problem. With Conrad Nagel, Skippy Homeier, and Shirley Booth. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except May 31, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Tues., May 30, at 2:40.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—This melodrama is mainly a vehicle for Elisabeth Bergner, who knows her business. Playing opposite her, when he gets a chance, is Victor Jory. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. The cast consists of Margaret Sullavan, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 5-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Wallflower—A variation of the ugly-duckling theme, but it will probably remind you of "Kiss and Tell" and "Three Is a Family." (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except May 31, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Tues., May 30, at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Career Angel—A play by Gerard M. Murray, with Glenn Anders and Whitford Kane. Staged by Don Appell and produced by Andrew Billings, Joseph Dicks, and David Shay. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat., May 25 and 27, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter, at 2:40.)

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WITH MUSIC

Carmen Jones—A handsome and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II has followed "Oklahoma!" with another tour de force. Produced by Billy Rose. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed., except May 31, and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Tues., May 30, at 2:30.)

Dream with Music—Vera Zorina as Scheherazade in Richard Kollmar's elaborate fantasy. Plenty of expensive scenery but not quite enough music or comedy. With Joy Hodges and Ronald Graham. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed., except May 31, and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Tues., May 30, at 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song in a piece about some sailors and their girls. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book and the cast includes Jackie Gleason, Buster West, and Tim Herbert. (Century, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Helen Goes to Troy—The New Opera Company's revision of a nineteenth-century operetta. A somewhat haphazard production but the Offenbach music is a delight. The cast includes such variegated performers as Jarmila Novotná, Ralph Dumke, and Ernest Truex. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Tues., May 30, at 2:30.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark is very funny in an otherwise standard musical. Cole Porter wrote the music and the lyrics, and June Havoc, George Givot, and Paul Haakon are in the cast. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed., except May 31, and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Tues., May 30, at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—First-rate musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. Joan Roberts and Alfred Drake will leave the cast on Thurs., June 1. Celeste Holm, Betty Garde, and Joseph Buloff will stay on. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Tues., May 30, at 2:30.)

One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin as a statue who comes to life to the amazement of John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes de Mille has contributed some stunning ballets. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed., except May 31, and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Tues., May 30, at 2:30.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Not the "Follies" as the Master used to turn them out, but still big and occasionally funny. Milton Berle and many, many others. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

A Strange Play—A play by Patti Spears, with "According to Law," by Noel Houston, as a curtain-raiser. Produced and directed by Eugene Endry. Opens Thurs., June 1. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

New York City Center—A revival of "The New Moon," the first of a series of operettas and musical comedies to be presented here. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Children's Entertainment—The Heckscher Children's Theatre Group in "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," Sat., May 27 and June 3, at 2:30 P.M. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3546.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra plays subdued dance music in one of our nicest summer resorts.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Emile Petti's band and a good-looking ice revue will be in the Bowman Room through Sat., May 27.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Mildred Bailey, and Hazel Scott, who are anyone's money's worth; Bill Harris's orchestra for dancing.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)

The New Yorker, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XX, No. 15, May 27, 1944. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1944, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation. in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.

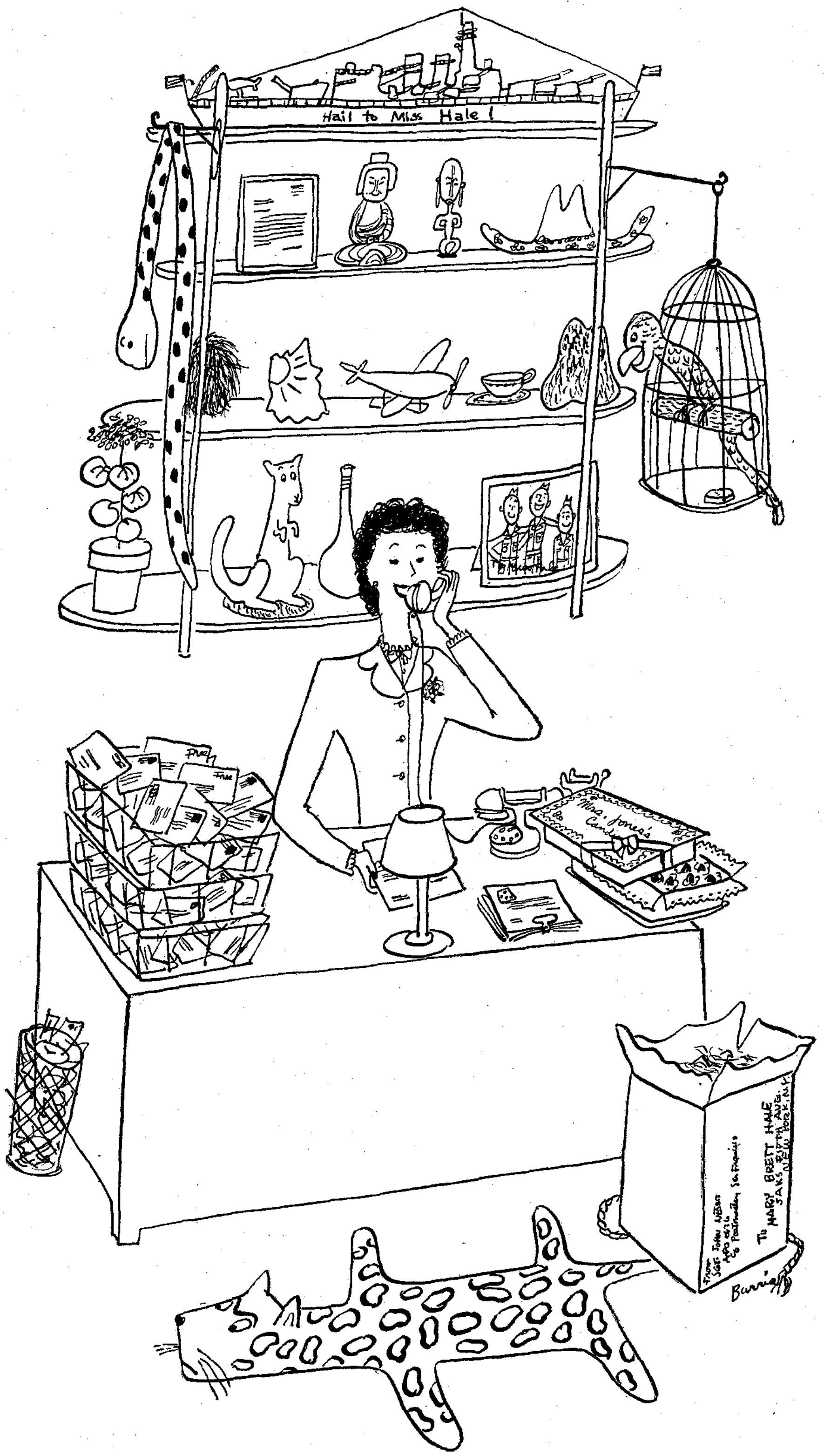
This is our Mary Brett Hale

MISS HALE is a personal shopper Saks Fifth Avenue dreamed up to disprove the theory that man's best friend is a dog. As a result she gets letters from all over the compass with the kind of requests that shouldn't even happen to a St. Bernard.

When we called on the placid Miss Hale in her office at Saks, she was whacking open a cocoanut which a grateful sergeant had just sent her from the Caribbean. Seems he'd written asking her to pick out identical Saks housecoats for his two best girls, and was limp with relief because Miss H. had accomplished this delicate mission without even mixing up the gift-cards.

There was also the old lady who wanted Miss Hale to choose a nice tie for her minister, and to be really helpful described the interior of the church. The customer who ordered a lobster and a pair of gold kid mules rushed by air-mail didn't describe any interiors, but our Miss H. never asks nosey questions. An ideal woman, really.

Her favorite job to date was servicing a submarine: picking out Saks gifts for every member of the crew to send his family. Afterward the boys sent a Lt. Commander up to her office to make a formal presentation of a box of candy. En route, the commander got lost in Saks debutante shop, and when he finally arrived, he was shaking like a leaf, but Miss Hale calmed him down, and they had quite a little ceremony.



Oh Miss Hale — where else but at

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

at Rockefeller Center

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 25, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 3.

—This Village branch has jazz by Eddie Heywood's orchestra and folk songs by Josh White.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Never a quiet moment. Joe E. Lewis heads the show and there are a couple of orchestras to dance to. . . . The Copa Bar has the Kris Kay Trio.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Nightly previews of what the well-dressed Navy man (and his lady) will wear. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—College-prom atmosphere, with college-prom music (after 10 P.M.) by Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalzo's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Big and sort of beautiful, with Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band. Joe Ricardel's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The show in the stately Cotillion Room includes Eddie Garr (to be replaced by Myrus, the mind reader, on Tues., May 30) as well as Stanley Melba's orchestra. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre for dinner and supper. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—In the Persian Room, there are songs, more than complete with gestures, by Hildegarde, and dance music by Bob Grant's orchestra and a rumba band.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—A lovely pink setting for dinner, supper, and/or romance. Fred Miller's orchestra for dancing.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The handsome Café Lounge offers Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Children cry for it. Noro Morales' rumba band (to be replaced by Dacita's on Sun., May 28) and Peyson Ré's orchestra. Tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—At the supper hour on the Starlight Roof, Morton Downey, the boy soprano, holds forth pleasantly and Mischa Borr's orchestra does waltzes and rumbas; George Hamilton's band is around all evening for orthodox dancing. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a deft and practically continuous show, with Imogene Coca, Irwin Corey, Billie Holiday, and, through Tues., May 30, Daphne Hellman and her harp. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): dim and handsome, with Robert Crum, the Revuers, the Herman Chittison Trio, and Stuart Ross. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy herself, with her songs about what shouldn't happen to a dog. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): peaceful and informal, with Roger Stearns' piano music thrown in.

Miscellaneous—At the **VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Carl Brisson and a show full of toothsome young ladies; Ray Sinatra's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and rather elegant; Dick Wilson's orchestra plays for dancing after 10 P.M. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): small and rather casual; George Morris's orchestra plays for dancing from 11 P.M. on. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian entertainment, from dagger dances to Red Army songs; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **ASTOR ROOF,** B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Harry James' orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra plays for dancing after 10:15 P.M. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Tony Pastor's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glen Gray's orchestra. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Square (CH 2-4646): very Spanish, with a show and, of course, a rumba band. . . . **CAFÉ ZANZIBAR,** B'way at 50 (CI 7-7380): Maurice Rocco and Ethel Waters will be here through Wed., May 31.

●

Mostly for Music—At the **HURRICANE,** B'way at 49 (CO 5-1995): Duke Ellington's band and its sonorous blues; never mind the show. . . . **LINCOLN,** 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500): Count Basie's band will play here through Wed., May 31. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Miff Mole, Peewee Russell, Bobby Hackett, and Eddie Condon adding warmth to these spring evenings; no dancing. . . . **PIED PIPER,** 15 Barrow (CH 3-9274): a fine new band, headed by Max Kaminsky's sweltering trumpet; in between times, James P. Johnson contributes neat slow-drag piano solos; no dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): just a Village cellar, but it has the Clarence Profit Trio and a Calypso singer. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes and his piano heading a hot trio; no dancing. . . . **ONYX,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): grade-A jazz by the Al Casey Trio, Oscar Pettiford's band, and Hot Lips Page; no dancing. . . . **DOWNBEAT CLUB,** 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Coleman Hawkins' band, which is all you need to know; no dancing. . . . **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-7742): Sidney Catlett's orchestra and Harry Gibson at the piano; also, beginning Fri., June 2, Art Tatum, likewise at the piano; no dancing. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Red Norvo, his vibraphone, and his sextet at work behind the bar; no dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries will be closed on Memorial Day, May 30.)

American Academy of Arts and Letters, B'way at 155—The annual show of work by new members and winners of scholarship grants. Tues. through Sun., including Memorial Day, 1 to 5 P.M.; through June 30.

Clay Bartlett and Arthur K. D. Healy—Paintings and water colors: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 3.

Cloisters, Fort Washington Ave. at 191—The history of falconry, shown in medieval tapestries, illuminated manuscripts, and falconers' equipment. Tues. through Sat., including Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31.

Arthur G. Dove—Twenty new paintings: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Tues., May 30.

French—At the **BIGNOU,** 32 E. 57: Dufy, Picasso, Lurçat, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 10. . . . **FEIGL,** 601 Madison, at 57: contemporary water colors. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 10. . . . **ROSENBERG,** 16 E. 57: Gauguin, Pissarro, Manet, Corot, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 3.

Groups—At the **REHN,** 683 5 Ave., at 54: new work by members of the gallery's group, including Alexander Brook, Eugene Speicher, and Edward Hopper. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 PM.; through Sat., May 27. . . . **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57: oils and water colors by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 3. . . . **PINACOTHECA,** 20 W. 58: Hananiah Harari, George L. K. Morris, Josef Scharl, and other moderns. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., May 27. . . . **O'CONNOR,** 35 Jane, at 8 Ave.: work by Patrick and Roderic O'Connor, Maxim Kopf, and Aristide Mian in this new gallery's first show. Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 2 to 10 P.M.; through Wed., May 31. . . . **PERLS,** 32 E. 58: Darrel Austin, Carol Blanchard, Frederick Haucke, and others who have exhibited here during the past season. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 30. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 106 E. 57: recent paintings by Stephen Csoka, Louis Bosa, Gerard Hordyk, and others. Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 30. . . . **ARGENT,** 42 W. 57: new work by the National Association of Women Artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 23. . . . **ARTIST ASSOCIATES,** 138 W. 15: small paintings by Robert Gwathmey, Chuzo Tamotzu, and other members. Daily 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 27.

Impressionists—Sixteen paintings by Maxime Maufra, Gustave Loiseau, and Albert André: Niveau, 63 E. 57. Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Wed., May 31.

Independent Artists—The twenty-eighth annual exhibition: Fine Arts, 215 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sun., May 28.

María—Sculpture and sculptured jewels: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 3.

André Masson—Drawings and gouaches: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 27.

Carlos Mérida—Recent paintings by the Mexican artist: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 9.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Beautifully executed replicas of mosaics from the Hagia Sophia (through Sept. 4); also, a showing of Turkish objets d'art of the fifteenth through the nineteenth centuries, Greek paintings from the eighth century B.C. through the fourth century A.D., and a large loan show of Russian ikons (through Sept. 30). Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Peter Miller—Paintings influenced by Miró and American Indian art: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., June 2.

Joan Miró—Pastels, oils, and gouaches: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 3.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—An anniversary exhibition of the development of modern art in painting, sculpture, architecture, industrial art, photography, the theatre, and motion pictures. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun. and Memorial Day, 1 to 7 P.M. through Oct. 8.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan show of work by thirty-six artists, many exhibiting here for the first time. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. and Memorial Day, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31.

National Academy of Design, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—Graphic arts in the 118th annual show. Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 1 to 5 P.M.; through June 24.

New York—Paintings of the city by artists of various nationalities, including Moïse Kisling, Maxim Kopf, William Gropper, and Reginald Marsh: American Common, 40 E. 40. Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 1.

B. J. O. Nordfeldt—New paintings: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 3.

Maud Oakes—Paintings based on Indian mythology and other paintings which are Surrealist in a scholarly way: Willard, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 27.

Waldo Peirce—Recent oils: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 27.

Pre-Columbian Sculpture—Stone figures and implements from Costa Rica, Guerrero, Vera Cruz, and from the Aztecs: Wakefield, 64 E. 55. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 5.

Luis Quintanilla—A group of water colors and pastels with the war in Europe as the theme: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily, except Sat. through Tues., May 27-30, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., June 2.

Sally Ryan—Many heads and a few heroic figures by the sculptress: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 3.

Sculpture—The annual show of the Sculptors' Guild: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 27.

Seventeenth-Century Dutch—Thirty-eight paintings which have never before been shown in this country: Brandt, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 3.

Still Lifes—Fruit and vegetables by van Gogh, Cézanne, Manet, Chardin, Renoir, and others: Coördinating Council of French Relief Societies, 457 Madison, at 51. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Wed., May 31.

William Zorach—Water colors by the sculptor: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 27.

Note—The semi-annual outdoor art exhibit in Washington Square will open on Fri., May 26, and continue daily through Sun., June 11, from 11 A.M. until dark.

MUSIC

Red Cross Benefit Concert—Arturo Toscanini conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony and the N.B.C. Symphony, along with a chorus of school children and several soloists, including Jan Peerce, tenor; Leonard Warren, baritone; Nicola Moscona, bass; Nan Merriman, mezzo-soprano; and Zinka Milanov, soprano. Thurs., May 25, at 8:30 P.M. (Madison Square Garden. Tickets can be bought at the Red Cross booth at the Garden.)

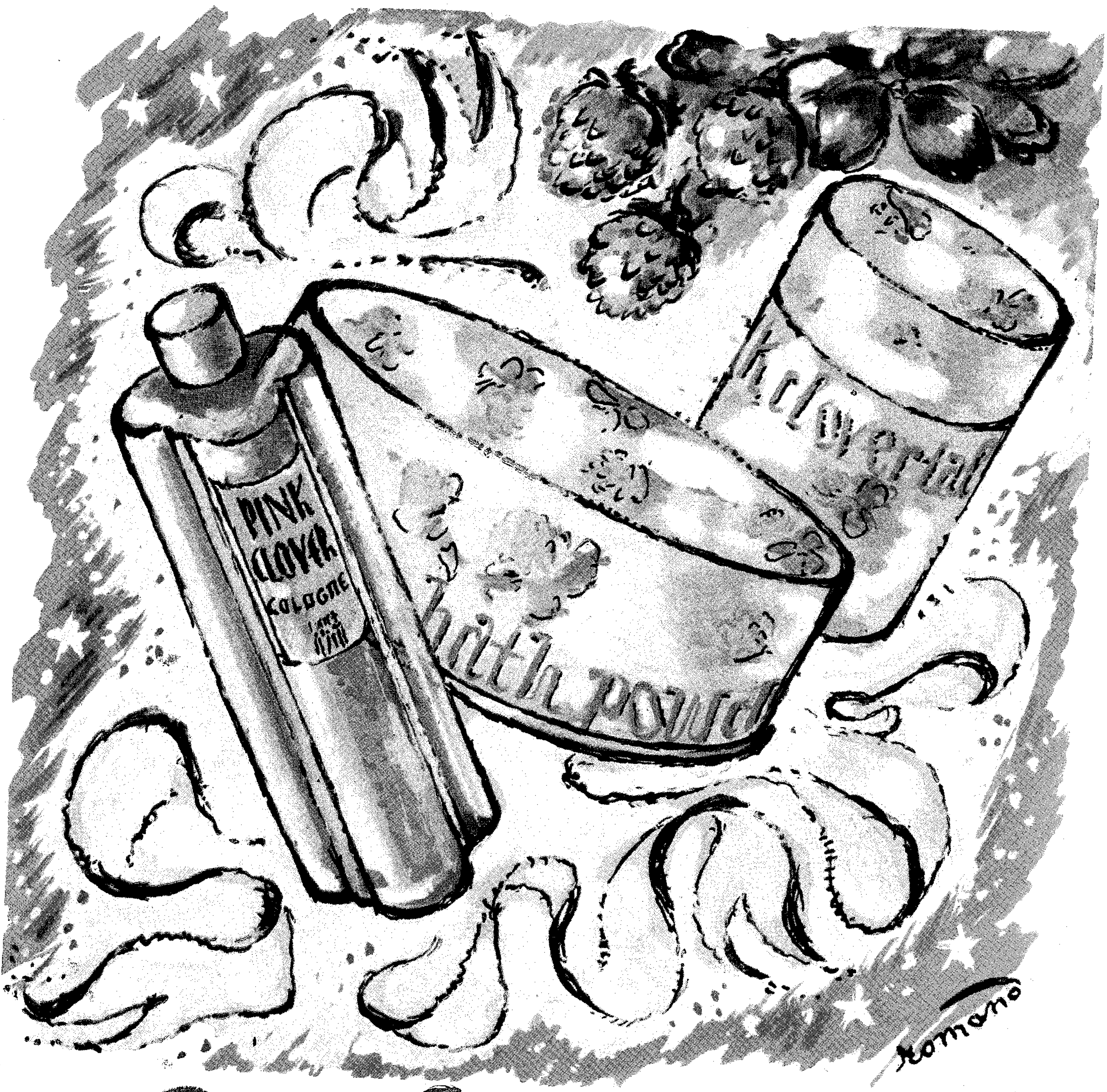
People's Chorus—Lorenzo Camilieri conducting. Fri., May 26, at 8:30 P.M. (Waldorf-Astoria. For tickets, call CO 5-4036.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Cincinnati, Thurs. and Fri., May 25-26, at 2:30 P.M.; Giants vs. St. Louis, Sat., May 27, at 2:30 P.M., Sun., May 28 (doubleheader), at 2 P.M., and Mon., May 29, at 8:45 P.M.; Giants vs. Chicago, Tues., May 30 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M., Wed., May 31, at 2:30 P.M., and Thurs., June 1, at 8:45 P.M.; Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Fri. and Sat., June 2-3, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Thurs., May 25, at 8:45 P.M., and Fri., May 26, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Sat., May 27, at 2:30 P.M., Sun., May 28 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M., and Mon., May 29, at 8:45 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Tues., May 30 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M., Wed., May 31, at 8:45 P.M., and Thurs., June 1, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Chicago, Fri., June 2, at 8:45 P.M., and Sat., June 3, at 2:30 P.M.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Lee Savold vs. Joe Baksi, heavyweights, 12 rounds, Fri., May 26; Tippy Larkin vs. Freddie Archer, welterweights, 10 rounds, Fri., June 2. (Preliminaries start at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10 P.M.)

Racing—Weekdays at Belmont at 1:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 3. (The Coaching Club American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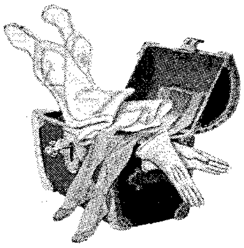

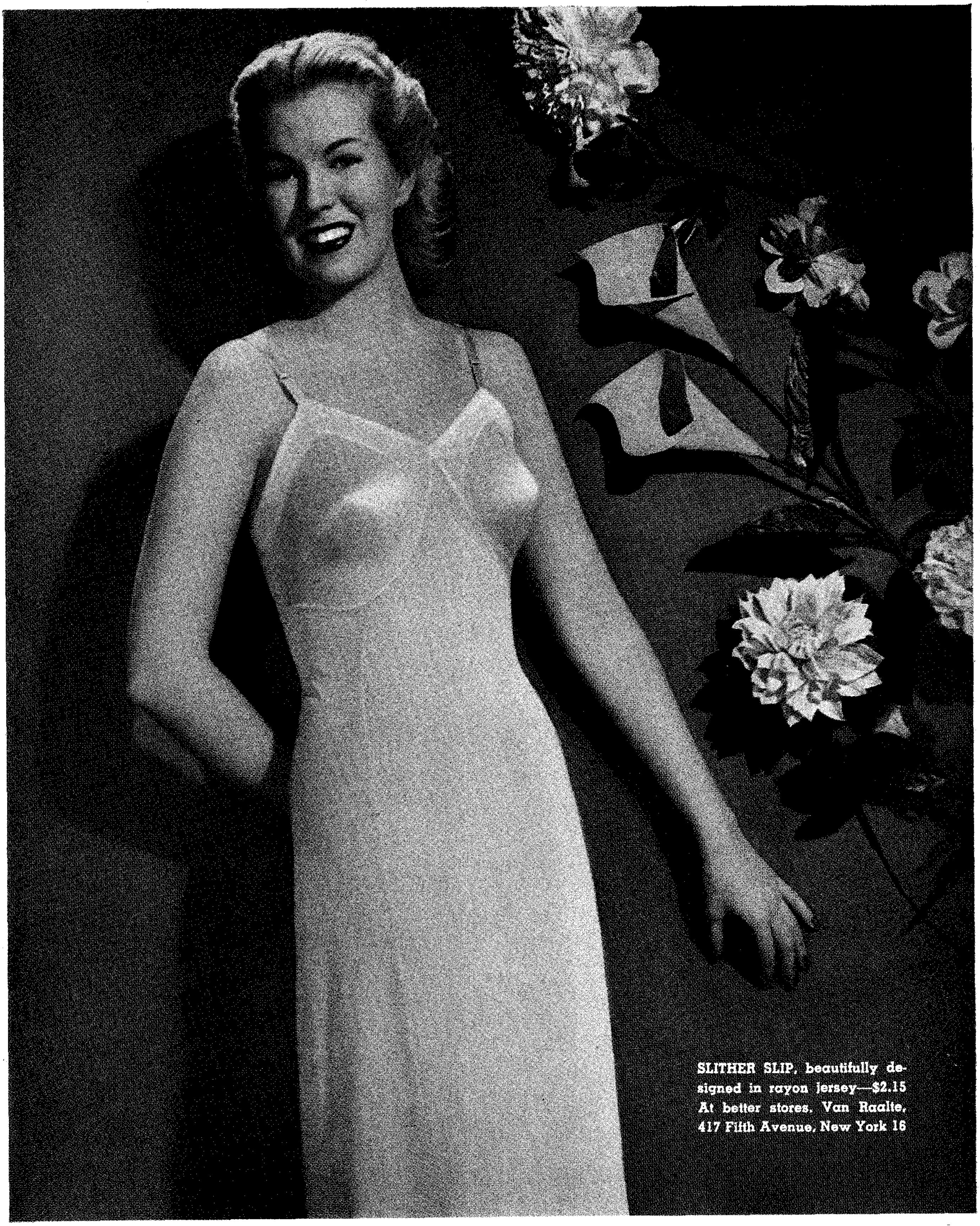

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 25, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 3.

Oaks, and Roseben Handicap, May 27; Suburban Handicap, May 30; the National Stallion, and the Belmont, June 3.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:30 A.M. and 1:30 P.M., and Sat. between 11:01 A.M. and 1:30 P.M.

Track—Metropolitan Intercollegiate Championship Meet, Baker Field, Sat., May 27, at 3 P.M.

Trotting—Weekdays at Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L. I., at 8:40 P.M., starting Mon., May 29. (A special train will leave Penn Station weekdays at 7:03 P.M.)

Yachting—Championship regattas on the Sound: Echo Bay Y.C., New Rochelle, N. Y., Sun., May 28; American Y.C., Rye, N. Y., Tues., May 30; at about 2 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

War Exhibitions—At the **CHRYSLER BLDG.**, 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection, assembled by the Army, of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including equipment captured from the enemy. Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY**, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 50: the development of the U. S. Navy from 1776 to the present, shown by four hundred miniature models of ships, including every type of naval vessel now in active use; also, an Army Air Forces show featuring a P-47 fighter plane and gun turrets and other plane equipment. Daily, including Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Oct. 15. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY CENTER**, 9 W. 54: action photographs of the war in the Pacific, taken by W. Eugene Smith. Weekdays, except Memorial Day, 1 to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through June 30. . . . **FREEDOM HOUSE**, 5 W. 54: "Underground Europe," an exhibition of Anti-Fascist material smuggled out of Nazi-occupied countries, including photographs, newspapers, and a small model of a printing press used by the underground movement. Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 8.

City Planning—New York City's postwar plan for new health centres, parks, schools, airports, etc., shown in a large exhibition of scale models, maps and architects' plans: 500 Park, at 59. Mon., Wed., and Fri., 1 to 9 P.M.; and Tues. (including Memorial Day), Thurs., Sat., and Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.

Communications—Old and modern telegraph, radio, and telephone equipment, including a replica of Samuel Morse's first telegraph: New York University, 100 Washington Sq., E. Mon. through Fri., except Memorial Day, 2 to 8 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.; through June 7.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36—Religious symbolism, shown in a collection of illuminated manuscripts from the ninth through the sixteenth centuries. Weekdays, except Memorial Day, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 20.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—A U. S. Government sale of Oriental art owned by Yamanaka & Co.: Thurs. through Sat., May 25-27, at 2 P.M.

ON THE AIR

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Vladimir Golschmann conducting, Sun., May 28, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Symphony Orchestra of Mexico, Carlos Chavez conducting, Sun., May 28, at 9 P.M., WOR. . . . Jazz concert, directed by Eddie Condon, Sat. at 3:30 P.M., WJZ.

Sports—Racing: Coaching Club American Oaks, Sat., May 27; the Belmont, Sat., June 3; at 4:15 P.M., WOR. . . . Boxing: Lee Savold vs. Joe Baksi, Fri., May 26; Tippy Larkin vs. Freddie Archer, Fri., June 2; at 10 P.M., WOR.

News Commentators—Leon Henderson, Sat. at 6:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Waverley Root, Sat. at 7:30 P.M., WAAT. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 7 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, nightly at 7:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Leland Stowe, Fri. at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

The Bridge of San Luis Rey—A nice, familiar story, with certain alterations. Francis Lederer, Lynn Bari, Akim Tamiroff, Nazimova, and Louis Calhern. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., May 27.)

Gaslight—Not quite as well acted as "Angel Street," a play with the same story now running on Broadway, but just about as scary. Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, and Joseph Cotten. (Capitol, B'way at 51; through Wed., May 31.)

Going My Way—Quiet adventures in a Catholic parish in New York, with Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald as members of the clergy. (Paramount, B'way at 43.)

The Hitler Gang—Some realistic portrayals of the Nazi hierarchy during their roughshod rise to power. Robert Watson, Roman Bohnen, and others. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

In Our Time—Life in the stuffy set in Poland just before the war. Ida Lupino and Paul Henreid. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Thurs., May 25. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., May 29-30.)

It Happened Tomorrow—A rather neat fantasy about a man who knows what's coming twenty-four hours ahead of time. Dick Powell, Linda Darnell, and Jack Oakie. (Gotham, B'way at 47; starting Fri., May 26.)

The Memphis Belle—An exciting Army documentary about a bombing mission over Wilhelmshaven. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Tues., May 30. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Wed., May 27-31. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Tues. through Fri., May 30-June 2.)

Mr. Skeffington—Bette Davis again holds a long, somewhat bumpy picture together with her acting. She plays a giddy heartbreaker, and Claude Rains plays her patient husband. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

The Purple Heart—Realistic, if slow, fictionization of the fate of the Tokio fliers. Dana Andrews, Sam Levene, Farley Granger, and John Craven. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Mon., May 29.)

See Here, Private Hargrove—The bright side, brightly done, of basic training. Robert Walker, Keenan Wynn, and Donna Reed. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

The Song of Bernadette—A likable, human account, distinguished by good acting, of the girl who saw visions at Lourdes. The cast includes Jennifer Jones, Vincent Price, Gladys Cooper, and Lee J. Cobb. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

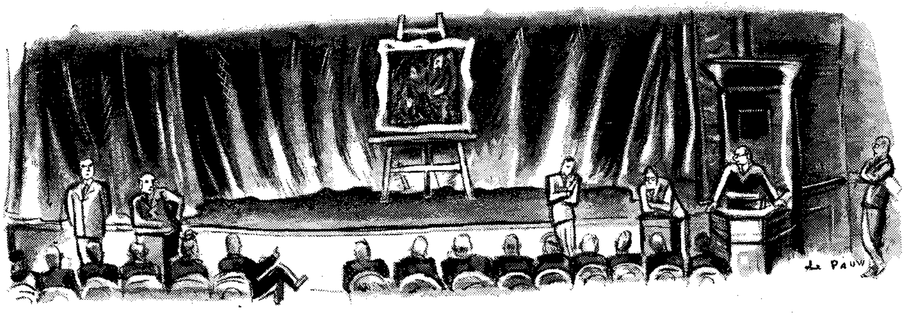
Standing Room Only—A comedy, with some good moments, about housing and servant troubles in Washington. Fred MacMurray, Paulette Goddard, and Roland Young. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., May 25. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Mon., May 29.)

The Sullivans—Background, well handled for the most part, on the five brothers who were killed in the Pacific. Thomas Mitchell, Anne Baxter, and Selena Royle. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., May 26. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Fri. through Mon., May 26-29.)

Up in Arms—Danny Kaye in a musical having something to do with the war but designed mainly to strut Mr. Kaye's stuff. There's also Dinah Shore, Dana Andrews, and Constance Dowling. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Tues. through Fri., May 30-June 2.)

REVIVALS

Ball of Fire (1942)—Professors, gunmen, and American slang. Barbara Stanwyck and Gary Cooper. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo,



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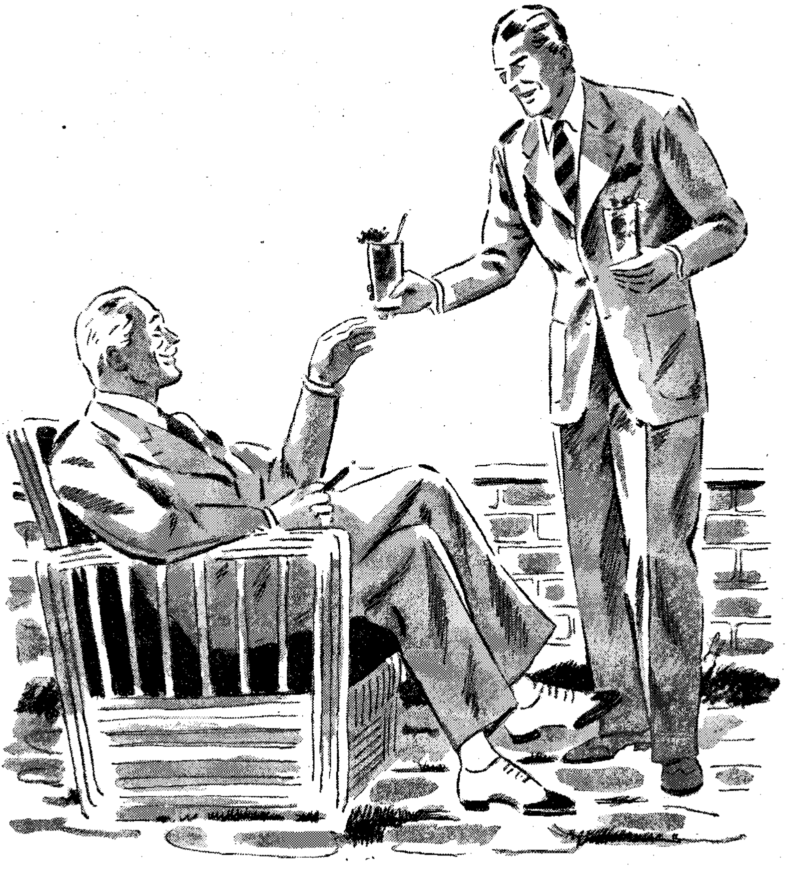

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Tues. and Wed., May 30-31.)

A Bill of Divorcement (1932)—Problems arising from insanity in the family. John Barrymore and Katharine Hepburn. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., June 2.)

Cavalcade (1933)—Noel Coward's account of England during two wars. Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., May 30-June 1.)

Elephant Boy *(1937)—An elephant hunt in India.* With Sabu. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Fri., May 26.)

The Girl in the News (1941)—Margaret Lockwood and Emlyn Williams in a Carol Reed mystery about a trained nurse. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Thurs., May 25.)

Four Feathers (1939)—Kitchener in Egypt, by Korda, in Technicolor. Ralph Richardson, June Duprez. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Fri., May 26.)

The Heart of a Nation (1943)—The history of a French family, and France, from the 1870's to the present. In French, with Michèle Morgan, Raimu, and Louis Jouvet, and with an English narrative by Charles Boyer. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., May 26-29.)

Hold Back the Dawn (1941)—Immigration problems in a Mexican border town. Olivia de Havilland, Charles Boyer, and Paulette Goddard. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. and Wed., May 30-31.)

Jamaica Inn (1939)—Charles Laughton in the Daphne du Maurier romance, directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Fri., May 26.)

Joy of Living (1938)—Comedy, Kern tunes, Irene Dunne, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. through Thurs., May 30-June 1.)

Keeper of the Flame (1943)—About a national hero and concealed Fascism in America. Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., May 25. . . . Thalia, B'way at 95; Sat. and Sun., May 27-28.)

The Little Foxes (1941)—Lillian Hellman's play of *greed and murder in the Deep South.* Bette Davis, Patricia Collinge, and Herbert Marshall. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Tues. and Wed., May 30-31.)

Major Barbara (1941)—Bernard Shaw's film version of his Salvation Army comedy. Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, Robert Morley, and Emlyn Williams. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Wed. and Thurs., May 31-June 1.)

My Favorite Wife (1940)—Irene Dunne leaves, and comes back to, Cary Grant. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. and Wed., May 30-31.)

Next of Kin (1943)—A British thriller proving that mum, in wartime, is the word. With Nova Pilbeam. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Wed. and Thurs., May 31-June 1.)

Night Train (1940)—Carol Reed's first big thriller of spies, the Gestapo, and all. Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Thurs., May 25.)

Saludos Amigos (1943)—The Disney film about South America. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., May 26-29.)

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs (1938)—Walt Disney's first full-length cartoon. (Manhattan, B'way at 51.)

Suspicion (1941)—Hitchcock's version of Francis Iles' "Before the Fact." Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; *Sun. and Mon., May 28-29.)*

Topper Takes a Trip (1939)—The second "Topper." Constance Bennett, Roland Young, and Billie Burke. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. through Tues., May 28-30.)

Winterset (1936)—Margo and Burgess Meredith in an adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., June 2.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. and Memorial Day at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule: **THURS. AND FRI., MAY 25-26:** "Madame Sans-Gêne" (1911), with Réjane; "La Dame aux Camelias" (1912), with Sarah Bernhardt; "Vanity Fair" (1915), with Minnie Maddern Fiske; and "Cenere" (1916), with Eleanora Duse. . . . **SAT. AND SUN., MAY 27-28:** "The Smiling Madame Beudet" (1923), directed by Germaine Dulac; "Menilmontant" (1925), directed by Dmitri Kirsanov; "Ballet Mécanique" (1924), directed by Fernand Léger; and "Entr'acte" (1924), directed by René Clair. . . . **MON. AND TUES., MAY 29-30:** the history of animation from 1879 to 1933. . . . **WED. AND THURS., MAY 31-JUNE 1:** the history of animation from 1933 to 1941. . . . **FROM FRI., JUNE 2:** eight short dance

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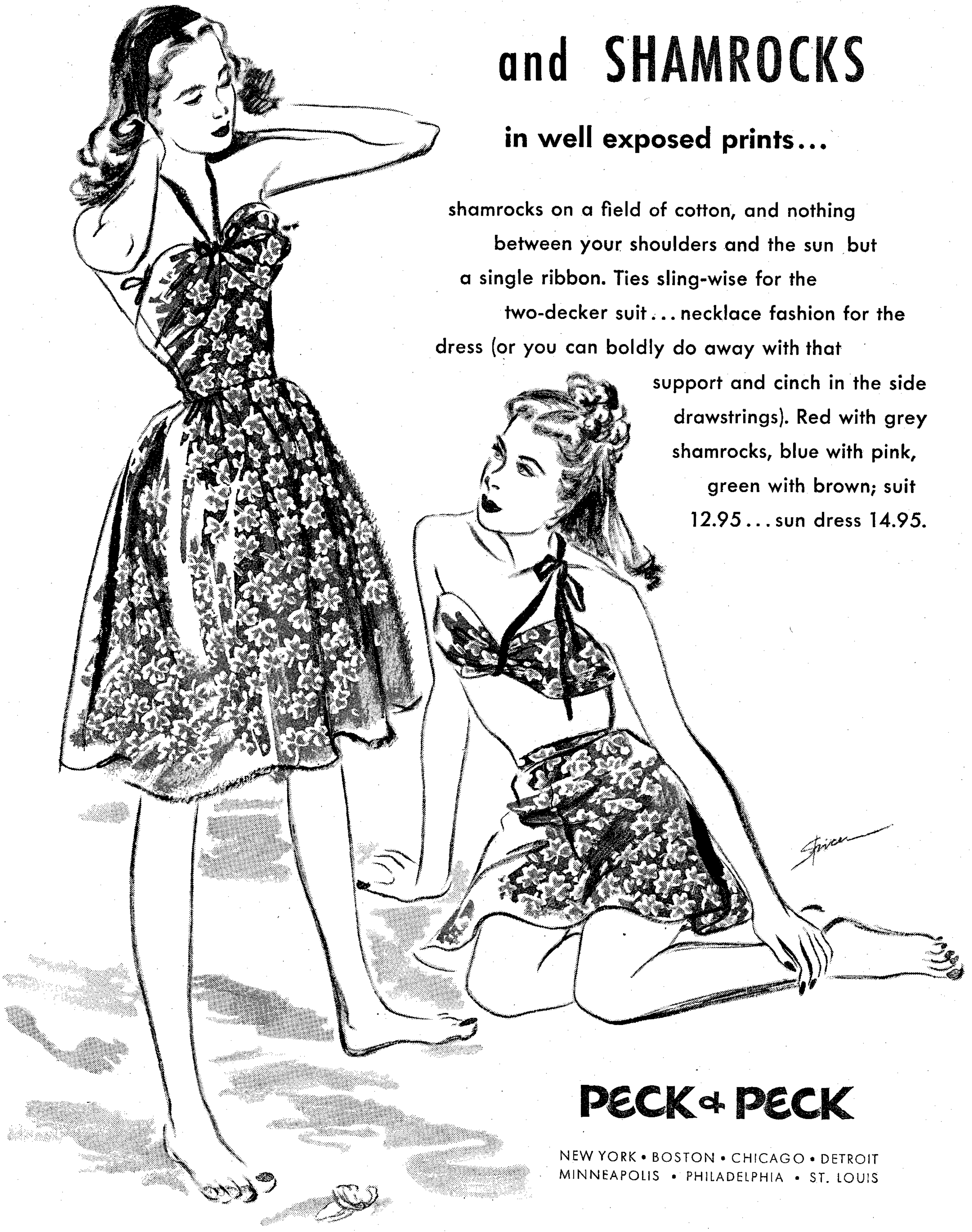

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

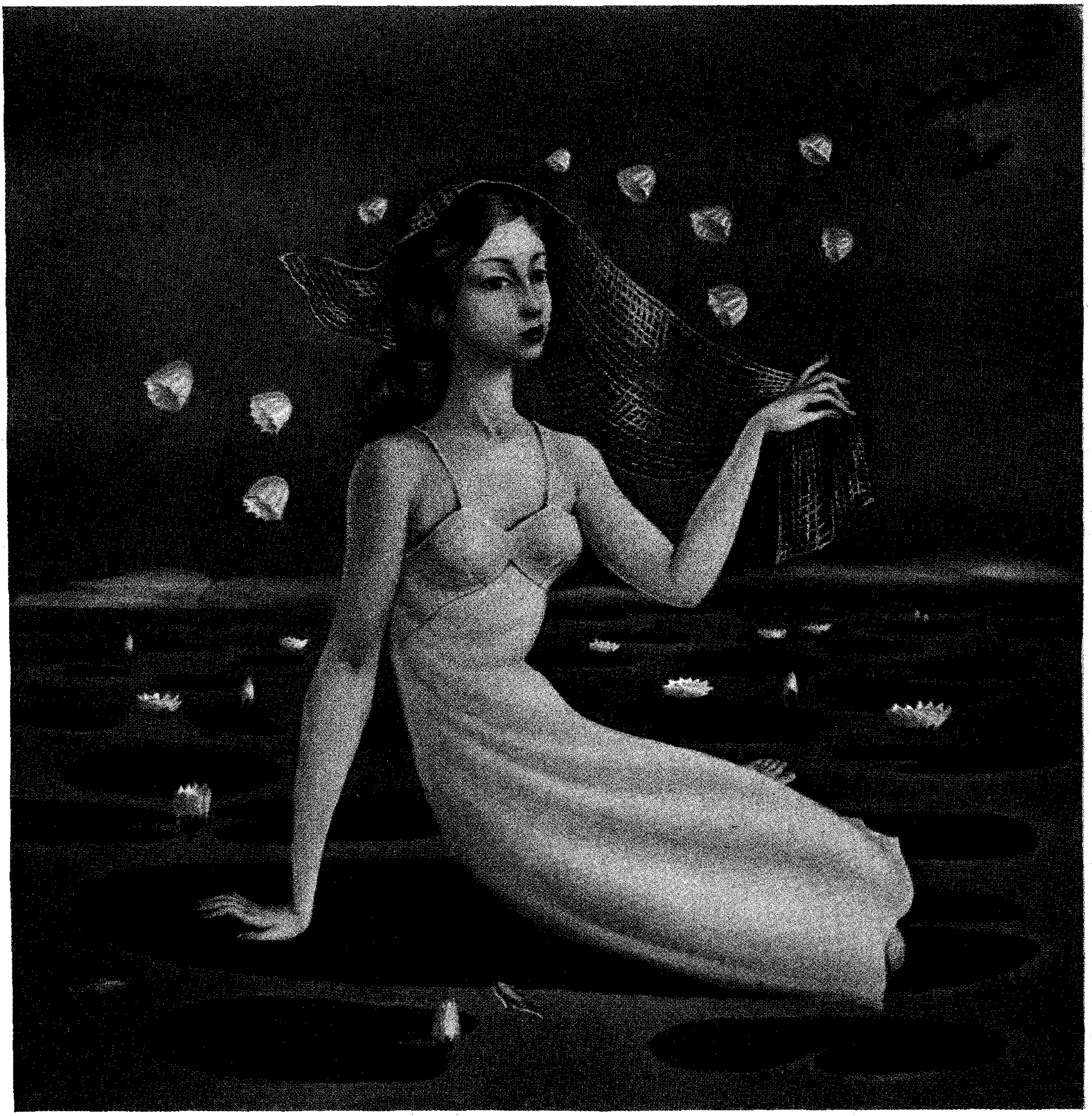
Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE, 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7300): women to work three hours a day in Department of Health clinics assisting in vision tests, etc.; men or women to put in at least one afternoon or evening a week as group leaders in recreation centres for school-age children. . . . RED CROSS, 315 Lexington, at 38th (MU 4-4455): women to take a sixty-hour course in nutrition and dietetics, and then work on a regular schedule as dietitians' aides in hospitals; women to spend as much time as they can spare during the day making surgical dressings. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 11 E. 58th: women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work two days a week in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies (RE 7-3700); women to take a short training course and then work several hours a week in canteens for war workers (PL 3-6487). . . . UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 Lexington, at 41st (CA 5-7150): men to serve in hospitals during the day or evening as messengers, elevator operators, orderlies, porters, and dietary aides; women to work at least six daytime hours a week as library aides in hospitals.

Note—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers for the U. S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the summer and early fall. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U. S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23rd (AL 4-8500).

Salvage—Tin cans and wastepaper of all kinds should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily-handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charitable organization or junk dealer.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for guidance to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—Russian War Relief, 11 E. 35th, is collecting practical clothing, in good condition, to send to the Soviet. Bundles will be collected by all laundry drivers, or, for the address of the nearest receiving centre, call LE 2-4927. . . . Russia is badly in need of watches for its Army, as the factories which used to make them have been destroyed. If you have any to contribute, send them to the Ambijan Committee for Emergency Aid to the Soviet Union, 103 Park, at 41st (MU 3-1948). . . . The Coördinating Council of French Relief Societies, 457 Madison, at 50th (PL 3-4571), is collecting French books to send to the thousands of French servicemen in this country and in Canada. Contributions should be taken or mailed to the Council's offices. . . . The Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36th (MU 3-5366), will arrange to call for and distribute any furniture, curtains, radios, records, or books that you may care to contribute for use in the recreational rooms of Army posts and Navy bases. . . . The War Emergency Board of the Fur Industry converts discarded furs, no matter how old, into vests for members of the Merchant Marine. The furs should be sent to the Fur Vest Project, 135 W. 26th (PE 6-4789). . . . Broken and worn-out phonograph records are being collected by Records for Our Fighting Men, Inc., 325 E. 38th, which will sell them for scrap and buy new records to send to service camps both here and abroad. If you have any to give, call LE 2-0886. . . . Musical instruments of all kinds (especially drums) are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centres. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60th (RE 4-2410), or to the Special Services Officer of the New York Port of Embarkation, Arsenal Bldg., 3 Ave. at 63rd, Brooklyn (WI 9-5400, Ext. 1476).



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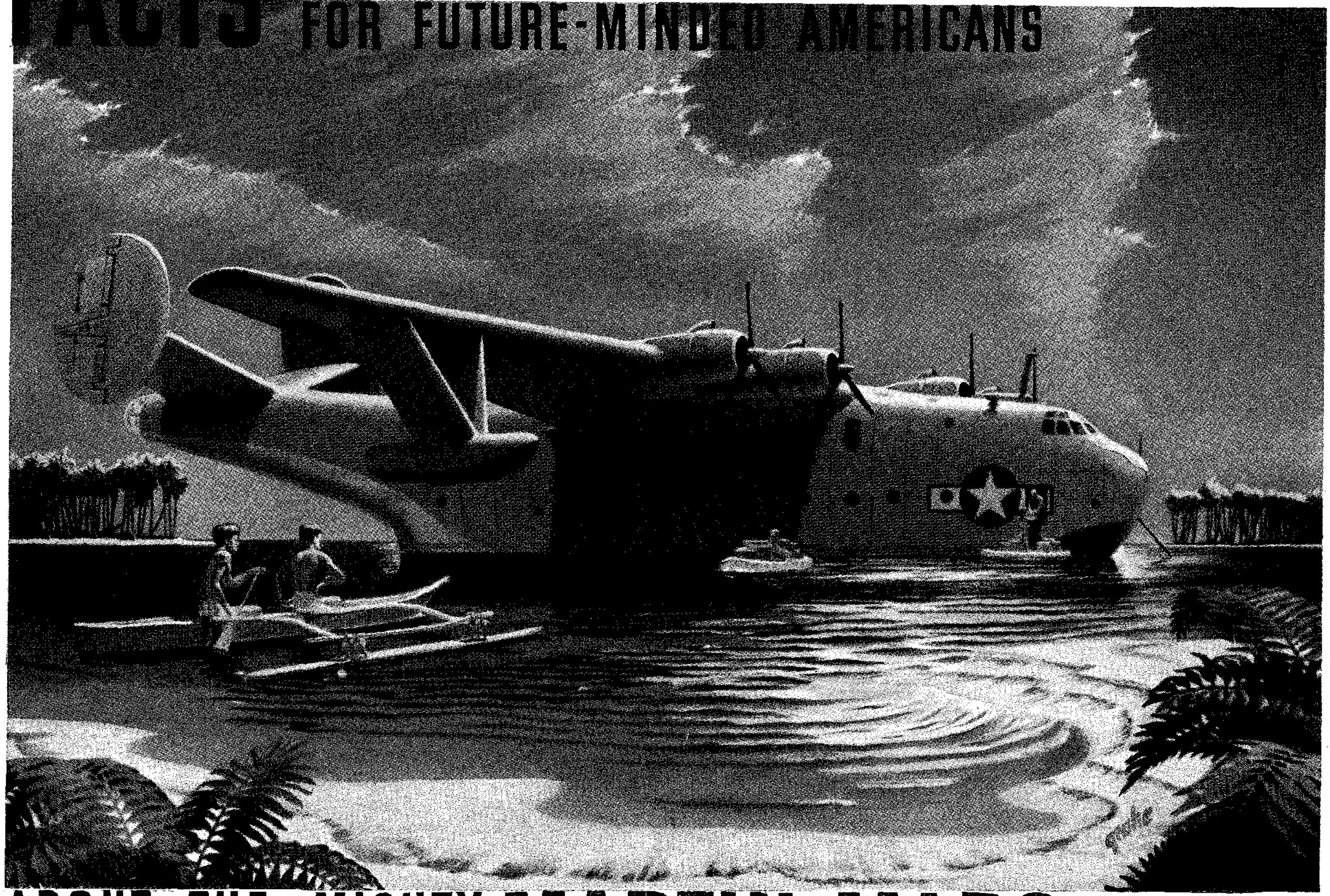

ABOUT THE MIGHTY MARTIN MARS

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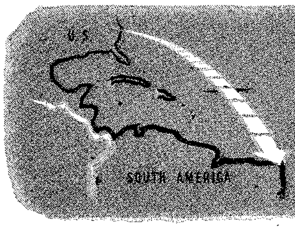
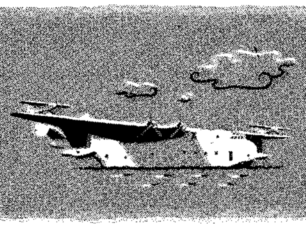
Into the Mars went hard-won Martin knowledge gleaned from construction of the original trans-Pacific Clippers . . . the giant Russian Clipper . . . and the Navy's long-range patrol bombers. From the Mars have come further important findings which will lend added speed, safety and comfort to tomorrow's greater Martin airliners. The Martin Mars is doing more than help win a war . . . she's blazing the trail to a new and brighter tomorrow!

THE GLENN L. MARTIN COMPANY, BALTIMORE-3, MD.
GLENN L. MARTIN-NEBRASKA COMPANY—OMAHA

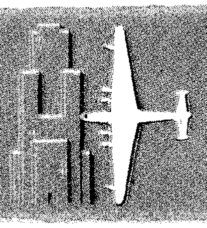
Martin
AIRCRAFT
Builders of Dependable Aircraft Since 1909



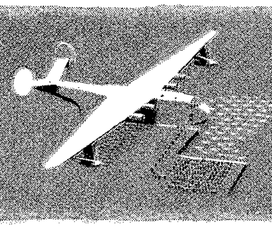
4375 Miles, Non-Stop from Maryland to Natal, Brazil, were flown by the Mars. She carried 16 persons, 13,000 lbs. of mail, broke many records. The Mars is powered by four 2200 h.p. engines.



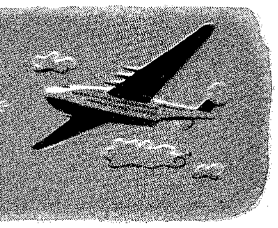
From an Actual Photo of the Mars showing a standard sport plane on each wing, this gives some idea of her size. Mars' wings are so thick that crew can enter them to service engines while in flight.



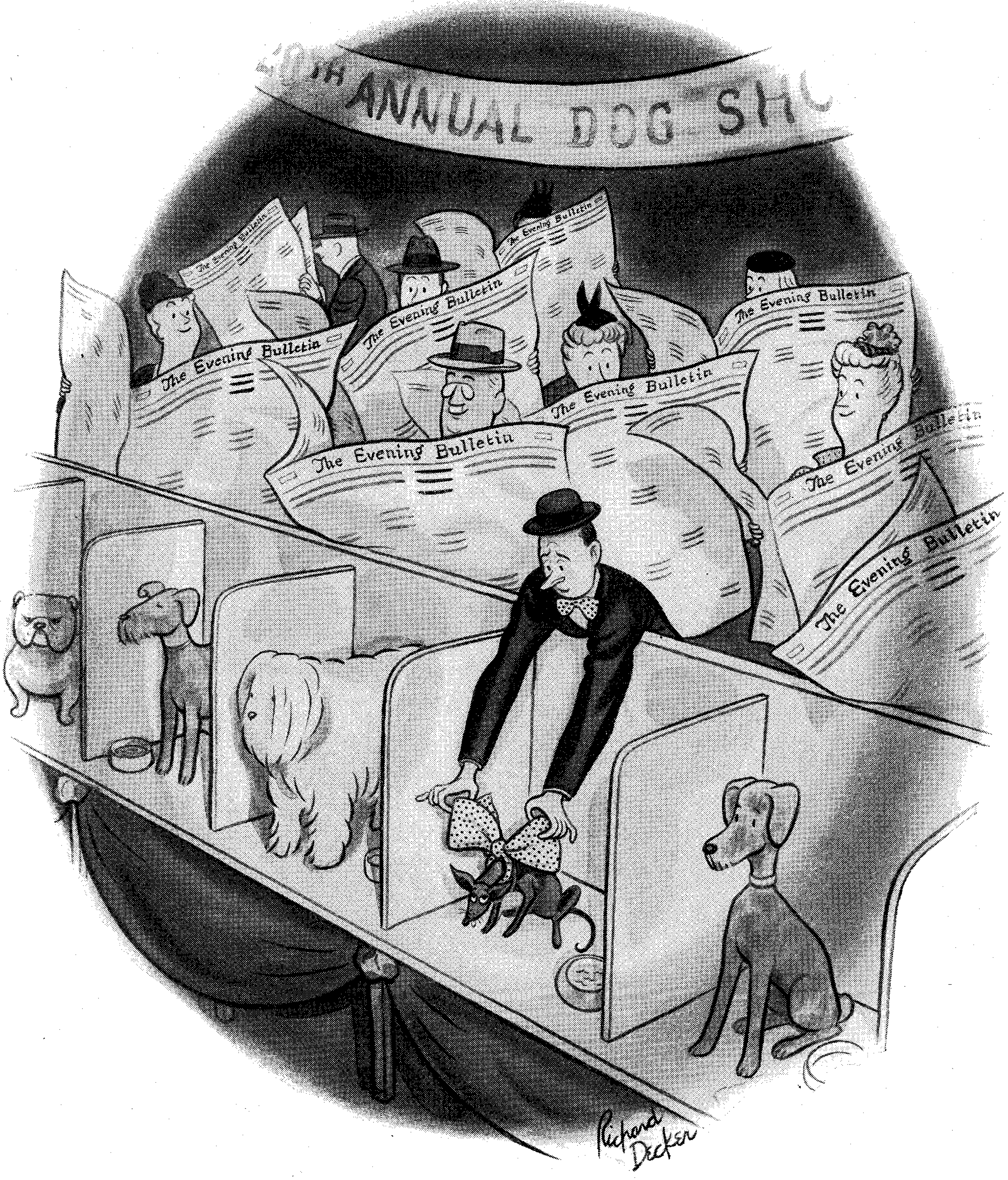
If Stood on One Wing, the other wingtip would tower 200 feet into the air . . . higher than a 20-story building. Mars contains 7½ miles of wiring, 1.9 miles of piping, uses 24 interplane telephones.



150 Soldiers, fully equipped, could be easily transported by the Martin Mars. Her content of 16,665 cu. ft. is equivalent to the content of a 14 to 16 room mansion. When loaded, she draws 5 ft. of water.



Already Designed, 150 to 250 ton Martin airliners will someday succeed even the Mars. Martin engineers declare there is no practical aerodynamic limit to the size of over-ocean aircraft.


20TH ANNUAL DOG SHO
The Evening Bulletin
Richard Decker

In Philadelphia—nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

Variety of interest in Philadelphia is, of course, the same as that of any other large city. Community of interest, on the other hand, centers in a strictly Philadelphia institution — an evening newspaper, read daily by nearly 4 out of 5 families. (The circulation is in excess of 600,000.)

(Advertisement)

IT'S SHORT, SHORT, SHORT!

wonderful all-wool jersey coat in brilliant, exciting colors. Goes anywhere and over everything for summer. Gold, blue, rose, kelly green or white. Sizes 12 to 20, 17.95.

Altman coat fashions, third floor

B. ALTMAN & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

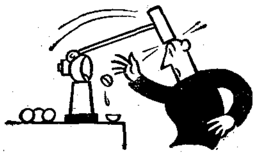
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SAMUEL MORSE's ghost will walk this week, in a ghostly world. "What hath God wrought?" remains a timely question crackling along a hundred years of telegraph cable that has slowly bound a recalcitrant globe into one big bale. Whoever taps out the memorial question, celebrating the event of 1844, should this time tap out the answer, in hopes of shortening the last, violent struggling of the people against the encircling wire. "What hath God wrought?" asks the ghost of Mr. Morse. And Echo (stealing a line from a vanishing Republican) answers: "One world."

AN improved orange tree was patented a week or so ago—a new and distinct variety of navel orange, characterized by heavy juice content and ability to hold its juice. The invention we are working on, however, is an attachment for electric orange squeezers which cracks the operator over the head and stuns him before his machine reaches the point where it reams the oil out of the rind.



THIS is almost the last moment to put your furs in storage, if you have any. There are, of course, many reputable vaults around town, but the one advertised by the Tailored Woman is the only one we know of which is reached by riding in a "Private Fur Elevator." It's just a question of what appeals to you.

ALMOST every week, from some quarter, comes a strong criticism of the Atlantic Charter. The latest was from a newspaper in Russia. It seems to us that all this criticism is largely misdirected. The Charter is a statement of intentions, and a pretty good one. The intentions are certainly honorable and the statement is reasonably clear. Nothing more can be expected of such a document. The trouble is not with the terms of the Charter but with the subsequent conduct of the signers, which has lacked positive evidence of spiritual unity. The United Nations, since their engagement was announced in 1941, have not been seen much in each other's company. That's the disturbing part of the affair. The announcement was plain enough and the occasion was a happy one, but the marriage seems no nearer than it did three years ago. As Mr. Collins said to Elizabeth Bennet, "And now nothing remains for me but to assure you in the most animated language of the violence of my affection."

IN the writing game, as we like to call it, the difference between amateur and professional is only that the professional preserves, firmly and forever, a dewy freshness of approach to his subject matter. It is the amateur who waits hopelessly for an "original idea," which, of course, does not exist. In sitting down to write "Romeo and Juliet," Shakespeare did not allow himself to worry about the thousands of boy-and-girl stories he had already read, nor did the anonymous *Herald Tribune* reporter who recently was sent to Brooklyn to cover the rescue of a cat from a tree concern himself with previous cat-up-a-tree news items, which, believe us, have been many. "Toughie, a large cat which fancied himself a fearless bird hunter, climbed high into an oak tree on Monday," he wrote, and proceeded to give all the details of Toughie's rescue: the name and address of the lady who reported the matter to the A.S.P.C.A., the length of the ladder (fifteen feet) used by the rescuers, and Toughie's reaction (he spat). It was as if the first reporter had been watching the first cat marooned in the first tree.

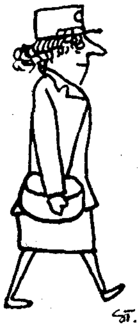
RESORT NOTE: In May, in the year 56 B.C., a date which adds up to exactly two thousand years ago this month, your old friend Cicero wrote one of his many letters to *his* old friend Atticus, who had a villa by the sea in the town of Buthrotum, hard by the island of Corcyra. Cicero was writing from Antium, a resort near Rome, and this is what he said: "*Hoc scito, Antium Buthrotum esse Romae, ut Corcyrae illud tuum. Nihil quietius, nihil alsius, nihil amoenius.* Εἴη μοὶ οὗτος φίλος οἶκος."

For the benefit of certain boys now on or near a certain beach, we give a translation, using the modern names of the places Cicero was writing about: "Let me tell you that Anzio is the Butrinto of Rome, and just what your Butrinto is to Corfu. Nothing could be more restful, nothing cooler, nothing more delightful.' It's home, sweet home!"

NOBODY should be misled by the lightness and frivolity with which the city fathers received Coty's offer to sponsor the Mayor's weekly broadcasts. It is too soon for the citizens to swallow a commercial sponsorship of a public servant, but not much. Such things will come, eventually; just give us a little more of the dulcet sound of the zesty, tangy voices in our ears, yes, just give us a little more of the subtle badinage between artist and announcer, the one throwing the other his flavor-rich lines. The ear and the mind adjust amazingly fast. It wasn't many years

HIXY-PIXY
BREAKFAST FOOD
PROGRAM

ago that this magazine published a picture of a minister, eyes closed, murmuring "Let us pray!" into a microphone that had been rigged on the altar. We all thought that was a fine satirical picture. Look at it now and you have to pinch yourself to remember how you felt when first you heard that God had been wired for sound.



Sergeant Baker

ON the theory that practically all our civilian readers have at one time or another seen a copy of *Yank*, we're presenting some notes we took during a chat with Staff Sergeant George Baker, who draws for *Yank* the famous G. I. comic strip "The Sad Sack." Sad Sack, the hero, is the typical harassed buck private, constantly getting into scrapes, losing his girl, and having to peel potatoes, and he seems to be well on the way to becoming as popular a figure in this war as Bairnsfather's Old Bill was in the last. Sergeant Baker, a tall, slim, beak-nosed fellow of twenty-eight (he caricatures himself now and then in the strip as the apple polisher who snags a three-day pass while Sad Sack wistfully looks on, or as the second lieutenant who steals Sad Sack's girl), was just back from the Anzio beachhead when we talked with him. The trip had also included a stopover in North Africa. Last year he went down to Panama, and he has made numerous trips to training camps in this country. The idea, of course, is to keep abreast of the average G. I.'s daily life. Sergeant Baker will probably get to the invasion front to keep Sad Sack in the thick of it.

When Baker's number came up in the draft, four years ago, he was picketing the Disney Studios in Hollywood, where he had been working for three years and where a strike was in progress. He had gone West from Chicago, where he grew up, to play baseball with the Los Angeles Angels and became a Disney man as the result of a small knack for cartooning. Disney put him to work animating "effects" and for three years he did trees, waterfalls, and clouds. "If my stuff is any good, it all started with Disney," he told us. While he was going through his basic-potato-peeling phase at Fort Monmouth, he fooled with the idea of doing a comic strip which would reveal, through the misadventures of a deadpan recruit, the then mysterious intricacies of Army life. Those were the days when soldiers looked forward to returning to civilian life after a year's training, and Baker wanted to have something up his sleeve. Accordingly, he drew a few strips, more or less like the ones he does now but untitled, and submitted them in a contest conducted by the Defense Recreation Committee. He won the first prize—a typewriter—and *Life* printed some of the cartoons. Seven or eight months after Pearl Harbor, Baker found himself transferred to *Yank*.

The title of Baker's comic caused some lifting of regular-Army eyebrows when it appeared in *Yank*, because it's a whittled-down version of an old and unprintable epithet for an inept rookie. Sergeant Baker's superior officers, however, have been consistently lenient in their censorship and have killed only a single episode in Sad Sack's entire career—one that involved a young lady wearing a "For Officers Only" sign. A few vague squeaks of protest trickled down, following the publication of a strip subtitled "The Proposition," in which, after a rather alarming buildup, it developed that Sad Sack had been dickering with a lady to press his pants. The Sergeant's joyous approach to female anatomy has brought some complaints from Army chaplains, but the higher-ups merely say that they wouldn't consider the drawings a success if some chaplains didn't complain. Anyway, Sad Sack himself never gets to first base with the girls. "It's because he's tired," Sergeant Baker told us. "I think a soldier tends to be tired rather than heroic, no matter what the ads say."

Sergeant Baker holds the copyright on the name and character of Sad Sack, but official regulations, and his own feelings on the matter, have short-circuited all commercial exploitation offers, which to date have included a motion picture, a radio serial, a syndicated comic, an appliquéd design for clothing, various advertising tieups, a souvenir statuette, and a cuddly doll. There will, however, be a book of reprints put out by a commercial publishing house. Radio and movies would present a problem, because Sad Sack doesn't talk. Eventually, the Sergeant says, Sad Sack will talk; eventually, also, he will return to civilian life as plain Mr. Sack. "But he'll never get promoted," his creator told us. "Sad sacks don't."

Enter a Lady

AN imperious-looking lady swept into a Madison Avenue branch bank the other morning. She was well dressed and assured, and she glanced about her with such a commanding air that the manager himself came out to take care of her. "Is there anything I can do for you, Madam?" he inquired. "Yes," she said, fishing an envelope and a slip of paper from an alligator handbag. "Sign here, please. Western Union." Manpower—we try not to think of it any more.

Our Own Baedeker

NORWAY is a country fascinating to meteorologists because of its startling and unaccountable weather. For one thing, the fiords, the deep inlets between the mountains, are always free of ice, in spite of temperatures that sometimes get down around fifty below. Another thing, as cold as Norway is, it isn't nearly as cold as it ought to be, considering its latitude; there are places in Europe much farther south that are a lot colder. Norway is the narrowest country in Europe, the most sparsely populated, the possessor of the most islands, the most mountainous, and the first to give women the vote. It is sixty miles wide on the average, has a population somewhat bigger than Brooklyn's (about three million) in an area two and a half times the size of New York State, has a hundred and fifty thousand islands, not even counting the little ones, and is three-fifths mountains, which means 73,752 square miles. The coastline, if stretched out straight, would extend from the North Pole to the South Pole. We could go on and on like this. The mean altitude is sixteen hundred feet above sea level, but the bottoms of some of the lakes are a thousand feet *below* sea level. And so forth.

The Norwegians are more Germanic than the Germans—regular poster-type Aryans, with blond hair and blue eyes. It's logical, too, because the country's last major ethnological influx was a prehistoric Teutonic invasion which completely drove out the original inhabitants, who may have been what are now called Lapps—Mongoloid folk who live in Finmark, Norway's northernmost province. The Vikings were Norse, as you know. They had a rule against drinking while at sea which is still perpetuated in the Norwegian legal code. Perhaps more fascinating than the Norwegians themselves are the lemmings. These creatures belong to the mouse family, but for all that are restless, pugnacious, and fearless. You've heard of their migrations from the mountains to the sea, which are conducted under cover of darkness, the days presumably being passed in sleep. On the march, the lemmings, who are vegetarians, eat the countryside absolutely bare. They are eaten, in turn, by weasels, wolves, and owls, and also by reindeer, who are otherwise vegetarian themselves. When the lemming band, which replaces its casualties with young born en route, reaches the sea, they all jump in and strike out in the direction of England. They are excellent swimmers, but nobody has ever seen a lemming in England.

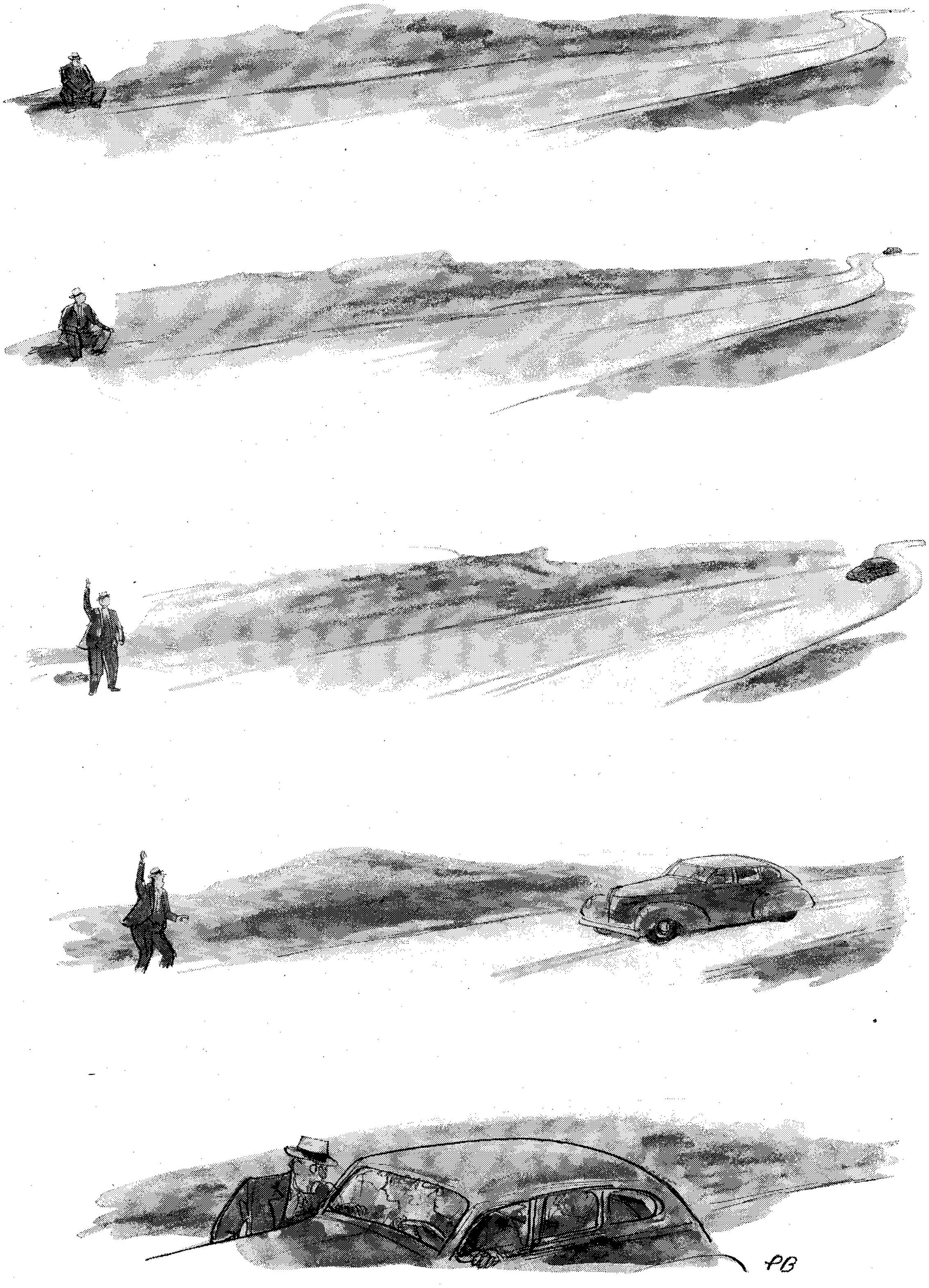
Since the days of the Vikings, Norway hasn't cut much of a figure in world politics. After a series of alliances with Denmark and Sweden, sometimes with both at the same time, the Norwegians set up a hereditary monarchy and elected a Dane their king. This was in 1905, and the monarch now exiled in London is the same man they elected; don't let that "Haakon VII" fool you. The country is divided into two language groups. The townsfolk, who speak Riksmaal, the literary language, rather look down on the peasants, whose patois, a derivative of Old Norwegian, is called Landsmaal. The Norwegian alphabet, by the way, is the same as ours, except for three extra vowels. The Norwegians were the discoverers of the benefits of cod-liver oil. Before the invasion by Germany, the cod-liver-oil business was one of the largest in Norway. Another was the export of down from the eider duck. This is so fine that five pounds of it, enough to stuff a whole quilt, can be compressed into a ball the size of a man's fist. Idleness is viewed askance in Norway; the natives boast that the only beggars there are the seagulls. The farmers keep their children tethered like goats, because of the dangerous precipices. Everybody there thinks that all American girls wear false eyelashes.

Report

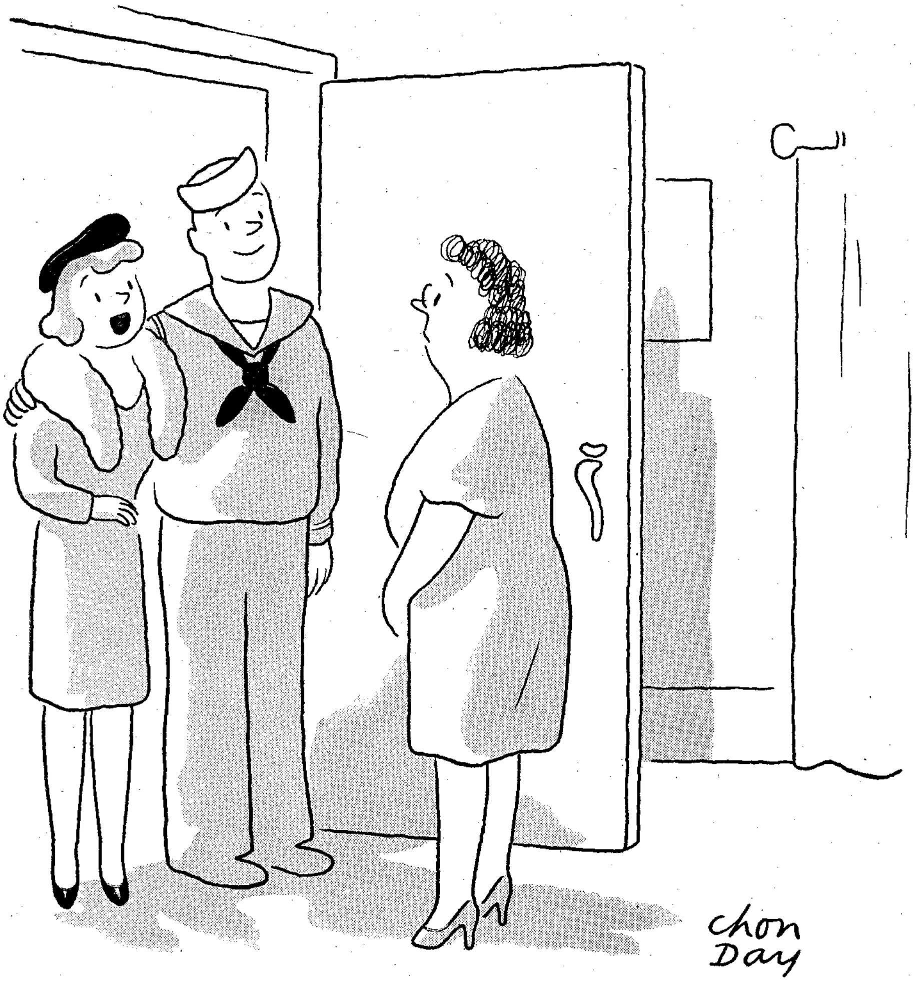
THE other afternoon we eavesdropped on a matron and a small girl who had come out of the Lenox School right in back of a furbelowed tot under convoy of a nurse. "What's *that* little girl's name?" the lady asked. "Well," said the child uncertainly, "the teacher calls her Laura Dear."

Kitharist

CONTINUING and, for all we know at this writing, concluding, our series of Composers Who Don't Like Things as They Are and Have Thought Up Something Different, we here take up Mr. Harry Partch. Several



"Sell your car? Highest cash price!"



"This is Mr. Digby, Mother. I'm Mrs. Digby."

• •

weeks ago we gave you Louis Gesensway and his Color Harmony; this week it's Partch, who has devised a forty-three-tone scale. Chromatically speaking, it has forty-three tones to the octave instead of the twelve you find on a piano. He gave a concert at Carnegie Chamber Music Hall recently, in which, with assisting musicians, he presented four of his works, entitled "Barstow—Eight Inscriptions on a California Highway Railing," "U. S. Highball—A Musical Account of Slim's Transcontinental Hobo Trip," "San Francisco—A Setting of the Cries of Two Newsboys," and "Y. D. Fantasy—On the Words of an Early American Tune." These compositions called for the use of the chromolodeon, the kithara, the adapted guitar, the adapted viola, and the flexatone, instruments which can cope with the forty-three-tone scale and which were adapted, or built, mainly by Mr. Partch. The kithara, for example, is a chordal instrument about the size of a harp but otherwise like nothing at all. It is entirely of Mr. Partch's devising. The chromolodeon is a reed organ whose reeds Mr. Partch has replaced with ones of his own. The flexatone is a small noisemaker that used to be sold in toy stores and is something like a musical saw.

Mr. Partch is a pale bachelor who in June will be, as he puts it, the same age as the number of tones in his scale. He lives in a couple of rooms on West Ninety-second Street, surrounded by his kithara, his chromolodeon, and the rest. "U. S. Highball" is the fruit of a ride on the rods he took three years ago from California to Chicago ("highball" is a railroad and hobo term for going somewhere in a hurry). "The indigent transient life has always appealed to me," he told us when we talked to him the other day at his apartment. "Besides, I wanted to get to Chicago, and I was economically unstable at the time." Next to the number of tones in Mr. Partch's scale, the most unusual feature of his compositions is the spoken, or intoned, text which goes with them. In "Barstow," this consists of messages written on a California highway railing by hobos and copied verbatim by the composer. One of them goes, "It's January 26. I'm freezing. Ed Fitzgerald, Age 19, 5 feet, 10 inches. Black hair, brown eyes. Going home to Boston, Mass. It's 4:00 and I'm hungry and broke. I wish I was dead. But today I am a man." Another goes, "Gentlemen: Go to 530 East Lemon Avenue, Monrovia, California, for an easy handout." The text of "U. S. Highball" consists of snatches of the dialogue of some of the other transients Mr. Partch ran into on his California-Chicago journey. "They've gone and sealed up our empty," it goes in one place. "And all the rest are sealed refrigerators. Not even a gondola." Mr. Partch, who did the intoning at his concert, intoned this passage for us, too, accompanying himself on the kithara. He believes that with his forty-three-tone scale he can duplicate the tones of human conversation. He made a pretty good stab at this, we thought.

As we understand it, which is dimly, Mr. Partch's complaint against the ordinary scale is that it is tempered, which means that it compromises. If you tuned a piano, for example, by fifths, the basic interval in harmony, instead of by octaves, by the time you got to the twelfth fifth from the starting tone—stick with us, now—your pitch would be an eighth of a tone higher than what the octave tuner gets out of the same key on the keyboard. The octave tuner knows this, but he figures he's close enough. Mr. Partch doesn't. He wants accuracy, and he's willing to build instruments to get it. He feels, also, that the tempered scale is a form of regimentation, and he has long been opposed to regimentation. This is evidenced by the fact that he has drifted restlessly from one occupation to another: schoolteacher, fruit picker, apprentice seaman, writer, and proofreader, as well as indigent transient and composer. "My father was a Presbyterian minister who turned agnostic," he told us. "Maybe that had something to do with it."

Home-Town Paper

A HOMESICK soldier at Camp Stewart, in Georgia, heard a little colored boy shouting, "Here you are—get your Yankee newspaper!" He rushed up and bought one, and found that it was a *Daily News.*

Light on a Dark Horse

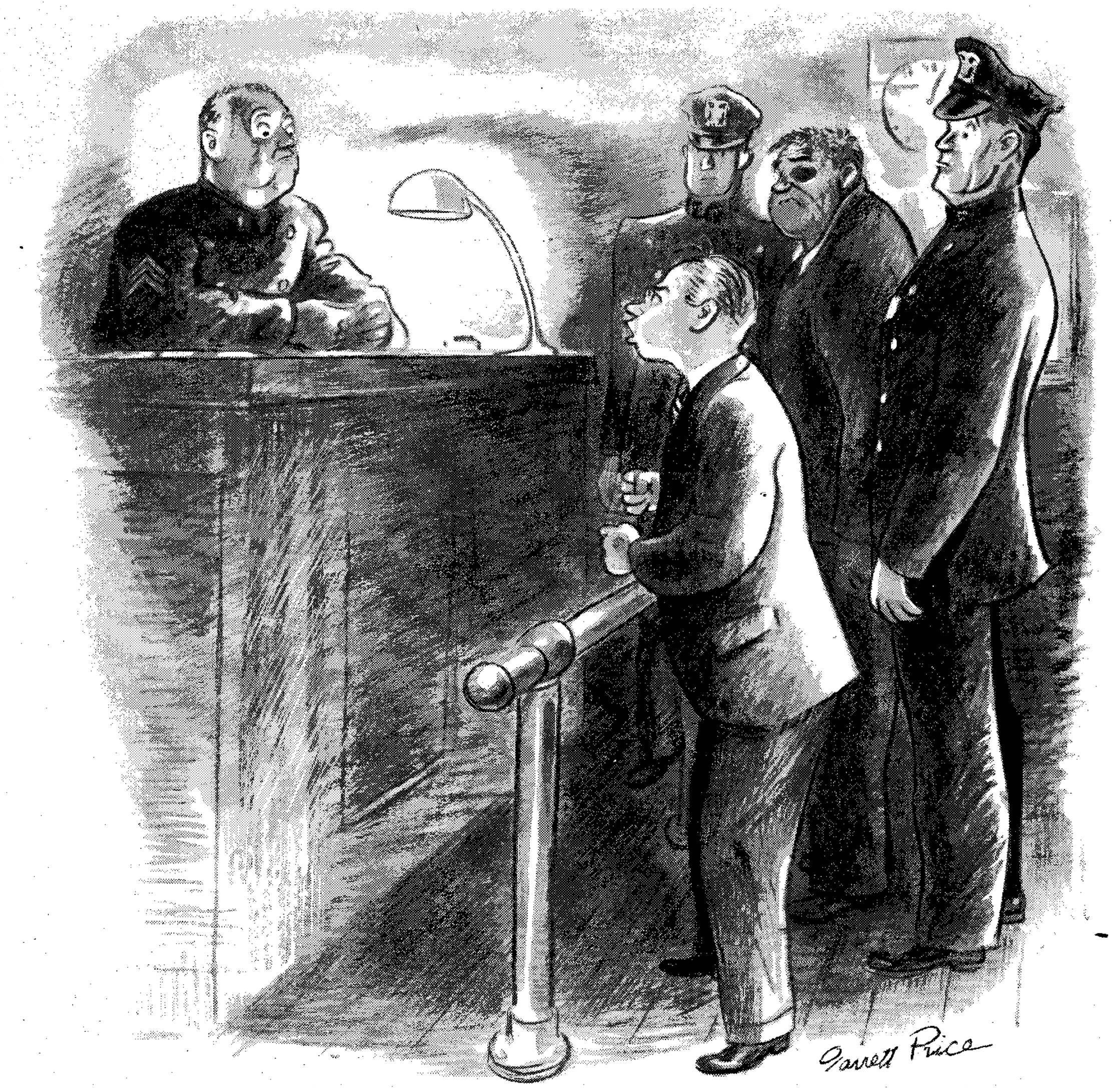
WHILE Lieutenant Commander Harold Stassen was more worthily occupied in the South Pacific, we were up in Suite 2000-1-2 of the Hotel Commodore, participating in the housewarming of the Eastern Stassen-for-President headquarters. These paragraphs are for the Lieutenant Commander's scrapbook, with our best wishes. It was, we must report, a rather nervous occasion. Victor Johnston, a publicity man who is with the Stassen forces on loan from the state of Minnesota, told us candidly, "It's going to be tough, we're not kidding ourselves about that. After all, we haven't even got a sample to show people." Johnston then introduced us, in rapid succession, to a congressman, several flour magnates, an O.W.I. man, and a lady who said she was the executive secretary of a garden club in St. Paul, after which he rushed off to ply some newcomers with Scotch and stuffed celery. Iced tea and bourbon Old-Fashioneds were also being served, the iced tea running a poor third. "Do you think the Dewey people have been able to get Scotch?" we heard one Stassen lady ask another. "Let's call up and ask," the other suggested. "No, no," the first one said. "They'll think we're worried or something. They'd just love to get their hands on something like that."

We found ourself chatting with an ex-Willkie man who wore a Phi Beta Kappa key. "After Wisconsin, it's either Stassen or that *person*," he said sadly. "What this country needs is a young man with vim and vigor. Of course, Dewey's not *old*, but he's got an older point of view." "I can just see Mr. Stassen walking down the aisle at the convention in that summer uniform of his," a lady cut in ecstatically. "Now, now," said a man who might have been her husband. "We mustn't get our hopes up. Remember how disappointed we were about Mr. Landon." "Well, Stassen *is* a dark horse," she conceded; then, in an outburst of inverted pride, she added, "Why, I bet he's the darkest dark horse that ever ran." When the number of Stassen supporters had reached twenty-five (with quite a few counties yet to be heard from), we were all herded into one room. Mr. Johnston rapped for order and introduced Congressman Gale (Rep., Minn.), who informed us that he demanded certain qualities in a Presidential candidate: he must understand about capital and labor, he must have vision without being a visionary, and he must be able to beat Roosevelt. "That man is Harold E. Stassen," he concluded, amid a salvo of "Bravos" and one isolated "Whee" from a Holy Roller lady Republican. Mr. Johnston urged everybody to have another drink. "I'd feel better about this if Willkie were still in the running," a flour man told us in a low voice. "They'd all start arguing between Dewey and Willkie, and then everybody would compromise on Stassen. I just wish Harold were here instead of off on that boat. I worry about him."

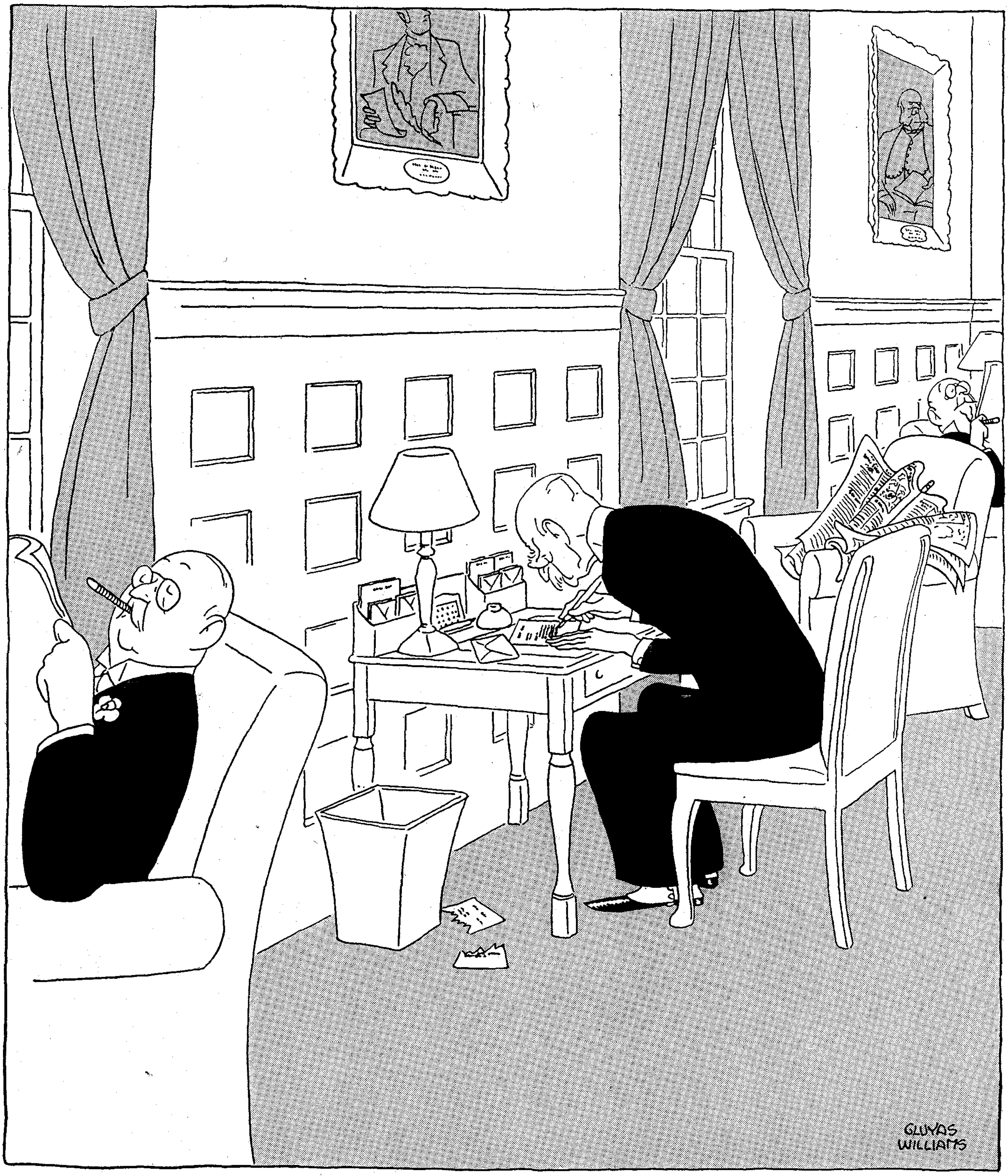
Drifting around from one group to another, we concluded that Stassen's candidacy was generally being discussed in terms of long shots and dark horses. One supporter, in fact, referred to the whole enterprise as a lost cause. "I'm *crazy* about lost causes," he added loyally. "I know just what you mean," said the girl with him. "Look what he did for Minnesota." As people began to drift away, Mr. Johnston pressed campaign literature on them and urged them to write to all their friends, plugging Stassen. "What we really want people to do is write their delegates," he confided to us. As we left, laden with campaign literature, he added wistfully, "I don't have to tell you it's difficult to win a race when your horse is off on a battleship."

First Sight

A LADY out on Long Island has been sun-bathing every fine day this spring in a secluded part of her garden. Patrol planes have crossed by overhead now and then, but for a long time she didn't worry herself about them, figuring that she didn't know the pilots and they didn't know her. The other day, however, one of the planes loosed a tiny parachute, which came fluttering down into the shrubbery nearby. She picked it up and found attached to it a tin can in which was a slip of paper bearing three handwritten words: "I love you."



"Then when he demanded my ration book, I saw red."



THE WRITING PUBLIC

"To the Editor, Dear Sir:—May an old subscriber congratulate you on your powerful editorial against the new tax laws, which are obviously intended to plunge this nation into Socialism, if not worse? It is indeed time that some fearless voice was raised in protest. To take an average case that I happen to know of, that of a man whose sole means of support is certain investments which return him sixty thousand dollars a year, the proposed law would force him to live on . . ."

A SHORT VISIT TO NAPLES

LOOKING north out of his window, Captain Wyatt could see a strip of Mediterranean between the mountains. The water was almost white in the moonlight. The cold African air blew against his face, but he felt comfortable. The small room was set high in the tower of the villa and well heated by a gasoline burner. Wyatt and his roommate, Captain Kirkland, had now spent six days there, and Kirkland had not let any of the evenings pass without observing that the stove burned high-grade aviation-gasoline. He seemed to relish this advantage over people back in the States. Kirkland had been overseas almost two years, first with the Air Transport Command in India and now as flight leader in a B-24 group.

Wyatt did not belong to the Group. The general whose aide he was had not intended to spend more than a day at this base, but he had gone down with an attack of dysentery. He was not to be moved for several weeks. Wyatt liked his general fine, but he also liked the prospect of a month with very little to do. He moved in with the first congenial officer he met at the mess hall.

The villa turned out to be a comfortable place. The squadron had not had any losses for two months and the men appeared to be fairly well adjusted for the most part. The day after Wyatt arrived they went out on a mission against Naples and ran into no interception and very little flak. They came back in good spirits, ate a lot, and slept late the next morning.

What at first surprised and then nettled Wyatt was that the men showed some reluctance in discussing the mission with him. They talked about it volubly enough among themselves, but two or three of them, without being uncivil, made it unmistakably plain that it was none of the Captain's business. And one of them, an apple-cheeked cherub of a second lieutenant, said, "Flak was nothing at all. Why don't you come along as observer when we go out again tomorrow? It's safe."

"I'll do that," Wyatt said. "Kind of you to ask me."

The boy was not giving himself airs, which made it all the more irritating. Later in the day, he offered Wyatt some candy his mother had sent.

The gasoline burner sputtered, and Wyatt turned around to adjust it. Kirkland came in, carrying a ragged copy of "War and Peace." He had been reading it for more than a year. One ran into an astonishing number of men who lugged copies of "War and Peace" from base to base. Kirkland would crawl in under the mosquito net and arrange his reading light, read a few pages, and go to sleep or start talking about India. That was as far back as he would go; Wyatt did not know where in the States he had come from or what he had done as a civilian.

TONIGHT Kirkland made no attempt to read. "You've been assigned to me for two missions as an observer," he said. "What's the idea?"

"No idea."

"What do you want to stick your neck out for?"

"I'm not sticking my neck out," Wyatt said. "You don't see me going over Germany."

"All right," Kirkland said. He ducked under his mosquito net and stretched out on the bed. "I thought you were trying to prove something. That's what I was doing when I transferred from A.T.C."

"No, I'm not trying to prove anything."

"Well, I was. Maybe I'd listened to that allergic-to-combat gag once too often. Everybody was pulling that about A.T.C. I'd go back to India tomorrow if I had the chance."

"I've never been there."

"It's no place you'd want to live in," Kirkland said. "My girl's in Calcutta, though."

"Red Cross?"

"No."

Kirkland took a picture out of the flight bag under his bed and handed it to Wyatt. It was a large studio portrait of a moderately pretty girl. She might have been Burmese or Malayan; Wyatt wasn't sure. He made a conscious effort not to appear surprised.

Kirkland watched him closely. "She's Burmese," he said.

"Very pretty."

Kirkland put the picture away. Neither of them spoke for a while.

"She's pretty, all right," Wyatt said.

"I'd like to marry her," Kirkland said. He sat up. "Ever spend much time in New York City?"

"Lived there for years."

"How would it be there . . . with a Burmese wife? I mean, how would people react? Are they pretty broad-minded about that sort of thing? Could you hold a job, say, if your boss found out about it?"

"Yes, I think so."

"How about socially?"

"There'd be some problems, no doubt. Nothing insurmountable, I don't think. Depends on the kind of friends, of course."

"I'm glad to hear these things," Kirkland said. "It's something I'm going to have to look into. I was thinking maybe in a place like New York I could get away with it. I couldn't in Oklahoma, where I come from. My father is a minister in the Presbyterian Church there, and he'd surely have to give up his position. Took him thirty years to build up that congregation, but he couldn't hold it together a month if I breezed in there with a Burmese wife. She's the girl I want, though. I suppose you think I'm flak-happy."

"No."

"She's as straight a girl as I've ever run into. She escaped from Burma with several thousand other people and it was hell on those roads to Calcutta, let me tell you. There was an old woman who could hardly walk, but my girl stuck with her clear until the woman died. Just an ordinary-looking woman, and my girl had no way of telling she had some really expensive jewels on her, not until the woman gave them to her just before she died. Well, my girl delivered those jewels to the woman's relatives in Calcutta, and she could have kept them just as easily."

Kirkland looked a little unnecessarily intense about the whole thing, Wyatt thought. It occurred to him that he was about to go on two missions with a fairly emotional pilot. "Were the jewels out of an idol's eye?" he asked.

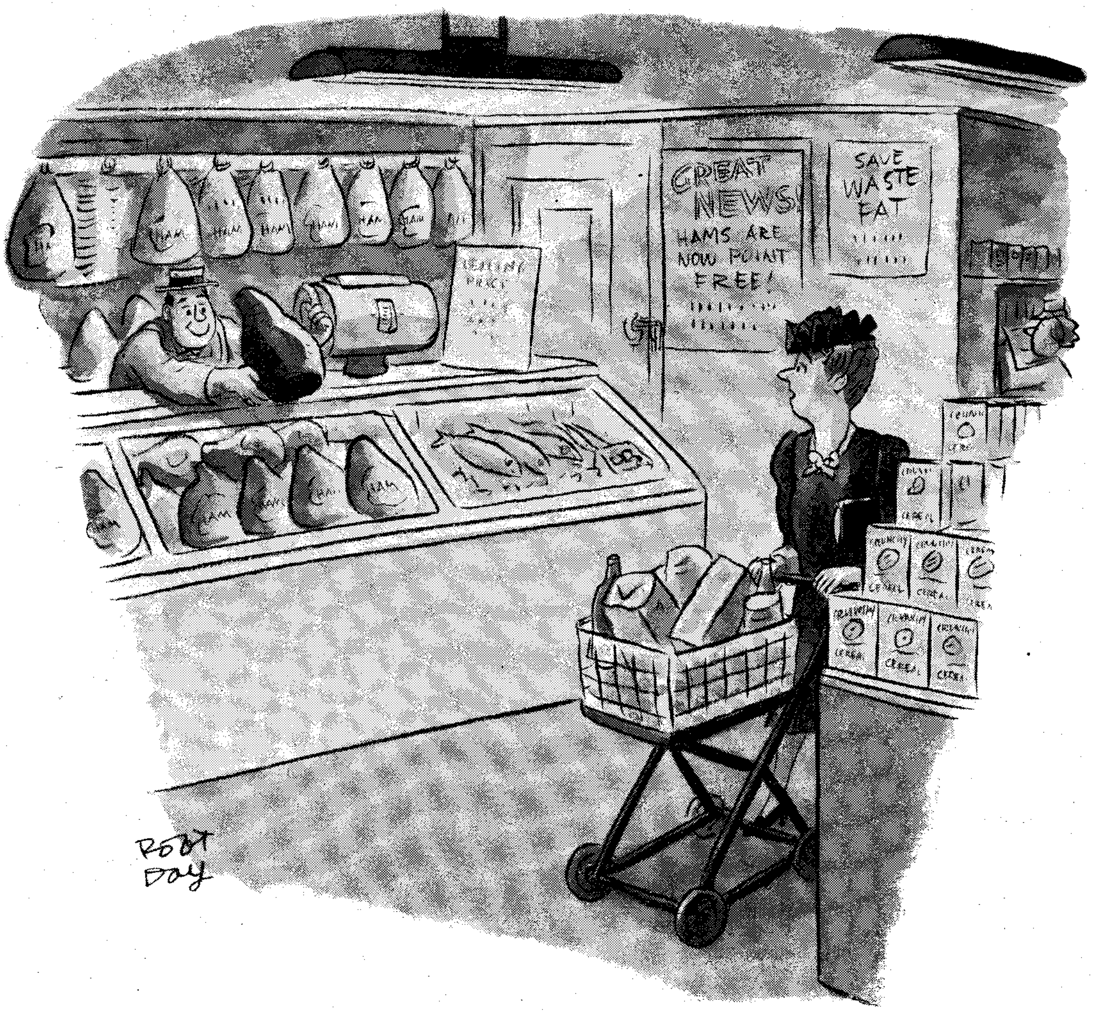
"What?"

"Nothing."

"I'm not kidding," Kirkland said. "She delivered those jewels to an old man and he didn't so much as ask her if she had a place to spend the night. What do you think of that?"

"Pretty crummy."

"She didn't have a place to sleep in for a week or more. After that, you don't blame a girl for anything she does, no matter what. But I'll guarantee you, she never had another man after I came into the picture. And she isn't having any now. I trust that girl the way I wouldn't trust another soul on earth, including myself. She's the girl I want to marry and New York is the



"I'm sorry, Mr. Groff, but my family has come to prefer soybeans."

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place I want to live with her. How long do you suppose this war is going to last?"

"Five to twenty-five years."

"What're you talking about?"

"You asked me. That's my guess."

"Another two is *my* limit," Kirkland said.

"Then what? Are you signing a separate peace?"

"No. But I'm not going up in any more flying machines, either."

"That's the ticket," Wyatt said. "Stand on your rights."

Kirkland opened his "War and Peace," but closed it again and put out the reading light.

"The picture doesn't do her justice," he said. "Good night, Captain."

Wyatt stayed awake long after Kirkland had gone to sleep. He was sorry he had allowed himself to be irritated into going on these two missions. There had not been any German air over Naples for weeks now and the ground defense had been well shot up, but even so— There was nothing to be gained or learned. For one thing, he was not a trained observer; for another, he did not agree with the people who said you never really knew about yourself until you had been in combat.

It seemed to Wyatt that there wasn't much he could or would want to find out about himself in combat. He knew he could be badly frightened. He knew he was no more subject to panic than most people; if anything, less. And he was intensely concerned with staying alive and unwounded.

The jackals started howling in the mountains. Wyatt turned out his own reading lamp and went to sleep.

IT was still dark when Kirkland awakened Wyatt. There were two lieutenants in the room, already in flying clothes. One of them was the apple-cheeked boy, who turned out to be Kirkland's navigator. Halprin, the co-pilot, sat in the easy chair and played a French reveille on his harmonica. He was a compact little man with a Prussian haircut and a quick smile. Without taking the harmonica from his mouth, he opened his flight jacket to display the top of a full whiskey bottle.

They went downstairs for the briefing. The target was the Capodichino Airdrome, several miles northeast of Naples. The Group S-2 didn't seem to think there would be any trouble about fighters. His information about the remaining anti-aircraft batteries was precise and reassuring. The weather officer had very little to say. He looked sleepy but interested when Halprin mentioned something he had picked up from a friendly Italian prisoner: if the smoke from Vesuvius blew toward Capri, fair weather was almost certain to follow. The S-2 got up and pinpointed an insane asylum near the airdrome. The men were not to bomb it, he said. He called out the time, and all the watches were synchronized.

Wyatt was impressed by the functioning of the Group. When the briefing was over and breakfast had been served, the men were picked up by a few well-kept trucks and driven to the dispersal area. The airplanes had already been warmed up. A mess sergeant brought a box of food and a can of fruit juice for each crew, and a candy bar for each man. Kirkland and Halprin completed their check list in a surprisingly short time and took off at 0900 on the nose. They circled the field a number of times while several other groups arrived and fell into formation. Wyatt counted almost a hundred airplanes, mostly B-17's. Ceiling was unlimited and the ground haze slight. Kirkland's B-24 flew in the rear element and crossed the shore line at four thousand feet.

Looking back at Africa, the only sign of human life Wyatt could see was a small fishing village at the foot of a conical mountain. A few reefs and bars had the color of lapis lazuli under the shallow water, but the rest of the Mediterranean was a deep, metallic blue.

As the airplanes cleared land, the crews began to test the guns. One by one, Kirkland's gunners reported in over the interphone. Lehtinen, the top-turret gunner, ordered everyone off the

"It's for you, sir."

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hundred yards up the road from the Mayor's house. The Mayor, standing outside and leaning through an open window, told the telegrapher to check the situation with his colleagues in nearby towns. The key clicked with messages outbound and incoming. The five German armored cars, it appeared, were still prowling the vicinity of Vallo. There were even more Germans in Laurito, on an alternate road north. "You better stay here little more," said Tony. "Them sonum-a-beetches, you better not meet them." Captain Davis reached the same conclusion about meeting them, though not about staying there. He steered his brood of correspondents, arguing fretfully, into the cars, and we went off the way we had come, after promising Tony to return before nightfall. Davis reported his findings to a British brigade headquarters. When we started back for Futani in the afternoon, we had a file of Bren gun carriers, light mobile armed vehicles running on tracks, for company. Their purpose was to clean out any German patrols they could find, but the mission turned out to be impractical. On the steep, winding mountain road, the carriers dropped out one by one with track or engine trouble, and when we came to Futani, at dusk, we were alone again, a jeep and a British staff car.

Davis and the Mayor jockeyed for position. Tony wanted us to stay in his town house, pending tomorrow morning's informash'; Davis wanted us to stay at Tony's farm. The farm was away from the main roads and out of the way of any Germans who might drop in to scout Futani. "Well, come on, come on, hasn't he got a farm?" said the Captain, clawing at his hair after five minutes of debate. He was high-strung, and Cuda was a strong and tireless talker. Tony's trouble was that he did not understand why Davis wanted to go to the farm, and Davis saw no reason for explaining. The Mayor's mind, like most Italian minds, hungered for logic. It did not occur to him that Davis was ordering, not suggesting, and I hesitated to explain this as directly as the Captain would have liked. Also, I was bashful about stating the Captain's motive to a man whose life, property, country, and parish we were redeeming from the enemy up the road.

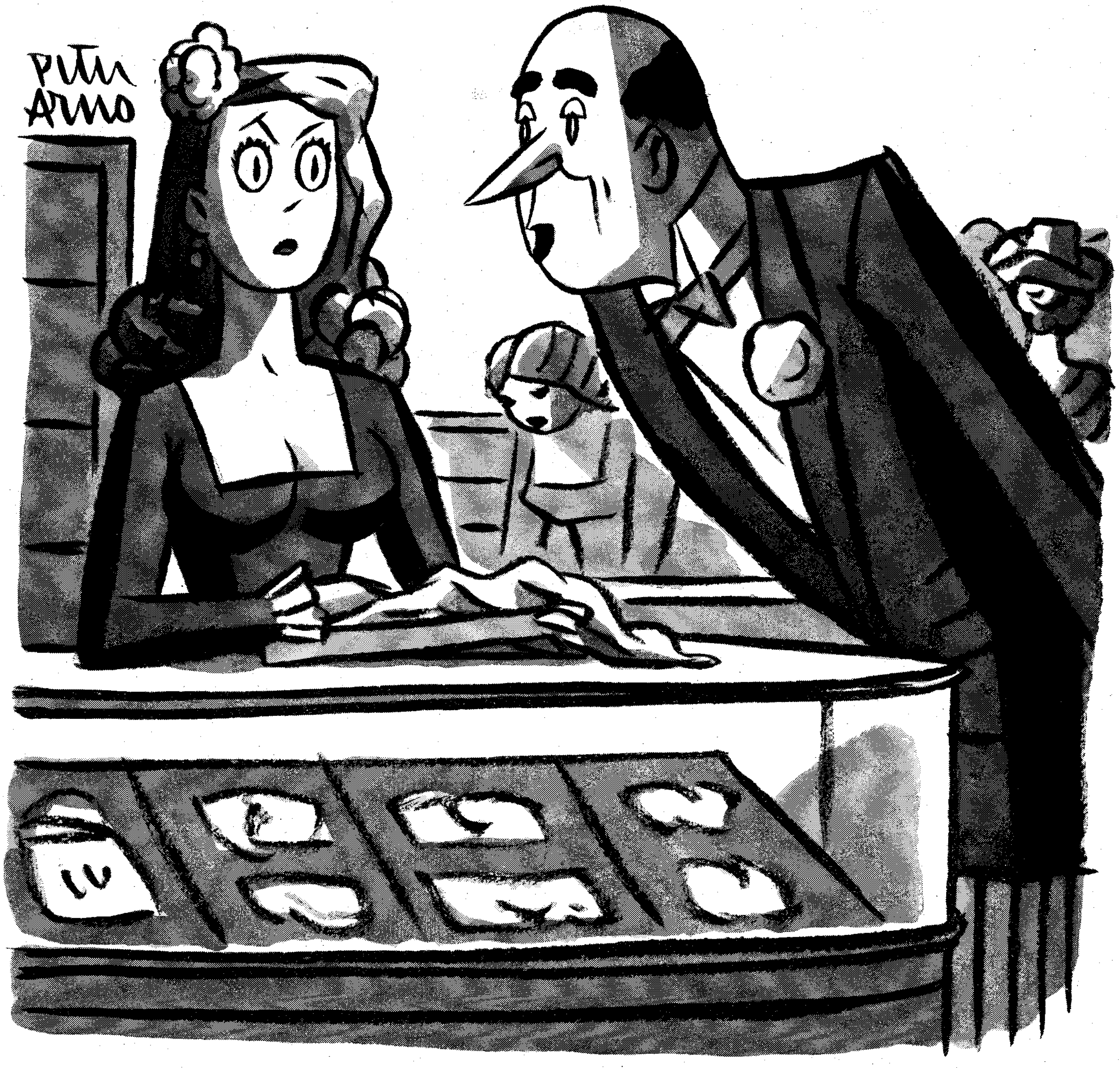
The Mayor, luckily, had come in the last twenty-four hours to consider Davis a hopeless and irreclaimable nut. After paying logic the duty he owed it, he climbed into one of the cars and pointed down the road. "O.K., Mister John, I show," he said. "But my farm, she's a no good shape for company right now. I like give you fellas best I got."

Tony's farm, and three houses he had bought in its neighborhood, had cost him five thousand dollars of his Williamsport shoe fortune. The farm was six hundred acres. He had bought it as soon as he got back home, even before marrying, and the position it gave him in Futani must have had something to do with his overstaying his leave from the States. He automatically became the town's leading citizen. Leading, that is, in a financial sense. Politically, Tony had remained passive and without rank for twenty years. Toward the end of 1942, the anti-Fascist prefect of the district uprooted Futani's Fascist government and inserted Tony as *podestà*. That is one way of putting it. Alternately, it can be said that the prefect was not actually a blackshirt or charter marcher on Rome, that he disliked the village administration for personal reasons, and that in 1942 he felt the state of national and world affairs justified his putting his rich and popular friend Cuda, from America, into office. The neighboring town of Centola underwent a similar upheaval at the same time, and a man named Louis, a former travelling salesman for an American wholesale house, was made mayor. Having so much in common, he and Tony became friends. "He got a radio too, Louis the mayor of Centola," said Tony. "He's fine, smart fella, I like you should meet. You oughta stay awhile."

Tony, Zaino, and I sat on the front steps of the farmhouse under the moon, and Tony talked about his farm while Zaino sat below us smoking English Players cigarettes one after another and dreaming of Camels. Both he and the Mayor had trouble from time to time remembering the English words for things they wanted to say—"truck," for instance, and "wheat," and "cow."

"How you say for *vacca* in America?" asked Tony, frowning. "I no remember. Oh shoe, shoe, shoe—cow."

Tony's thirty-five head of cattle were in charge of a cowhand. Fifty-five other hands worked on the farm, tending the Mayor's horse, mules, pigs, sheep, apples, figs, olives, grapes, wheat, and corn. The grapes yielded two hundred to five hundred gallons of wine a year. The newest feature of the farm was a



"Did anyone ever tell you, Miss Kapmann, that your eyes are the color of our best grade off-blue No. 3 yarn?"

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moonlight in my underwear, unfolding a blanket, there was a sudden stampede of men, women, and children to my side, led by Zaino, carrying a bottle of wine. Perceiving that I was ready for bed, Zaino scolded the sightseers away. He and I exchanged a couple of friendly toasts and then he returned to the village with his following. It looked as though the arrival of the Allied force had lifted the Mayor's ban on leaving town.

Tony and Zaino came to round us up for breakfast in the morning, and we had it at the Mayor's house—fresh eggs, stiff brown bread, cheese, homemade salami, and wine.

"How you lika the eggs cook'?" asked the Mayor, rubbing his hands with pleasure.

I said fried.

"I'm having them scrambled. We're in a great rush. D'you mind?" said Captain Davis, who was in the kitchen with Signora Cuda, getting the meal ready.

I didn't mind, but I thought Tony's feelings might be wounded. However, he had a great capacity for sliding with the Captain's punches.

"Now, how about those Germans, old boy, right away?" said Davis to Tony as we gobbled the breakfast down.

"What he say?" asked Tony tolerantly.

I translated the request into my own English, which sounded approximately the same as Davis's to me.

"Oh, shoe, shoe," said the Mayor. "You drink a little *vino*, little wine, and by-and-by we go see my telegraph. Boy, Jesus, I'm a certainly glad see you fellas come here."

"What's the delay?" said Captain Davis.

I told him.

"My God!" said the Captain.

The Futani telegraph office was a

of its hilltop. The road and the hills were lonely and mysterious. The stone village, bunched around a public fountain where women waited their turn to fill bottles, jugs, and pails with water, was yelling and crawling with life. Tony's house—at any rate, a house built and owned by Tony, of which he and his family occupied the top floor—was the only clean one in town, the only one less than twenty years old. It stood near the fountain, on the right side of the highway, which climbed steeply through the village to the crest, just beyond.

Futani was in a state of siege, more or less voluntary. Cuda, as mayor, had forbidden his nine hundred constituents to leave the village, because of German patrols in the hills around it. Now and then, in the preceding ten days, a German scout car had driven through town, but its passengers never stopped to talk and nobody talked to them. Five days before we arrived, Futani's electricity had been shut off. This was happening all over the province, as the result of sabotage of the main supply sources by the German Army, withdrawing northward, but Futani did not know the reason. Tony, owner of the only radio in town, a handsome cabinet set, had not received any news since the electricity had been cut off and knew no more than anyone else. His state of mind when we found him, therefore, was a nice blend of excitement and confusion, bordering at moments on hysteria. While the radio worked, he and his secretary, a studious young man in spectacles, son of a shopkeeper, had huddled over the set every evening trying gamely to follow the campaign by means of London broadcasts beamed to Italy. They had been interrupted at the point when Italy seemed to be free but not quite free and Germans, British, and Americans were maneuvering vaguely all over the countryside, from Reggio, in the toe of the boot, to Salerno, on the coast above Futani.

Food was running low in Tony's village. Besides, the Allied' invasion had raised his yearning for Williamsport to fever level. At the sight of us, the first people in Allied uniforms to reach Futani, he charged like a buffalo to the place where we had stopped our cars, near the fountain. "How glad I am to see you!" yelled Tony, who is a broad, stocky, full-faced man with operatic chest tones. "We waited so long, so long. I want to shake hands. I am *podestà*, mayor, of the town."

In his apartment, to which he led us by an outdoor stairway up the back of his neat yellow stone house, we parleyed in three-way English about the Germans. Actually, Futani lay in no one's line of advance or retreat. The British Eighth Army, with which I had landed in Italy, was clambering northward as fast as blown-up bridges would permit, but its line of movement was northeast, on the Adriatic coast, and the road through Futani was an offshoot, leading northwest toward Salerno, where the American Fifth Army had made its separate landing a few days after we came in. The Allied command had no intention of hooking up the two armies just yet. The Fifth, facing most of the Germans in Italy, had a fight on its hands, but the command expected it to win this and push on through Naples toward Rome by itself, as it eventually did. The Eighth Army at the moment constituted a sort of general threat to the Germans' rear and flank, sufficient by its mere existence to make the German position around Salerno and Naples untenable in the long run. We did not then know the details of the plan, naturally, nor did most of the men in the two Allied armies. The well-bruised troops and officers of the Fifth were expecting Montgomery's Eighth Army to come to its support. We knew that there were no Germans in the fifty miles of mountain and coast between the armies except for outposts and roving patrols. It seemed like a good idea, and not especially perilous, to try to bridge the gap by car. Three or four squads of correspondents set out from different points, each so ignorant of the others' movements that during the journey one party mistook another for German reconnaissance and ducked off the road to hide.

Captain Davis was conducting officer for our squad. He combined the functions of governess and forager, as prescribed by the British Army for the care and feeding of the press. By the time we got to Futani and talked awhile with its mayor, the Captain's temper was drawing in. He did not think it would look good to lose correspondents to the Germans, and at the same time information in a pitch that did not club the eardrums or in a form that he could decode seemed hard to come by.

"*Dove tedeschi? Où* are the *Allemands?* Where the hell are the Germans?" snarled Captain Davis.

"No understand," said Tony helplessly.

Three of the Mayor's followers came at Davis from the starboard quarter with advice in Italian.

"Shut up, shut up," said the Captain, and dashed down to our staff car to soothe himself by inspecting our rations and planning a meal.

Through me, Tony reported that five German armored cars had been seen that afternoon in Vallo, the next town ahead on our road. "I getta good informash'," said Tony. "Tomorrow morning I getta more."

Tony's wife, a plump, dark, shy woman, and his two dark, shy daughters, helped us fix our supper, and we ate it on Tony's table, in the main room of his apartment. It was a clean room, with a well-brushed balcony overlooking the road through the village. There was a desk where Cuda and his secretary conducted civic affairs and had listened to the radio. On the walls were a picture of the Virgin, Tony's American Army photographs, and a lurid poster of the sinking of the Lusitania. After supper we sat on a sofa drinking wine made by Tony on his farm, outside town, and talking with neighbors who had come in to see us, including the village doctor, Rocco Zaino, a second exile from the States. Tony and Zaino tried to remember the names of all the cigars, cigarettes, toothpastes, and laxatives they had known in America. Speaking of his passion for Camels, Zaino became excited and turned to tell his fellow-townsmen about them, but he forgot in his excitement to switch from English to Italian. They listened to him for a moment with reproachful stares and then began to shake their heads violently as they broke into a chorus of "*No, no, no.*" Zaino, bewildered, went on more loudly in English. It was some time before they derailed him.

We slept in the open that night, in a woods beyond the village, in spite of the Mayor's pressing offers of lodging. Late that evening, as I stood in the

THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
funk

worked, made money, and then gave way to the standard instinct to visit Italy again and marry there and prove—very briefly—the pleasures that a little American capital could buy in the threadbare provinces of the south. As all Italians agree, that way you could live like a king. Kingly living is soporific, and Cuda and many unnaturalized Italians like him overstayed their leaves and voided their reëntry permits. The year of Tony's pilgrimage was 1922, the Year I of Fascism. The Italian government expressed a wish that Tony remain in Futani, and the American consul at Salerno, the provincial capital, could not do much about it.

I met an Italian named Cimini in Positano, a little resort town near Amalfi, who said that he was glad to leave America, that he had to, that for medical reasons he could not afford to go back. "I was sick to my stomach all the time there," he said. I asked him why. "I drank too much," explained the fugitive.

Signor Cimini's case was unique in my experience. Other Italians with American pasts felt a honing to go back that became urgent when Italy went to war in 1940. Tony Cuda's feeling was the sharper because he had made, in the States, a leap most unusual among immigrants unable to read or write English: he had passed from the ranks of labor into the capitalist class. This came about romantically, as a result of the first World War, and Tony has been romantically disposed toward that war ever since. When he showed us a photograph of his Army company at Camp Lee, Virginia, and another of himself in puttees and broad-brimmed hat, his patriotic emotions were sweetened by the memory of a wand which had touched him in France and transformed him economically.

Cuda had migrated from Futani to Philadelphia in 1906, at the age of fifteen, and straightway gone to work with his hands, in the steps of the man in the song who pooshed on the Delaware Lackawan'. He had reached the grade of locomotive fireman when he entered the Army. His division, the Fourth Infantry, was sent to France, and while Tony did not see combat there, his company was maneuvered around a good deal and asked to build its share of bivouacs and dig its share of holes. This was up the alley of Private Cuda. "I could dig a big hole in four, five minutes," he said. "And that's how Tony got rich," he added tenderly, "just like a story in the newspapers." Another enlisted man in his company, George Dayton, dug poorly, not being in the way of it. Tony dug Dayton's holes as well as his own and lent him a hand with other chores. Dayton, as Frances Hodgson Burnett or any other student of the formula could have told you, turned out to be wealthy and full of gratitude. "He told to me, 'Tony, you never have to work again,' " said Cuda, and whether the quote is exact or not, the meaning of those words was clear. Once the war had ended, Cuda ceased to work with his hands and became a merchant and a saver. As soon as the division was demobilized, Dayton's father, head of the Dayton Shoe Company, set Tony up with a store of his own, selling shoes to workmen in Williamsport. In three years he saved ten thousand dollars. The better part of this sum was on his body—he left, however, three thousand dollars in the bank—when he sailed home to Italy to marry and to live like a king within the terms of his contract with the U. S. Government, which gave him six months to do it in.

IT was twenty-one years later when we drove into Futani in a jeep and a tired British staff car, just as the sun was setting. It was a shabby town and desperately poor. Perched high, like all Italian towns in mountain country, it made a yellow-gray patch on the green

Richard Dickson

"Ouch, sir!"

PROFILES ⁂

THE MAYOR OF FUTANI

ALLIED progress in the war in Italy began to freeze some months ago, but by then the campaign had left Tony Cuda far behind, and I can say things about Tony and his hospitality now that were better left unsaid at the time I knew him. Mainly, however, it isn't the way his grapevine system nursed us through German outpost lines in the wild Salerno hill country, smelling of bandits and light opera, that makes me remember Tony. It is that to me, at least, he is Exhibit A in what might be called the "Peetsborgh" phase of the war. This phase began in Sicily, but it came of age on the Italian mainland. It's hard to see how anything exactly like it can have occurred in war before or will occur again. The ingredients are rare. American soldiers, most of them on their first campaign abroad and going into foreign lands, into Europe, into the cradle of Europe, with a good deal of spiritual diffidence, in spite of the guns in their hands, were suddenly hailed in every village by characters of various ages who brandished passports, snapshots, letters, or all three, and said loudly and happily, "Hello, I'm glad you come. I used to live in the States. My family, she's in Peetsborgh now." This delighted the Americans—even the ones from Iowa, Oklahoma, and Texas, to whom it seemed strangest, though they quickly learned to take it in stride. It's a tendency of American soldiers overseas to revert to nonchalance with the least possible delay, and before long they were slapping Italian peasants on the back with fatherly encouragement and saying, "You from Peetsborgh, Giuseppe?"

"Peetsborgh" was a watchword in the Army, but the range of American habitat of the Italians-from-the-States had been wide and their distribution in Italy was patchy. For instance, Tony Cuda, the Mayor of Futani, a hill town where I happened to spend some time in the course of my work as a war correspondent, had lived in Philadelphia and Williamsport, Pennsylvania, and in his town there was a woman from Hazleton, Pennsylvania, and one man from Allentown and another from Wilkes-Barre. On the Sorrento peninsula, the representation was largely New York—New York City and upstate places like Corning and Amsterdam. In Caiazzo, a village north of Naples, I found a Connecticut colony. At the sight of American troops, these pilgrims overflowed with American memories, at the expense of the life around them, however sensational. "I ran a goddam nice restaurant in New Haven; lotsa college boys come to my place," said John J. Pannone, of Caiazzo, as soon as he made himself known, and it was another ten minutes before I found that he had been practically an eyewitness, the day before, of a German atrocity we were on the trail of. "I seen things here yesterday you wouldn't believe them, you couldn't sleep," Pannone said finally. "You could get drinks in my place in New Haven, you understand, besides eats. Good beer."

The British soldiers in Italy accepted this species of Italian tolerantly, but at first they were surprised to meet it, being as unfamiliar with Italian emigration to America as they were with a naval battle which was fought, as they now sometimes heard it alleged, on a sort of American mere or sluice called Lake Erie in 1813. When they cared to, the British could argue with justice that most of the Italians we liberated jointly were more deeply aware of England as a power and an influence than of America. But the Peetsborgh variety is something else again. He is explosive and single-track in his rapture for America, and I was flattered, for no good reason, because Tony Cuda could never understand English as rendered by Englishmen and always called on me to interpret. This inability to understand worked both ways. The British unit with whom I travelled could not understand Tony worth a damn. He spoke the English of Tom Daly and Henry Armetta, strictly a stage guinea dialect. Captain Mike Davis, of the London Irish Regiment, leading our party of three war correspondents—a Scotsman, an Australian, and myself—was anxious to know the disposition of the Germans in the hills and towns around Futani, which lay in No Man's Land, on the path that the four of us hoped to cover between the Eighth British Army and the Fifth American Army. Tony Cuda did not see us as correspondents with a sort of B-picture Hollywood stunt for a mission, which was what we were. To him we were Allied avengers pursuing the grand strategy, as well as his own ends, and he addressed Captain Davis with overwhelming power and affection.

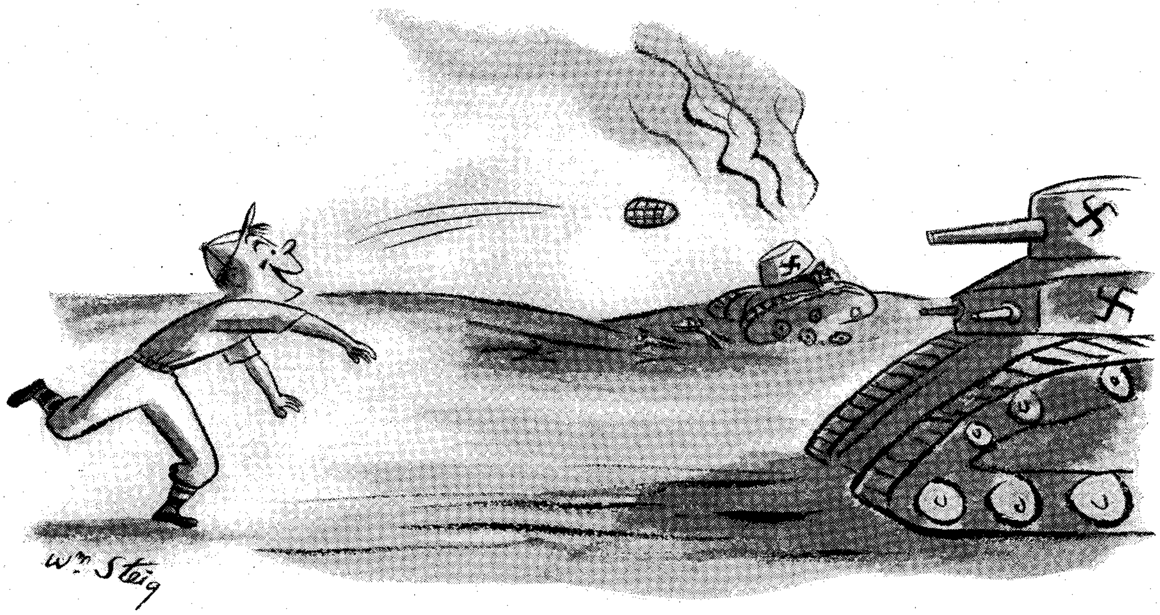
"I can't make out a word the bugger is saying," said Davis.

"What's the troub', Mister John?" said the Mayor of Futani earnestly, clutching me by the shoulder. "I don't understand him good. You I understand good forcause you *americano*."

The Mayor thereafter was polite and gentle, but resolute, in his determination to pursue negotiations in three styles of English, with me as the pivot man. When the Scottish reporter, McDowell, speaking more clearly and neutrally, it seemed to me, than any of the rest of us, insisted on addressing Cuda directly, Tony beamed on him for a moment, then gave him the brushoff and turned back to me. It was flattering, as I say, but I could not conceal from myself that the fact of the Mayor of Futani's having three thousand dollars in the Fourth National Bank of Williamsport slightly colored his attitude toward the two Allied forces.

NEARLY all the characteristics of the Italians-from-the-States were united in Tony: the stage dialect, the craving for American cigarettes or cigars, the survival of a few emphatic American profanities, the record of service in the American Army in the last war, the violent tirades against Fascism. "That sonum-a-beetch *Fascismo*, she's keep me, she don't let me go," said Tony.

The chart of Tony's international movements followed a pattern familiar all over Sicily and the mainland of Italy. He went to America as a young man,



DREAMS OF GLORY

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man said. "Suppose I bring it?"

"It won't hurt to see it," Mrs. Kirby said. She shook her head at the man as the salesman left them. "Really, my dear, you were right when you told me you were hard to fit. And, frankly, I don't think the pin stripe will be one bit better. Besides, *he* has a pin stripe, and he's probably going to bring you the same sort. If you can think of anything more ghastly!"

"This isn't too hot," he said.

"That's putting it mildly," she said. "I really think you're going to have to have one made, after all. You can have a very nice one made for a hundred and fifty dollars."

"I suppose I can," he said.

She looked up at him and smiled. Her eyes were without humor. "You definitely can," she said. "You act as though you were poverty-stricken or something. Harry always has his suits made."

"Harry has a lot of dough."

She stared past him. "Yes, Harry has a lot of dough," she said. "And Harry has others to think of beside himself. He has his sister and he has me."

"That's a laugh," he said.

Her voice was very cool. "He has me," she repeated, "and he's going to keep right on having me *just* the way he's got me now. A legal separation isn't a divorce, you know."

"I know," he said. "Helen, listen—"

"Which also makes it nice for you," she went on, "when you stop to think about it. Why, all you have to do is to take me to dinner or to the theatre and a few little things like that, but it isn't like having to pay for real things, is it? Things like rent, for instance."

He picked his coat and vest from the chair where the salesman had placed them, and he was shaking so inside that he wondered it didn't show. "What's the difference between rent and the sort of things you expect?" he asked.

"The sort of things *I* expect?" she asked. She put her hand up to her mouth as though she had forgotten something. "Oh, I see! Now I *see!* You mean the things that I've been foolish enough to think were little attentions! Like the money for my cab last night, and my furs. And I hope you know I really do appreciate my furs, which I did not ask for in the first place and which I accepted for a very good reason."

"What good reason, Helen?" he asked.

"For a very good reason," she said.

"What?"

She opened her bag and took out her handkerchief again and smoothed it across her knees. "For the very good reason that I did it for your sake," she said. "I wanted you to feel *decent*."

"Decent?"

She kept her eyes down. "Why, yes," she said. "I mean, of course, I have a legal separation and all that, but, well, Harry does send me money, and you don't have to do anything about me. Just what you feel you *want* to do, and I thought you'd feel better if you could do some little things for me."

He didn't hear the salesman until he spoke.

THE salesman had the coat of a pin-stripe suit over his arm. "This may not be it, either," he said. "What do you think?"

Mrs. Kirby looked at the coat and shook her head. "I don't think so, do you, Bob dear? I don't think so at all."

"I guess not," Bob said.

"I'll tell you what," the salesman said. "It's sort of between seasons. Next week we're expecting some new things in. I'll be glad to drop you a card."

"That will be better, I think," Mrs. Kirby said. "Leave him your name, Bob, and we can come back."

The salesman took a pencil and a card from his pocket. "Yes?" he said.

"Robert M. Scott," the man said. "121 East Forty-eighth Street."

The salesman wrote down the name and address. "Thank you, Mr. Scott. Sorry we didn't have better luck. Good-bye, Mrs. Scott."

Mrs. Kirby got up from the chair and fastened her scarf. "Oh, I'm not *Mrs.* Scott," she said. "My name is Mrs. Kirby. Mrs. Harold Kirby. Mr. Scott is just a friend."

She smiled at the salesman and began walking toward the elevator. She felt the man's hand on her arm. "What did you have to tell him that for?" he asked.

She pulled her arm away. "Well, I'm not Mrs. Scott, am I?" she asked. "And you *are* just a friend, aren't you? You didn't want me *really* to tell him, did you?"

She turned and laughed at him.

—SALLY BENSON

•

STREAM

The stream of dreams
Flows through us to
The dreaming seas
For centuries,
And though the land
Departs about,
The dreams
Are never left without
A land to flow through
Or a sea to go to.

—ROBERT LAX

A VERY GOOD REASON

Mrs. Kirby looked at the salesman's suit, as he walked toward them, and raised her eyebrows slightly. She took a step forward and then turned to rest her hand for a minute on the sleeve of the man who stood beside her. "This gentleman," she said, smiling at the salesman, "would like to see a suit."

"Certainly," the salesman said. "Did you have anything particular in mind?"

"No," Mrs. Kirby answered. "He didn't have anything particular in mind. Just a suit. Something sort of summerish."

She glanced again at the salesman's suit, which was dark gray with a white pin stripe. "A solid color, don't you think, and yet not too *dark?*"

The man with her nodded at the tables on which were piled suits of various sizes and colors, and laughed nervously. "Looks as though we came to the right place," he said.

The salesman led the way toward two chairs which stood side by side near a large window, a standing ashtray between them. There was a cigar butt lying in the ashtray and he pressed a spring and the butt dropped out of sight. Mrs. Kirby sat down in one of the chairs and moved it so that she had her back to the light. "Sit down, Bob," she said. "The man will bring them." She unfastened the snap of her stone-marten scarf and arranged it neatly over the back of the chair.

The salesman helped the man who was with Mrs. Kirby to take his topcoat off and then stood back, eyeing him expertly. "A *plain* color?" he asked, doubt in his voice.

"Well, I *think* a plain color," Mrs. Kirby said. "Or rather a *solid* color."

"Then," the salesman said with an air of finality, "it would have to be a flannel."

"Oh, do you think so?" Mrs. Kirby asked. "Because I don't. I definitely *don't*. Something with more body to it." She leaned forward and rested her hand on the man's sleeve once more and ran her fingers across the material. "Now, this is all right, of course, but it's getting old. He got the cloth in Bermuda and had it made."

"Very handsome," the salesman said. "You won't find anything like that now."

"Oh, I'm sure of that," Mrs. Kirby said. "Just bring us the best you can find."

"About a size forty-four?" the salesman asked. "We'll try it, anyway."

When the salesman had gone, the man walked over to the window and stared down into the street. The afternoon sun, shining on his hair, gave it a red tinge and softened the white in it to gold; it sharpened the blue of his suit so that his eyes looked paler and almost gray. He caught the cord of the window shade and let it fall against the pane several times. When he heard Mrs. Kirby moving impatiently, he let the cord drop, shielding it with his hand so that it would not hit against the pane again.

"Goodness!" she said. "*What* are you doing?"

"Nothing," he said. He turned and sat down in the chair beside her.

"I'm really glad you decided to get a new suit," she said. "I really am."

He looked down at his hands and rubbed them together.

"Of course," she went on, "it won't be like a tailored one. It's really too silly not to have a tailored one, when you come to think of it. I mean, it's not as though you had anybody to think of but yourself."

"That's right," he agreed.

"What do you mean, that's right?" she asked sharply.

"Not a damned thing," he said. "I just meant that's right. I haven't anybody to think of but myself."

"Well, you sounded funny," she said. "You sounded *very* funny. Not that I see *why*. I never ask you for anything, do I? I told you at the very beginning I'd never ask you for anything, and I think you must honestly admit I never have."

She opened her bag and took out a handkerchief which had her name embroidered in one corner. For a minute the scent of gardenias filled the air. He leaned toward her until his shoulder touched hers.

"Well, have I?" she persisted. "Have I ever asked you for anything?"

"No, I don't think you have," he answered.

"Then you should consider yourself lucky," she said. "There are not many men in this world who have only themselves to consider, let me tell you."

He saw the salesman approaching and he moved his shoulder so that it no longer touched hers. The salesman was smiling and shaking his head. "Not too much luck," he said brightly. He held a coat out for them to see.

"But it's brown!" Mrs. Kirby said. "It looks like a winter suit!"

"It's an unfinished worsted, Madam," the salesman told her. "Not that we like to put too much blame on the war, but it does limit us."

"Oh," Mrs. Kirby said, her voice warm, "I *know*. And I haven't any use for people who complain about it. Why, goodness, they're even taking the *fathers* now, so I suppose we must be thankful we're not in some awful trench or something."

"That's right, Madam," the salesman said. "I was in the last war, and I've got two boys in it now, one in England and the other due to go overseas any day."

"You must be proud of them," Mrs. Kirby said. "I was telling Mr. Scott that he's lucky to be over the age limit. Just. Slip the coat on, Bob dear."

The man got up and took off his own coat and unbuttoned his vest. The palms of his hands were moist and sticky. When the salesman had patted the shoulders of the brown coat into place, he stepped back and looked at Mrs. Kirby for approval.

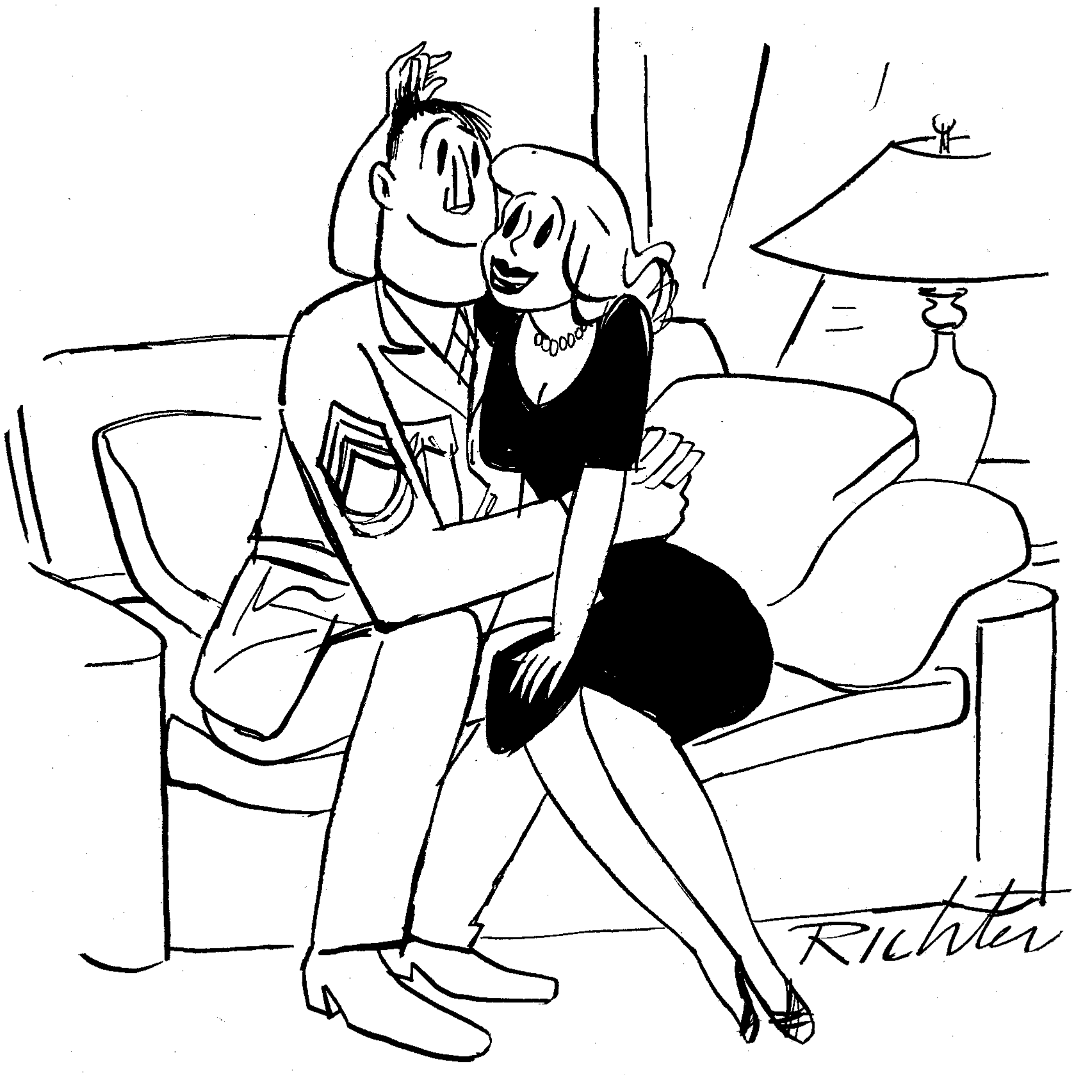
She frowned. "There's something wrong with the back," she said. "Or the shoulders. I may be mistaken, but it gives him sort of a sloping look, don't you think?"

"It could stand a little padding," the salesman said.

She laughed. "Of course! That's it! The other coat *has* more padding. That's why this one looks so funny. Go look at yourself, Bob dear."

The man walked toward the mirror, a few yards away. The coat was too dark and had a burnt-orange cast. He looked briefly into the mirror and turned away.

"I have a pin stripe," the sales-



"Where do people ever get the idea you sergeants are tough?"

• •

to Wyatt, "If anything happens to me and you write my people, don't mention that stuff about the girl. Her being Burmese and all. You . . . Christ, I forgot your name."

"Wyatt."

"O.K., Wyatt."

"Nothing is going to happen to you."

Kirkland closed his eyes.

Halprin leaned over and felt his forehead. "You all right, John?" he asked.

Kirkland said nothing, but nodded.

"Get the plasma," said Halprin to the flight engineer. "Captain, you give him a transfusion."

"Where? Which of the veins? Do *you* know?"

"The big one, I think, near the crook of his arm."

The sergeant brought a container of plasma. It came equipped with the transfusion needle. Wyatt could not get Kirkland's sleeves up much beyond the point where he had injected the morphia. He borrowed a pocket knife from the sergeant and slit the leather and the wool. Kirkland's arm was even whiter than his face.

Wyatt had to insert the needle three times before he hit the heavy vein. Kirkland grew stronger almost perceptibly. The bad part of it was that he also felt more pain. At one point he covered his face. After he took his hand away he vomited a little.

"I'm a slob," he said.

The navigator, the radio man, and the gunners kept coming up to look at him, but Wyatt finally stopped it because Kirkland would want to say something to each of them and strain to make himself heard above the noise of the airplane. At half-hour intervals, Wyatt gave him two more transfusions.

ABOUT a hundred miles from the African coast, Kirkland was no longer able to talk. But he continued to give the O.K. signal with his hand. His eyes, when he opened them, were lively, and sometimes he smiled with one side of his face, and once or twice he winked.

When they were within sight of the coast, oil began to gush from the top of the No. 3 engine. Halprin waited a little to see if it would stop. Wyatt also stood up to watch. The oil kept coming until Halprin cut the engine and feathered that prop, too. "Black-hearted son of a bitch," he said.

Kirkland's head had fallen forward and slightly to one side. He had either lost consciousness or died. Wyatt could not tell which. He reinserted the needle and poured in the remainder of the plasma. Perhaps, he thought, I should have given it to him all at once.

They crossed the shore line to the left of the conical mountain. Kirkland was cold by then, dead. The airplane had been losing altitude steadily, but coming over land it still had thirty-four hundred. Halprin circled the home base at slightly over three thousand.

He made a good landing. But as the wheels touched ground, the airplane swerved sharply to the left, and he had to force with the No. 1 engine to keep it on the runway. The left tire had been punctured by flak.

Wyatt did not wait for Kirkland to be moved out of the cockpit. For a time he stood by while the others looked over the damage, but he did not go with Halprin to the briefing. He went to the hospital, where he found his general sitting up in bed. The general said he had no business going on a mission and that he was under no circumstances to go out on the next one. The general was a fine old man, and Wyatt was grateful for being confirmed in a decision he had made between the first and the second transfusions. I must ask the surgeon if I did right in not giving all the blood at once, he thought. I must find out what happened to the B-17 above the Bay of Naples. —EDWARD NEWHOUSE

•

When a sailor is about to become a papa, *with the help of the USO hostesses and his* shipmates at the Great Lakes Naval Station, he is given a "surprise" baby shower.
—*Baby Talk Magazine*

It can't be a surprise to *every*body, can it?

Wyatt could hear was "No interception." The airplane had been hit by flak.

The No. 2 engine began to wind up like a siren. All the eyes in the cockpit turned to the tachometer. When it passed twenty-five hundred, Kirkland signalled and Halprin feathered the prop. With the throttles wide open, there was no immediate loss of speed.

Kirkland had been badly hurt. His entire left thigh and leg were enmeshed in twisted metal. One steel edge had cut through to the thighbone, and nothing that Wyatt or the flight engineer could do would dislodge it. The flight engineer was a young sergeant. As he bent down over the pilot, the slipstream blew Kirkland's blood all over his face and chest. He said, "I'm not a first-aid man. God damn it, Captain, do something." He opened the first-aid kit and handed it to Wyatt.

They tried to move Kirkland, but it could not be done. There was no conceivable way of applying a tourniquet. The big wound reached well above the thigh and most of the blood was trickling from the top of the gash. For a time, Kirkland held the opening together with his own hand. Then Wyatt dressed the wounds with sulphanilamide and held a roll of bandage against the bad place while the flight engineer blocked up the worst part of the torn fuselage.

Kirkland's face was white and rigidly set. But his eyes moved rapidly back and forth along the instrument panel, and he was flying the airplane, although Halprin had the controls. He refused a drink of Halprin's whiskey and closed his eyes while Wyatt injected a syrette of morphia.

"Pain bad?" Wyatt asked.

Kirkland nodded. "Will I be all right?" he asked. "What do you think?"

"Yes, you'll be all right. Stop flying the airplane now. Just don't think about anything much. Halprin's got everything. Nobody's seen any fighters and I don't think they'll send out after us."

"I don't think so, either," Kirkland said. His voice was normal, not at all strained. "Plane feels all right to me. How about another one of those injections?"

Wyatt gave him another syrette of morphia. It was the first time in his life that he had ever injected a needle into flesh. The steel penetrated more easily than he expected. He hoped he was not overdosing.

"Everybody all right in back?" Kirkland asked.

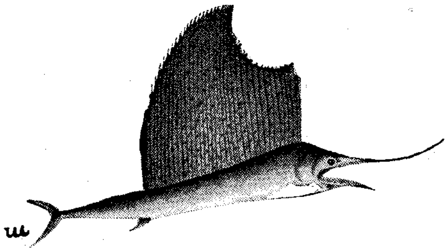
"Fine."

"What's the matter with the interphone?"

"The sergeant says your button's jammed and we can't get at it."

"We won't have any trouble if the engines hold up. She's flying right along. Bitch kitty of an airplane."

Wyatt tried to recall everything that had been said at first-aid lectures in basic training and Officer Candidate School. He thought he remembered sleeping through at least one of the sessions in a darkened theatre a long time ago. He wondered if Kirkland had any fractures and if the loss of blood would be too much. The large bandage had soaked through.



It was reassuring to have the large formation ahead and around the airplane. They had a good wind behind them, good enough to stir up foam streaks on the sea below. Toward Sicily, a fishing boat appeared to be standing still.

Kirkland drank a cup of fruit juice. He gave an O.K. signal with the thumb and forefinger of his right hand. He said

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OPEN LETTER TO BERNARD DEVOTO

(WHO, IN "THE LITERARY FALLACY," SCOLDS THE WRITERS OF THE NINETEEN-TWENTIES FOR THEIR PESSIMISM)

Oh, once our House with plenties
Was fabulously deckt
(And that was in the twenties,
As you must recollect).
Then every couch seemed fluffy,
Then died the winds of doubt,
And some folks thought it stuffy,
And some folks wanted out.

They laughed at the draft that others sneeze in.
They opened the windows and let the breeze in.
It jarred the doors that were shut from habit.
It blew up Main Street and blew down Babbitt.
It called the maids and the men to play
In an earnest sort of a Hemingway.
It swept the cupboards of old deposits.
It rattled the skeletons hiding in closets.
And you must admit that from where we stood,
That air, though chilly, felt fresh and good.

But now, amid the welter
Of storm and hurricane,
Once more we seek a shelter
And close the battered pane.
We huddle round the fire now,
We sip the warming cup,
And piously aspire now
To count our blessings up.

We count our blessings, we pray and mutter.
We praise the lock and we press the shutter.
Admire how the walls are weatherproof,
And point with pride to our sturdy roof.
This do we now, with rhyme and reason—
It suits the climate, becomes the season.
But Mr. DeVoto, your words are stinging.
Why blame the boys for that old Spring Cleaning?
Perhaps the House, on its firm foundation,
Smells all the sweeter for that ventilation.

—Phyllis McGinley

• •

system and told a story about a drunk in an Automat.

Both pilots laughed out loud as the story ended. Halprin had the wheel, and Kirkland turned back and started to talk, but something on the radio distracted him. The operator had picked up a Viennese waltz, and Kirkland waited until it was over. Then he pushed away his headset and leaned toward Wyatt, who stood on the flight deck.

"How do you like it?" he said. "All the comforts of home."

He seemed entirely relaxed. There was none of the harried intensity he had showed in talking about his girl. Framed by the clean leather of a new helmet, he looked, for the moment, only a shade more plausible than the Warner Brothers airmen, who never failed to draw their share of laughs in the Algiers theatres.

For the moment, too, the formation looked more like a still than a movie. Then the Group leader tipped his right wing and spoiled it.

They passed directly between Sicily and Sardinia, flying, for some reason unknown to Wyatt, at only slightly above one thousand feet. He had glimpses of Sardinia through the haze but no sight at all of Sicily. In what seemed like a very short while, Halprin pointed to a long cloud bank far ahead and said it marked the Italian coast.

The formation started to climb. There was a great deal of chatter on the interphone, and Wyatt removed his headset. The apple-cheeked boy brought some cups of fruit juice to him and the pilots. At ten thousand feet, everyone went on oxygen. At twenty thousand, they were well within sight of the coast.

Capri was a small, rocky island with a number of white buildings scattered along its shores. Every telephone switchboard on it must have been working at capacity. The thin but apparently solid carpet of light clouds over the mainland was broken only by the spiral of smoke that marked Vesuvius.

They crossed the Italian coast at twenty-five thousand feet. In a matter of minutes they were over Naples. Northeast of the city, the clouds showed dozens of convenient openings, a large one directly above the Capodichino Airdrome. From twenty-five thousand, the B-24 element dived down a few hundred feet, and Wyatt could feel the opening of the bomb-bay doors. The bombing run had begun.

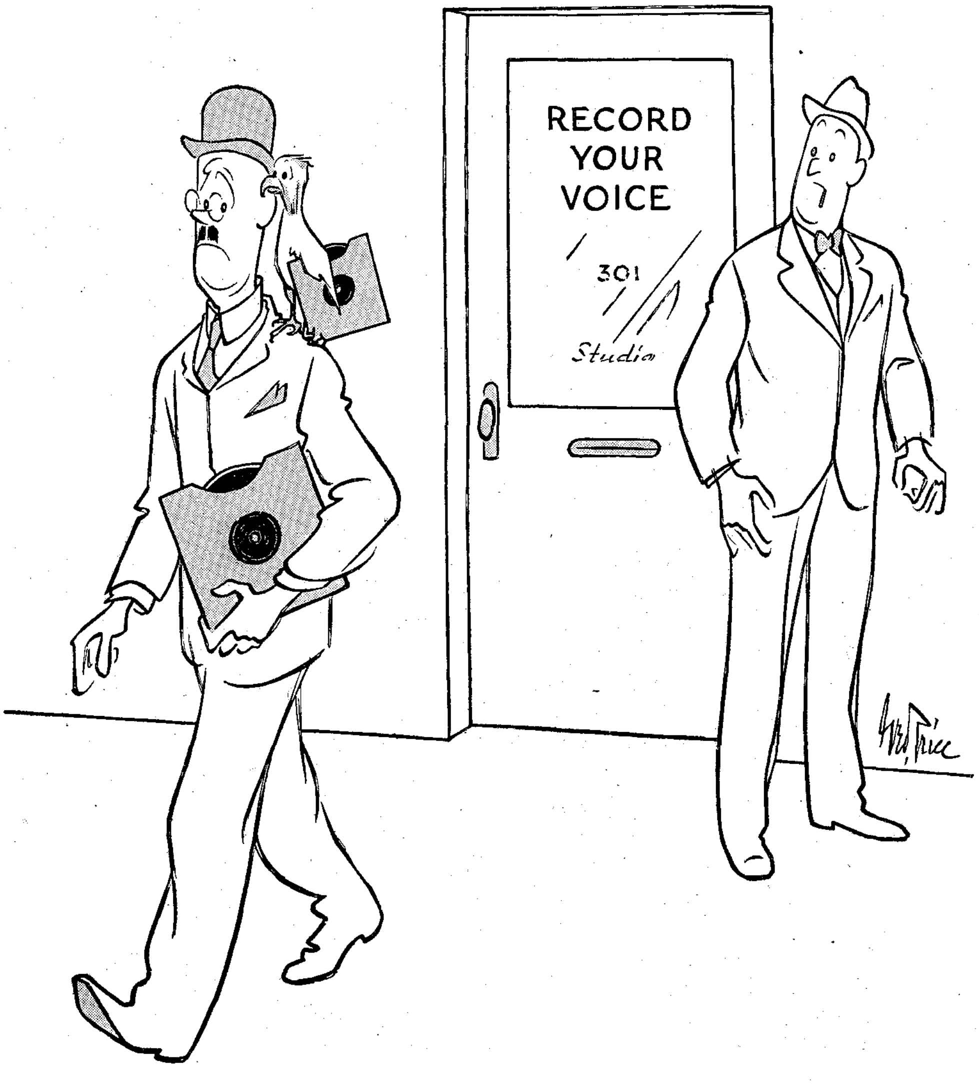
Wyatt's eyes strayed from the airdrome to a large yellow building, and he wondered if that was the insane asylum. Off to the left, the B-17's were dropping five-hundred-pounders on the docks and the railroad yards. If the small black bursts more than halfway below the formation represented flak, he thought, why, how fantastically inaccurate. He could not hear either the firing or the noise of the explosions. Over Halprin's shoulder he caught sight of the bomb clusters falling away from the forward B-24's, but there was nothing to indicate that Kirkland's bombardier had released his. He must have. The bombs cleared horizontally and quivered as they straightened out in their arcs. Some reflex caused Wyatt's right arm to quiver, too.

The navigator called him and pointed to the side window. Wyatt stepped down into the other compartment and looked out. One of the B-17's seemed to be having trouble. It had lost half its altitude and begun to head out to sea. But then he noticed that it had a full squadron around it, so perhaps there was nothing wrong after all. Wyatt had taken his first step back toward the cockpit when a violent explosion knocked him against the radio and down on the floor.

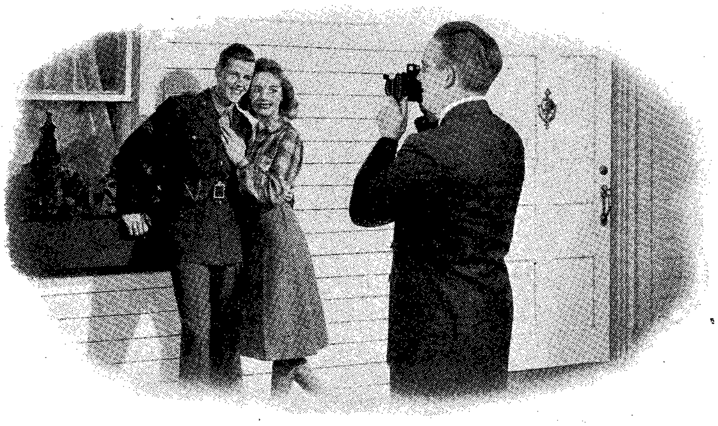
The cabin was filled with smoke and an odor resembling that of garlic. Wyatt sat up and adjusted his mask. His connection with the oxygen system felt intact. He was neither stunned nor hurt. He later recalled that the first organized idea to come into his mind was something he had read about adrenal glands, how drastically their output was stimulated by fear, something like that. He stepped up into the cockpit.

Kirkland had just finished setting the mixture controls and begun to reset the throttle and the propeller pitch. Then he dropped his hands and left Halprin to dive and turn alone. Below and to the left of the pilot's seat, the metal was torn and twisted, and cold air whistled in through a hole.

The interphone was out of order. The navigator and the flight engineer joined Wyatt in the cockpit. By the time the airplane was out over the sea, Halprin had dived down far enough for everyone to go off oxygen. At eleven thousand, the wingmen caught up and edged in to give support. The radio operator shouted several sentences. All



Full-Color Kodacolor Snapshots



Reproductions of Kodacolor snapshots, reduced in size.

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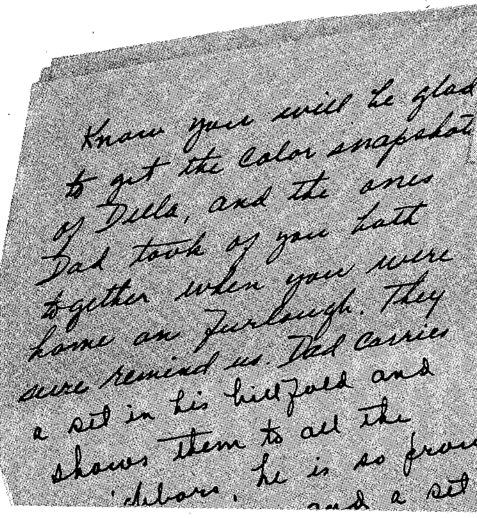
Next to being with you—what else can bring the home scenes and faces close to him like *full-color snapshots?*

With the revolutionary Kodacolor Film you can take these beautiful color snapshots—in good sunlight—with an ordinary Kodak or Brownie. From the negatives the Kodak Company makes Kodacolor Prints—full-color snapshot prints on paper . . . easy to send in a letter, carry around in a bill-fold.

Kodacolor Film isn't too plentiful just now—so save it for important occasions. Use it for pictures of his wife—his sweetheart—the family—to send him while he's away. And be sure to get color snapshots the next time he's home on furlough . . . Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.



Know you will be glad
to get the color snapshots
of Della, and the ones
Dad took of you both
together when you were
home on furlough. They
sure remind us. Dad carries
a set in his billfold and
shows them to all the
[illegible]ighbors. he is so proud
[illegible] and a set

THE MARCH OF COLOR

IN 1928 Kodak brought out a film for making home movies in full color.

IN 1935 Kodak introduced full-color Kodachrome Film—making color movies available to every home.

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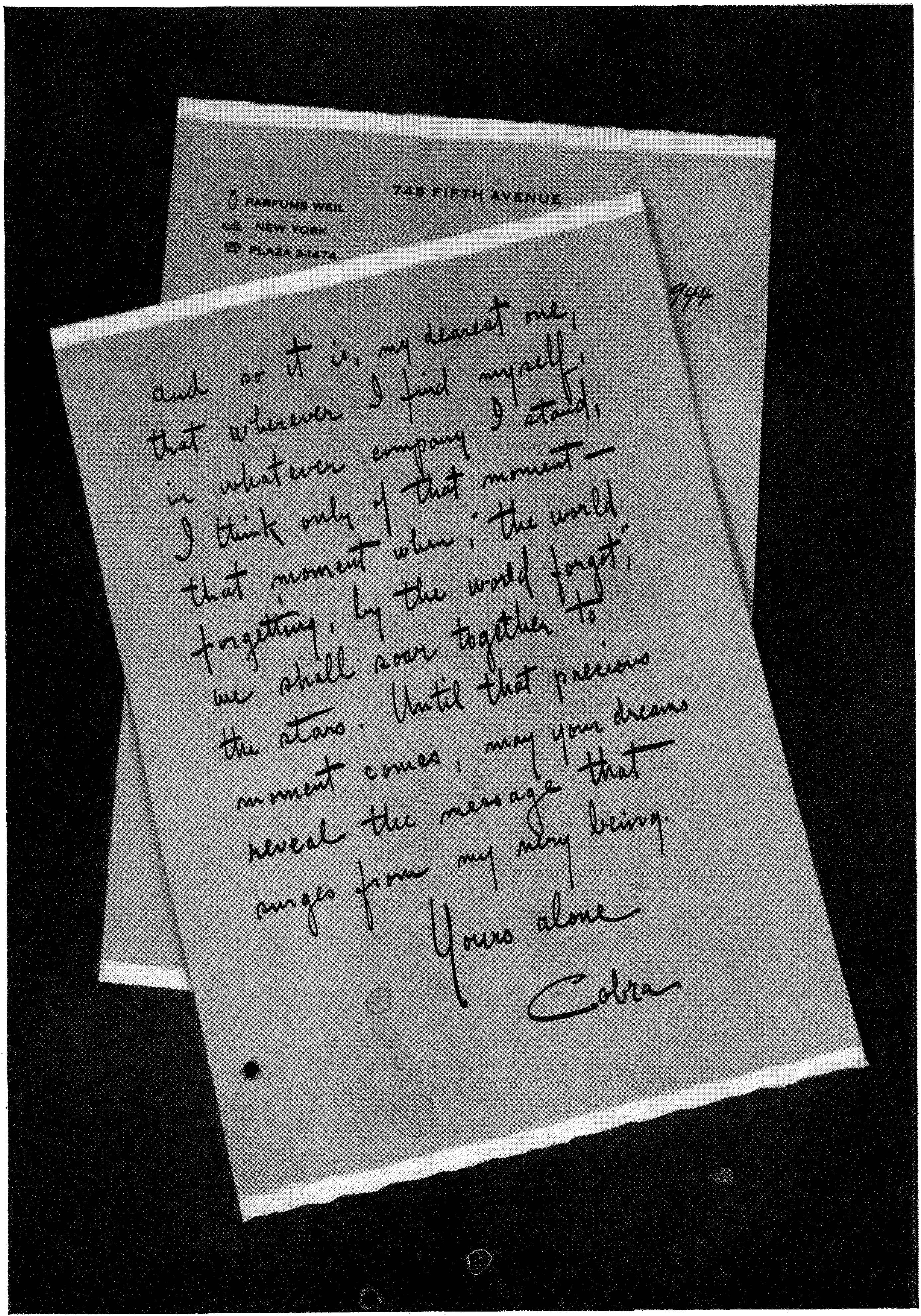


PARFUMS WEIL
NEW YORK
PLAZA 3-1474

745 FIFTH AVENUE

944

and so it is, my dearest one,
that wherever I find myself,
in whatever company I stand,
I think only of that moment—
that moment when, "the world
forgetting, by the world forgot",
we shall soar together to
the stars. Until that precious
moment comes, may your dreams
reveal the message that
surges from my very being.

Yours alone
Cobra

(Advertisement)

belly fuel tank dropped in a field by an American bomber plane on its way home from a mission. Tony had had it set up as a sort of monument in his barnyard.

"Theesa pipe, she's come from Williamsport," he said, pulling a straight yellow pipe from his pocket. "I bought for seventy-five cents. Six bits. Remember six bits, Rocco?"

"Yeah, six bits, two bits, four bits, a dime, a nickel," said Rocco rapidly. "You goddam right."

"Rocco, he's a got son in New York States. He's lonesome, only got six children here," said Tony, laughing. We got up from the steps and went into the house. "I move you' bed away from there," the Mayor added, pointing to some wheat sacks on the floor. "You sleep there, you get itch. There's you' bed over there, lotsa pillows. Good night, sleep good."

IT was pleasant sleeping at the farm, and the gray gravel highway to the northwest looked rough and unappetizing in the morning. But the man at the telegraph key admitted, reluctantly, that the enemy cars had gone from Vallo, headed east. The way to the Americans would be clear, especially if we took a couple of subsidiary roads that Tony described to us, looping around the larger towns and cutting over to the Tyrrhenian coast south of Salerno. Davis, in high spirits, patted the Mayor's back and told me to write out a chit endorsing Tony's loyalty to whom it might concern. Tony watched this operation eagerly over my shoulder. "You please remember put I was in American Army," he said.

"He's a good old boy," said Davis, growing more genial as our cars climbed the road from the village and the strong voices of Futani faded behind him. "It's a bloody remarkable thing, you know, the way these blokes have all been to the States and talk American or whatever it is. Bloody remarkable country this."

One of the other reporters suggested that it might be the same campaigning through Ireland, home of Davis's ancestors.

"God stone the bleeding rooks, you're wrong," said the Captain. "They never come back to Ireland."

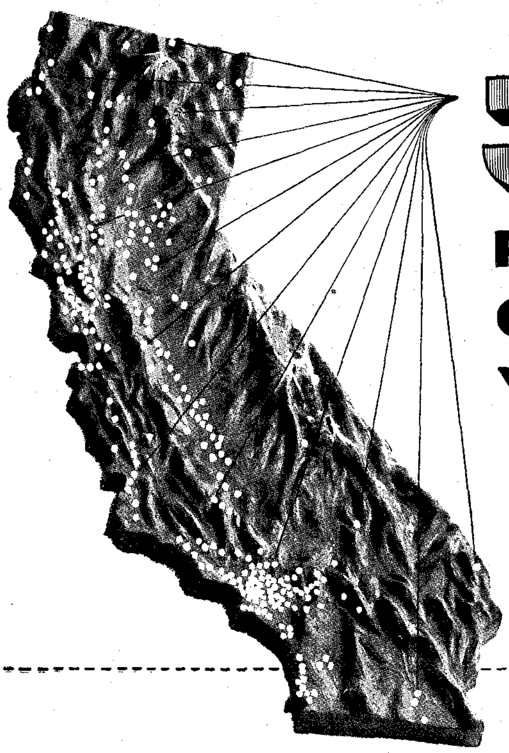
—JOHN LARDNER

•

THE HUNGRY CRITICS

[*Elsa Maxwell in the Post*]

If I am wrong, I will cheerfully eat Emil Ludwig.



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We think, after you have all the facts, that you might agree with him. Your inquiry is invited.

CAPITAL FUNDS	$ 166,384,994.51
DEPOSITS	3,498,153,209.87
RESOURCES	3,697,912,674.78

(As of December 31, 1943)

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THE THEATRE

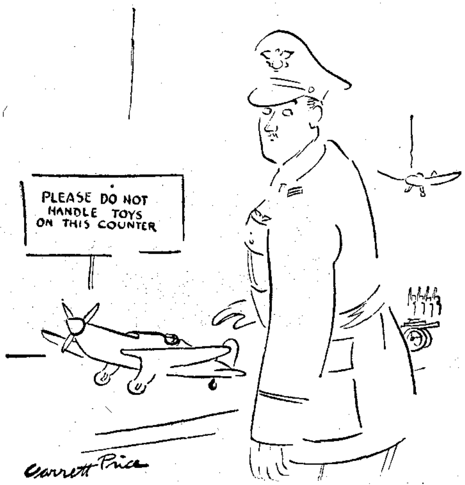
CATNAP WITH KOLLMAR

BETWEEN the acts of "Dream with Music," an educated acquaintance of mine observed that here was a striking example not of good taste or bad but simply of no taste at all. This may be severe, but I can think of no better way to describe Richard Kollmar's costly nonesuch at the Majestic. Unlike such authentically low-down amusements as "Jackpot" and "Allah Be Praised," it has only a negative vulgarity; it just appears to be the work of a group of people who sincerely admire nice things but have no reliable standard of judgment except the price and the name of the shop. It also goes to show, I guess, how much and how little can be bought for something like two hundred thousand dollars.

Among the luxury products displayed by the management are Vera Zorina, a beautiful ballerina but an acutely limited actress; some fancy ballets by George Balanchine, which have, however, very little organic connection with the rest of the production; ten extremely elaborate sets by Stewart Chaney, who is no man to spare the horses; and an endless variety of costumes by Miles White, who did very handsomely by "Oklahoma!" but this time seems obsessed with the idea of getting the chorus girls up in curiously sexless arrangements of fish net and fur. The music, by Clay Warnick, is frankly based on themes from Rimski-Korsakov, Schubert, Beethoven, Wagner, Chopin, and Tchaikovsky, all now residing in the public domain. Some of the resulting tunes are interesting, but, even in diluted form, the work of these masters somehow doesn't seem exactly suitable for the musical-comedy stage. The singers clearly have difficulty in making it sound like popular music, and I'm afraid that the average customer won't remember three bars of it on his way home from the theatre.

The idea back of "Dream with Music" ought to be practicable enough, since there have been endless successful variations of it in the past. A stylish female composer of soap operas (Miss Zorina), tired out by the maniacal demands of the radio business, falls asleep and for obvious reasons dreams that she is Scheherazade. Two of her suitors are also translated to Bagdad, where they become the Sultan and Aladdin, and so are a couple of other characters with whom we won't bother. Anyway, it is all very pat and ingenious, and it provides Mr. Chaney and Mr. White with a really remarkable opportunity to spread themselves. There are harems, bazaars, magic carpets in full flight (a very cute effect), and even a couple of scenes in China, one of which has to do with talking animals and struck me as a spectacular nuisance. Not content with these wonders, Mr. Kollmar has also installed a treadmill, which plainly makes some of the ladies in the cast rather nervous, and a couple of trapdoors, from which a seven-foot genie springs from time to time, accompanied by small explosions and negligible puffs of smoke. Indeed, everything is on tap at the Majestic with the lonely exception of humor. Dorothy Kilgallen, Sidney Sheldon, and Ben Roberts, who concocted the book, have been generous with gags and some of them are all right as such things go, but of wit—the bright remark as distinguished from the comic sitting down on a bed of nails—there is scarcely a trace. Clearly money was no object in preparing "Dream with Music." It seems too bad that Mr. Kollmar couldn't have spent a little more of it on comedy and a little less on such winsome items as the midget, disguised as a mouse, who sings a dirty song to Miss Zorina.

Supporting their star through the long, expensive evening are such amiable performers as Ronald Graham, Joy Hodges, Betty Allen, and Robert Brink. Seriously handicapped by the words and music and sometimes hopelessly lost in acres of scenery, they display no particular vivacity, but it is hardly their fault, since there is something about "Dream with Music" that might dampen even a girl like Gertrude Lawrence. The only actor, in fact, who seemed to be enjoying himself the night I was there was a man called Leonard Elliott, who has a brisk, night-club technique, quite strange and welcome in his glum surroundings.


PLEASE DO NOT HANDLE TOYS ON THIS COUNTER
Garrett Price

"THE NEW MOON," a relic of the Coolidge administration now being revived at the City Center, contains a lot of familiar, pretty tunes by Sigmund Romberg, but it isn't exactly a sparkling evening in the theatre either. Like the specimen dissected above, its humor is primitive and its plot—something about a French nobleman of 1788 who wins a New Orleans heiress though he is disguised as a bond servant and also wanted by the police—is simple-minded even by the standards of operetta, which are not high. Somehow or other, the cast seem to be aware that they have nothing much to offer except three or four songs, and they deliver "Lover Come Back to Me," "Stouthearted Men," and "Softly as in a Morning Sunrise" (as distinguished, Ring Lardner once wrote gloomily, from a late-afternoon or evening sunrise), with a gusto that threatens to shake the Mayor's amplifying system loose from its roots. Nevertheless, they are good songs, and Dorothy Kirsten, Earl Wrightson, and John Hamill bring better-than-average voices to executing them. If you are in exactly the right mood—nostalgia superinduced by alcohol, perhaps—you may have a pleasant time. For the sober and captious, however, it is all apt to be a little trying. The acting is either wooden or bouncy, depending on whether the character is supposed to be romantic or funny, and the settings (a mansion and a tavern in New Orleans, the deck of a ship, an island in the Caribbean) are coyly stylized for apparently no reason at all. "Routine" is probably the word for the whole production. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

WASHINGTON (A. P.)—Service men on leave will get sugar-ration units of one pound for each thirty-six meals at home instead of a quarter of a pound for every nine meals, the OPA announced today.—*The Sun.*

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And he's off to see his daddy—for the first time!

We may not be able to give them the kind of ride we'd like to. Trains will be crowded. Some coaches may not be as comfortable and convenient as our best equipment. They may have to wait on sidings as troop and munitions trains get the right of way.

But service men and their relatives are good soldiers. They take inconveniences in their stride, understanding that the railroads are doing the best they can to bring them together.

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is funny, musically fetching, lovely to look at and jubilantly gay. A musical farce of the first order."
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CONRAD NAGEL · SHIRLEY BOOTH
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OF ALL THINGS

THE British Army continues to maintain its reputation for correct behavior. When some of its soldiers stole a German general from the island of Crete, they left a signed receipt for him.

•

Inveterate travellers will sympathize with the plight of Father Orlemanski. He has just been to Moscow but he can't say a word about his trip.

•

Sir John Anderson, Chancellor of the Exchequer, declares that the international monetary plans now being considered do not involve a return to the gold standard. It's going to take a lot of wedding rings to use up all that stuff we have buried in Kentucky.

•

The New York Republicans have offered their party a campaign song called "Yankee Dewey Dandy." A better suggestion for the G.O.P. might be that popular melody "Have I Stayed Away Too Long?"

•

The sedition trial in Washington becomes a little more peculiar every day. The defendants are now asking for a mistrial because they have acted so rowdy.

•

One hears no complaint because the price of the afternoon papers has been raised to five cents. Everyone seems agreed that the good news we are getting these days is worth anybody's nickel.

•

Goebbels tells his people that the Allies are about to plunge into perdition. He would probably sound more convincing if we all didn't know exactly where *he* was going.

•

Sewell L. Avery has filed a million-dollar libel suit against Marshall Field because his Chicago *Sun* took the government's side in the Montgomery Ward controversy. Soon we should have a legal ruling on whether or not it is illegal to differ with Avery on the issues of the day.

•

Princeton will drop intercollegiate football for the duration. However, the Cromwell divorce case, that other New Jersey institution, will evidently be with us indefinitely.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

"AN IRRESISTIBLE DELIGHT!"
—BARNES, Herald Trib.
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SONGS BY COLE PORTER
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KENNY BAKER • JOHN BOLES
One Touch of Venus
with Paula Laurence & Teddy Hart
Music by KURT WEILL
Book by S. J. PERELMAN & OGDEN NASH : Lyrics by OGDEN NASH
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By Martin Vale
with VICTOR JORY
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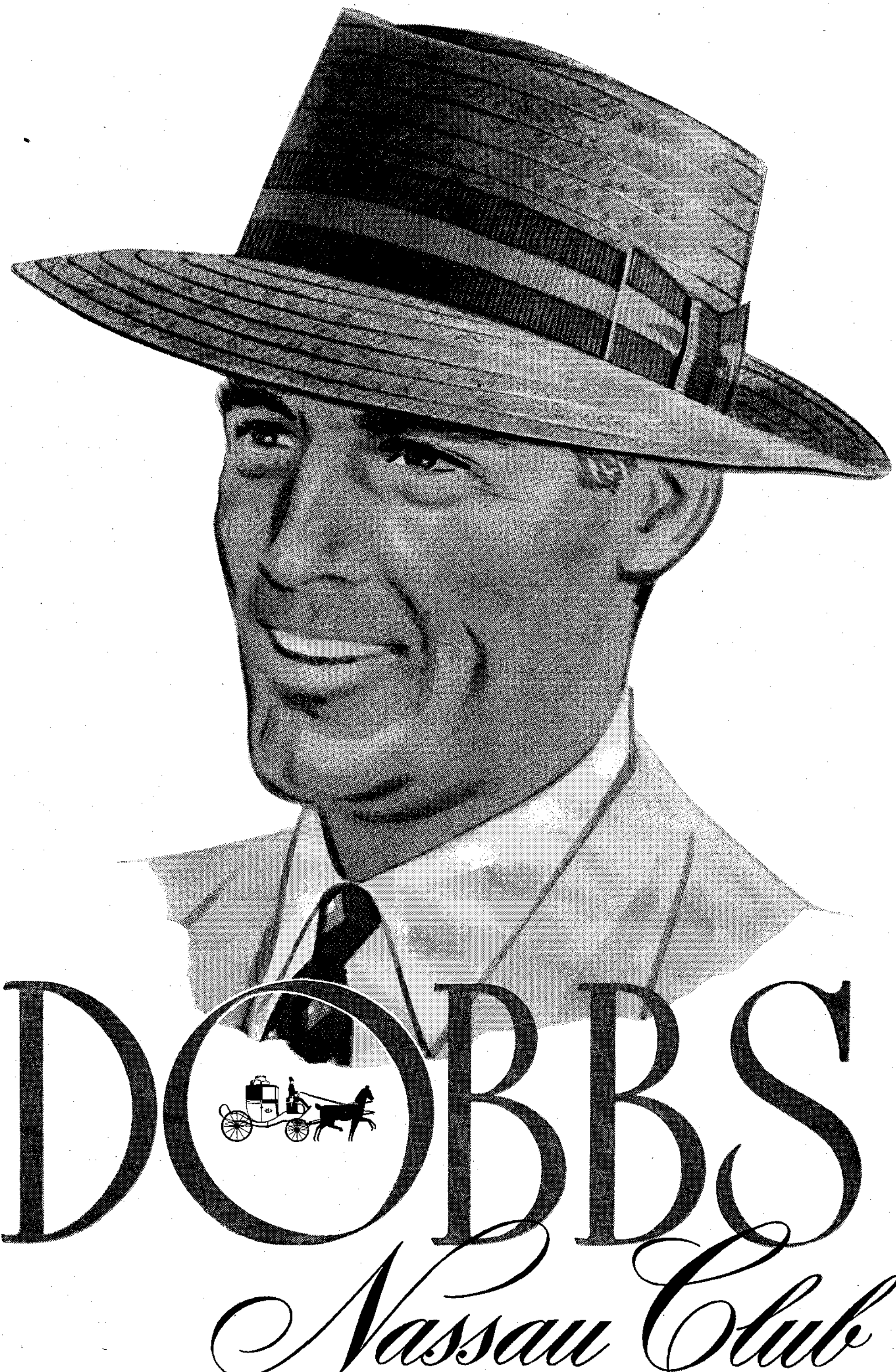

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LETTER FROM LONDON

MAY 21 (BY CABLE)

LIVING on this little island just now uncomfortably resembles living on a vast combination of an aircraft carrier, a floating dock jammed with men, and a warehouse stacked to the ceiling with material labelled "Europe." It's not at all difficult for one to imagine that England's coastline can actually be seen bulging and trembling like the walls of a Silly Symphony house in which a terrific fight is going on. The fight everybody is waiting for hasn't started yet, but all over England, from the big cities to the tiniest hamlet, the people, at least in spirit, seem already to have begun it. There is a curious new something in their expressions which recalls the way people looked when the blitz was on. It's an air of responsibility, as though they had shouldered the job of being back in the civilian front line once again. It's evident in the faces of women looking up thoughtfully from their gardens at the gliders passing overhead, in the unguarded faces of businessmen wearily catnapping on trains on their way home to all-night Home Guard duty, in the faces of everybody except the young fighting men themselves. The troops look unfailingly cheerful and lighthearted, as though they didn't know that anything unusual was afoot, and it is obvious that they are in wonderful physical shape.

Life is reminiscent of the blitz in other ways, too, for now, as then, people are keyed up to withstand something which they have often imagined but never experienced, and there is the same element of uncertainty about what is coming. The ordinary civilian seems far less worried, however, about possible bombs, long-distance shelling, or gas attacks than about such problems as how the dickens he is going to get to and from work if transport is seriously curtailed. It has already been announced that trains may be suddenly cancelled without warning, but there is a vague promise that motorbuses for essential workers will take their place wherever possible. Stay-at-home Britons seem resigned to the probability that their second front will consist mainly of humdrum hardships, including more inconvenience, fatigue, and doing without. The idea that London, during the invasion, will come in for heavy air attacks seems to have faded away, oddly, and there is even less worrying over any secret weapon that may be up the German sleeve for D-day. It is plausible to lots of English that the Germans may stage a token invasion or series of parachute raids. This would mean that, since the Army's attention would be engaged elsewhere, the Home Guard would be expected to take charge of the situation.

ALREADY, in the country, the milk and the mail arrive late, delivered by a somewhat bleary-eyed milkman or postman who explains that he has just finished standing his watch with the all-night guard, which once more has been established. The shadow of the second front falls across day-to-day happenings in even the smallest community. One country-dwelling lady who recently decided that she must have some urgent plumbing repairs done in her home was warned by the contractor that he and his plumber's mates were all Home Guards. He pointed out that if anything happened (there isn't a village in England which doesn't proudly imagine that it's all-important to the Nazis), the boys would just drop her new water tank smack on the lawn and she would be left bathless until the fighting was over. It is often in just such a ridiculous way that English families begin to realize what it may be like to have the battle of Europe right on their doorsteps, involving not only big and historic issues but also small and homely ones like baths, trains, the morning paper, and the day's milk.

There has been, so far as can be judged, no panic buying of food. The authorities have announced reassuringly that the situation is in good enough order to make anything but temporary local shortages unlikely. Moreover, in case any village gets cut off from its source of food supply, it has its own iron rations stored away in barns and other places, with plans for their distribution already organized by the squire, the vicar, and the schoolmaster. Villagers may not be hungry this summer, but they are likely to be thirsty for their traditional pint at the end of the day's work. In many rural districts, beer is so scarce already that pubs only open certain days of the week. This is due in part to the labor shortage and second-front traffic priorities and in part to the presence everywhere of troops who cheerfully drink

PRIVATE ENTERPRISE—*(continued)*

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The proprietary instinct in man is so deep-rooted, so intertwined with concepts of justice, liberty and happiness, that to suppress or diminish it in the slightest is to handicap human nature and retard progress.

The energy and know-how that can best provide the houses, clothing, food, medicine, and all the facilities and comforts of living for mankind do not come from state ownership. They come from personal initiative and independence which, as plain facts of history, have been the great obstacles to tyranny and dictatorship.

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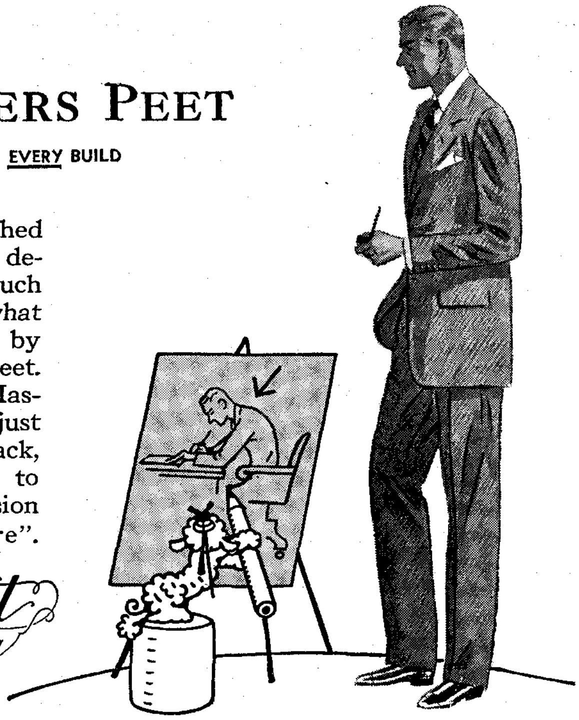

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13th Street
at Broadway

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at Broadway

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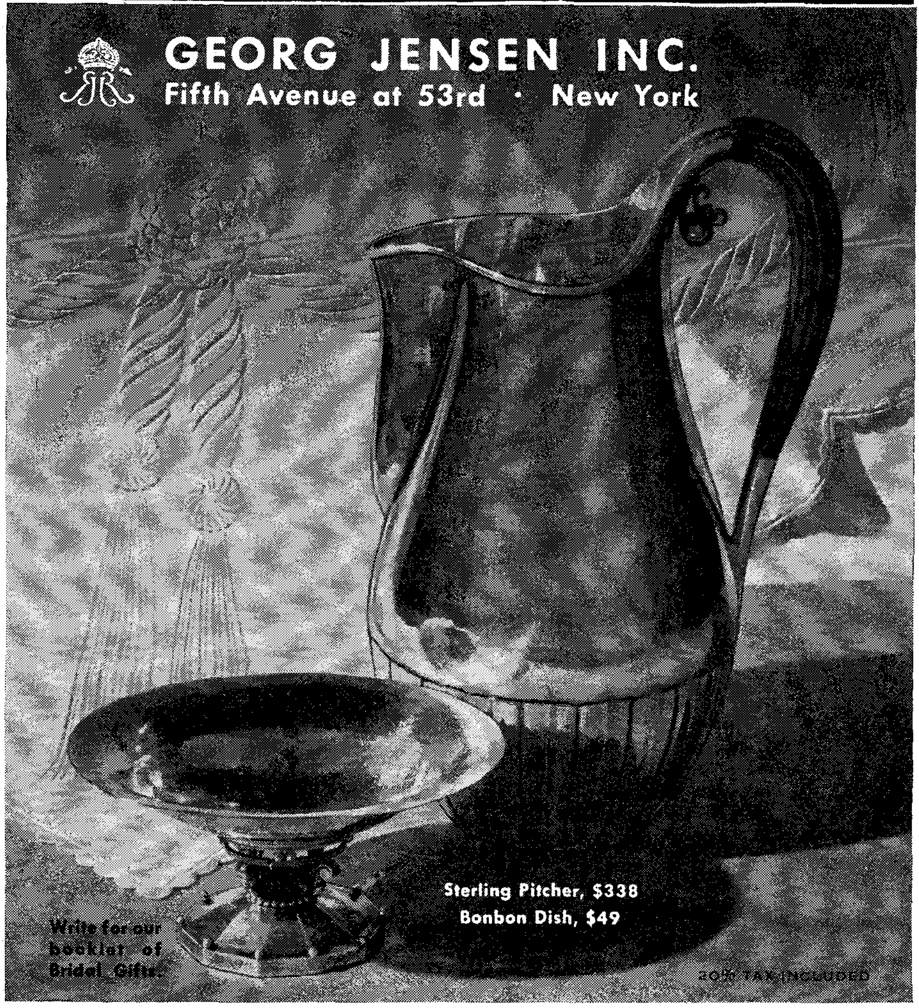

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the place dry before the locals can put on their clean corduroys and toddle round to the Dog and Pheasant.

WHETHER or not the High Command hopes to confuse the enemy with constant troop movements, they are certainly succeeding in confusing the village know-it-alls. The pretty girls hardly have time to get excited over the news that the Yanks have moved in before the Yanks are succeeded by the Canadians. When word gets around that the Canadians are leaving, too, there is much head-wagging over the rumor that something is really starting this time, but by next afternoon the English troops have arrived.

The peaceful charm of the English countryside is now mostly something that the English, too, read about in books. Like the phrase "weather permitting," the unspoken phrase "second front permitting" is, more and more, tacked on to all minor plans for the future, from a lunch date for next week to a village flower-show announcement that a regimental band will play—if the regiment is still there, that is.

In this dreamlike pause, the big London railway stations, crowded with men in uniform who have rushed up for a few hours' leave, are the only places where the invasion seems real and pressing and dramatic. The women who have come to see their men off nearly always walk to the very end of the platform to wave their elaborately smiling goodbyes as the train pulls out. Sometimes they look to one as though they're standing on the extreme tip of England itself, fluttering their gay, undeceiving handkerchiefs, and possibly they look that way to the boys hanging out of the windows to wave back at them.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

...How
many of you have heard the
radio? Columbia's making it into
a picture with Richard Dix,
Gloria Stuart, and J. Carrol
Naish. If the first goes, it be-
Pickford's appearance with Fred
Allen a rehearsal for her own
show?...Frank Morgan, di-
vorced from Baby Snooks, heads
comes a serial....Was Mary
his own radio show come fall....
Ernst Lubitsch is looking for a
picture or an idea for Tallulah
Bankhead. I still don't believe
Tallulah will do "There Shall Be
No Night."
Seems Strange, Yes?
—*Hedda Hopper's Column in the Honolulu Advertiser.*

Very.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

BIG NIGHT

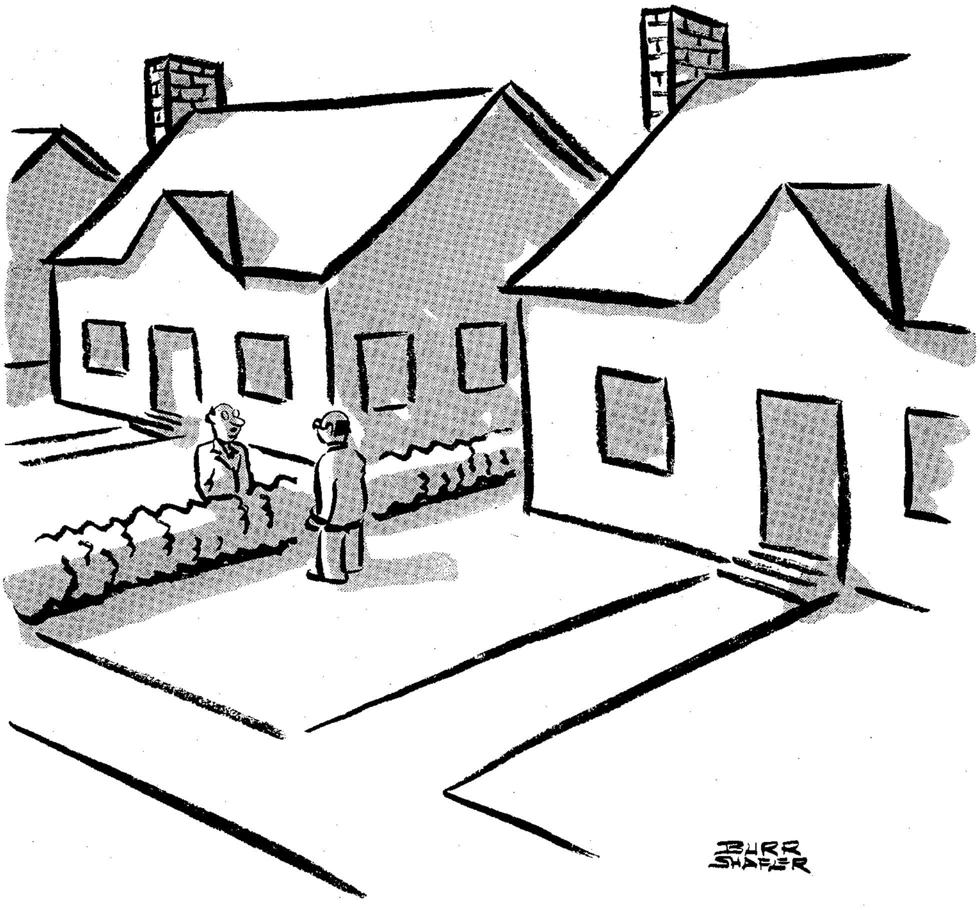
TIMES SQUARE and its bars, on a Saturday night, are places I would ordinarily stay away from. However, some friends of mine who had been inadvertently drawn into the maelstrom there were so impressed by their experience that they urged me to go take a look. If I wanted to see war-time crowds, they said, if I wanted to see New York at its boom-town boomingest, that was the place to do it, so, on Saturday a couple of weeks ago, I spent an evening there looking things over. I didn't know exactly how I was going about this investigation of mine. It occurred to me that the Hotel Astor might be a good spot to jump off from. The Astor was a great meeting place in the last war, I knew, and it probably was filling the same rôle in this one. Accordingly, when I got to Times Square, it was for the Astor that I headed. When I saw the crowds on the sidewalk outside, I changed my mind. As far as I know, the definitive work on crowds is yet to be written—the flash of faces streaming past and the almost incalculable variety of emotions the faces represent; the sense of massed bodies and the shifting of masses as the moving groups come together, coalesce, and then separate; the effect of river-like flow that some crowds can give. Each crowd has an atmosphere of its own, which you can feel, if not completely define. Football crowds, in the days before the war, carried gaiety, like their banners, with them. Baseball crowds are more tense, and fight crowds have a curiously sombre air. The chief quality of this one, I finally decided, after walking a block or two up Broadway in it, was a kind of nervous restlessness.

The majority of the men were soldiers or sailors. Of these less than half had girls; the others, for the most part, clearly had no very definite idea how they were going to spend their evening. They walked along, pausing in mid-stride to peer into cut-rate bookshop and restaurant windows, as if looking for something or someone. They would eye the display cards in the movie-theatre lobbies and then move on. They would stop to stand on street corners, watch the passing faces for a minute or two, and then go sauntering on again. Most of them were young fellows, and you heard every accent among them except the New York one; they had hit town and they wanted to have a good time, but they were painfully uncertain how to go about it, and their restlessness as they wandered, searching for some hint or happening that would lead them to the excitement they wanted, gave the crowd its peculiar character.

Mostly, of course, they were after girls, and I was surprised to see how casually pickups were made. In my time, picking up a girl was an involved and delicate process. Techniques were planned and discussed, and my friends and I spent a good deal of time studying the methods of acknowledged masters of the art. A principle we at last agreed upon was that the thing mustn't be hurried. Even though one might know from the start that the girl was going to be accessible, etiquette demanded that a certain ritual be followed, allowing time for her to express surprise, then slight indignation, amusement, and finally acquiescence. Such nonsense, I'm afraid, is out of date. Here and there, I noticed a few followers of the old-fashioned methods at work. "Let's just make a test case," I heard a good-looking young sailor saying to his two companions, and then he walked over to three girls standing at the curb. "Excuse me," he said. (He had a strong Southern accent.) "Are you Baptist? My friend over there, he's a Baptist, and he says all good Baptists stick together." The three girls looked at one another and giggled. They were New York girls, and the religious approach must have been new to them. At last, one of them said, "We're Methodists," and they all started giggling again. The sailor studied the girl who had spoken. "Well, now, Ma'am, ain't that a coincidence?" he said. "I'm a Methodist myself. And if the Baptists stick together, seems to me us Methodists ought to too." I walked on, feeling certain that he was going to gain his point.

For the most part, a fellow would simply pull up alongside a girl and glance at her. If she smiled, he took her arm. If she didn't, he just walked on. It was quick, it was direct, it was certainly effective, but it seemed to me to lack the elegance of the old-time "Haven't I met you somewhere before?" school.

I WALKED up Broadway as far as Fifty-fourth Street. It was not much past ten o'clock, but already the debris which seems to fall inevitably about the feet of a crowd was accumulating. No



"If it isn't too personal,
Judkins, how much are they assessing your *place?"*

one I saw dropped anything, but the sidewalk was littered with torn newspapers, crumpled cigarette packages, strips of cellophane, and other less easily identified things. I saw a twisted black object that looked like an old sock being kicked along near Forty-sixth Street. It turned out to be a woman's cloth glove. A block or so farther along I noticed a cheap brown beret hooked over a police call box. Some girl had lost it, obviously, and someone else had found it, and it hung there, looking mournful and a little disreputable. Now and then people passing by would nudge each other, point at it, and laugh.

As I walked, I confirmed a vague impression I'd had about crowds in a dimout when the dimout was still in full force; they look, somehow, as if they didn't belong there, and the effect created is curiously sinister. Times Square and Longacre Square, up to midnight, are almost as bright as they were before the war started. North of them, however, Broadway grows progressively darker. I got a feeling, as I walked, that time was advancing abnormally fast, and at last, in the lower Fifties, the lighting and the general look of things were about what one might expect to see at three o'clock in the morning. The contrast between the nocturnal darkness and the packed sidewalks was sometimes disturbing. It was somewhat as if, well past midnight in a suburban community, the streets had been invaded by a mob—fairly well behaved and orderly, but still a mob.

The effect was depressing, and I decided to turn back downtown and visit a few bars. I went into a half dozen of them, from Abe Attell's, above Fifty-second Street, down to the Crossroads ("Times Square's Largest Bar"), opposite the Times Building on Forty-second. All were crowded, so crowded that you had to reach over other people's shoulders to get your drink and still others had to reach over yours to get theirs. As a man standing next to me at Roth's Grill remarked, you were lucky if you didn't find yourself drinking out of somebody else's glass half the time. Roth's Grill has a décor of champagne-bottle tops, swathed in crinkled cellophane to simulate ice and set into circular, bucketlike apertures in the wall behind the bar. Jack Dempsey's has an oval bar, railed off from a vast array of tables, and a yellow satin-lined alcove at the rear, very dainty, for an orchestra to sit in. There was no orchestra while I was there. The feature at McGinnises' ("Famous Food and Liquor Since 1897"), a bustling place at the corner

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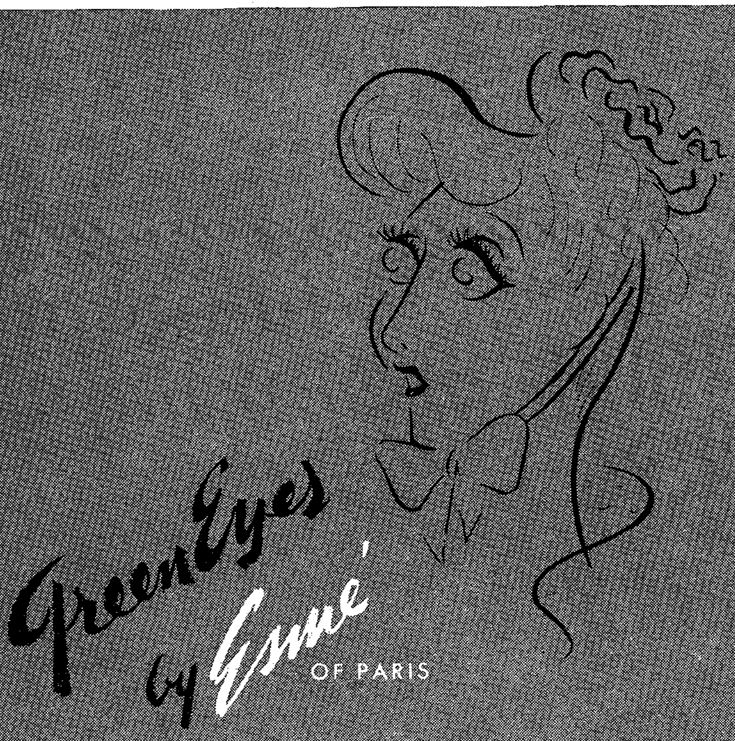
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ESMÉ OF PARIS PERFUMER, NEW YORK

of Forty-eighth, is a collection of magazine cartoons, taken mostly, I'd judge, from *Esquire*, enlarged, and mounted on a travelling belt which carries them endlessly past the eyes of the patrons at the bar. It does that under normal circumstances, anyway, but the night I was there the mechanism wasn't working, and I stood for my entire stay before a panel which portrayed a soldier taking leave of his girl, the latter in negligee. "When I left for camp, a hundred and twenty miles from here," he was saying, "you gave me a kiss. Now I'm off to Australia, and you know how far that is!" The next one showed two spinsters sitting up in bed, each holding a gun on an embarrassed burglar. The caption for this one was "Got a nickel? We want to toss a coin to see which one gets you."

No one else even looked at the pictures. Everyone was too busy buying drinks and drinking them and engaging in the kind of random, inconsecutive conversations that you always overhear at bars.

"You're from Woodside, Long Island," a sailor said to the girl he was with.

"Who's from Woodside?" she said.

"You're from Woodside."

"Who said so?"

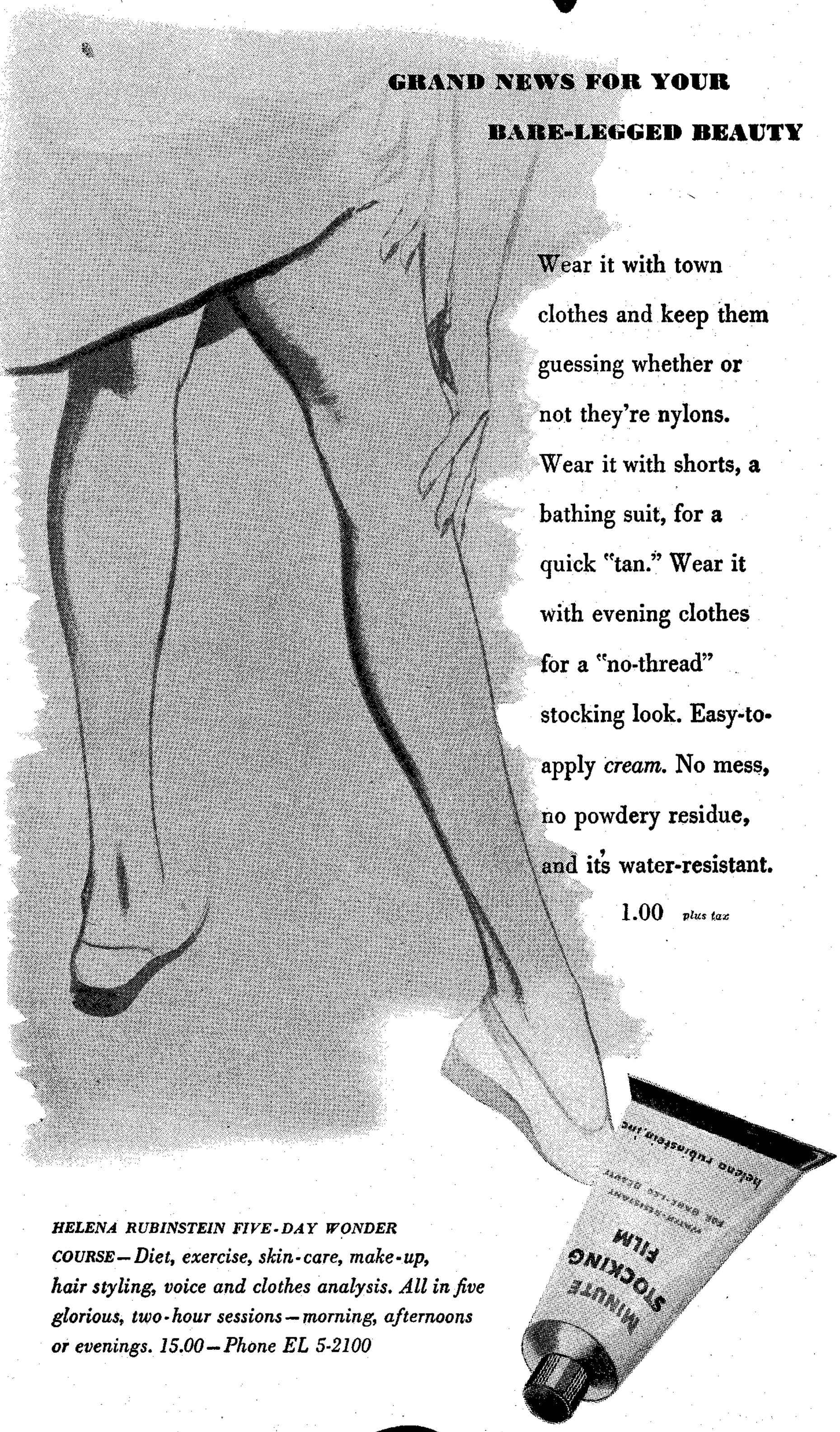
"Why, you said so. You said so, earlier in the evening. You said you were from Woodside."

A girl standing with a soldier next to them leaned over suddenly. "Never tell 'em where you come from," she said. "I never do." She whirled suddenly on the soldier. "What's that place I always tell 'em I come from?" she demanded, but he only eyed her sleepily, and before he could grasp what she was saying she supplied the answer herself. "Norfolk, West Virginia!" she said triumphantly. "That's the place."

"Why, there ain't no Norfolk, West Virginia," the sailor protested. "What you getting at, anyway? West Virginia is way up in the mountains and Norfolk's a big naval base. What you mean is Norfolk, *Virginia*."

The girl stared at him for a moment, then leaned over again and patted his cheek. "You see?" she said, while the sailor and the soldier grinned sheepishly at one another. "That's the Navy for you."

Just beyond them, a technical sergeant and a girl in a short fur jacket and a white-and-blue hat were standing close together. He had one arm lightly over her shoulders, and, with two untouched beers before them, they were as deep in their own affairs as if the noise



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LISTEN: MAY 27, 1944

A non-tout from Saratoga named Frank Sullivan wrote some pieces for *The New Yorker* about a man named Arbuthnot, an analyst of the word-form called the *cliché.* After (due) deliberation, a native of Boston (Beantown, Hub) named Norman (26-by-Corwin) Corwin thought it might be a good idea to dramatize Arbuthnot in his series of (coast to coast) radio plays on CBS on Tuesdays at 10 p.m. EWT.

So one May night when the air was soft (as silk), Corwin air-waved Arbuthnot, with Roland Young in the title rôle.

Mouse-shy, lion-hearted Sullivan himself meddled in neither Corwin's rehearsal nor his script. Instead he fidgeted with a glass of milk and a portable radio receiver in the (luxurious Park Avenue) apartment of Russell (Life-with-Lindsay) Crouse. It was quite an old set so all Sullivan heard of his brainchild was the elevators in the building, and the sighs of the electric locomotive of the Owl train to Boston, limbering and stretching directly below Crouse's flat over the Grand Central tracks. Several million CBS listeners heard Sully plain, but Sullivan himself did not.

Inured to disappointments, he said that this was just one more he would have to mull over. "I propose" he stated, stomping resolutely up and down under a table, "to return at once to Saratoga, go into conference with Arbuthnot, wrap up the whole ball of wax, and mother-hen it a while. I shall aim at an end-result which will add up—that is, Arbuthnot-wise. A little more skull-practice ought to take the roof off our best thought in the matter."

★

If you can name a song which the Landt Trio can't start singing within 15 seconds after you name it, you get a prize. The other morning on their program *Sing Along* (CBS-Mon. thru Fri. 9:15 to 9:45 a.m. EWT) a 4-year-old boy in the audience asked them to sing *Frère Jacques.* Completely baffled, they gave up. So the kid sang it himself.

★

(Shorter story this week than usual; paper shortage)

This is CBS
...THE COLUMBIA
BROADCASTING SYSTEM

and the movement at the bar didn't exist.

At Jack Dempsey's, I stood next to a Merchant Marine petty officer, quite tight and talking to a civilian companion. "I speak seven languages," he was saying. "I ain't ashamed of it." He held out a broad, thick-palmed hand, fingers outspread. "Swedish, Danish, Norwegian," he said, ticking them off on his fingers as he went along. "German. I speak German. I ain't ashamed of it. Dutch." He pushed back his cap and started over. "Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, German, Dutch."

"That's five," said the other man.

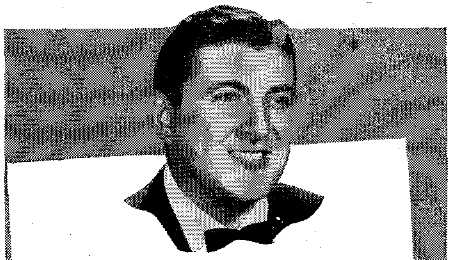
"Yeah. That's five. Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, German, Dutch," he counted again. Then he peered at his companion. "Say, what other languages are there?"

AFTER a while, I got to the bar at the Astor, where a bartender, clearing away the glasses of a group which was just leaving, glanced up at me as I walked in. "It isn't just that they drink," he said sadly. "It's the things they drink. Want to know what that party had? They had four Martinis—Martinis at eleven o'clock at night. Then the women had whiskey sours and the men double Scotches. Then they all had Martinis again. I don't know how their stomachs can stand it."

It was certainly a drinking evening, and the drinking wasn't confined to the military. At a table near the bar, I noticed two men and two women, all elderly and slightly suburban-looking, who had obviously picked up the six British sailors who were with them, and I stood at the bar for a while watching the group. The sailors were all very young, pink-faced, and sober. There wasn't room for them at the table. Two of them sat, or half-sat, uneasily on the arms of the men's chairs. The others stood close to the table, penned there by the waiters moving up and down the narrow aisle between them and the bar, and nursed their beers and stared down solemnly at their hosts. At the moment I spotted them, one of the women was lecturing the boys on the second front. "When are you people going to start that second front?" she kept saying, while the man at her left, apparently her husband, kept shushing her. "Easy, darling," he'd say, but she refused to be shushed.

"Look at Russia," she burst out finally. "Jes's Christ, look at Russia. Why, Russia—"

This time the man spoke more firmly. "Ssh, *ssh!*" he said, as sharply as if she



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had been venturing on some family scandal. "No talk about Russia."

The woman bent her head and began pushing her glass around on the table. "O.K., O.K.," she said.

Evidently with some thought of tiding everybody over the situation, the other woman broke in. "Anyway, these are sailors, Sally," she said. "They wouldn't have anything to do with a second front. You *are* sailors, aren't you?" she went on, and gazed unsteadily up at the nearest boy.

"Yes, Ma'am," he said. "We're sailors."

"British sailors," she said. And then one of those sudden changes of mood which can occur only in the very drunk overcame her. She was a large woman, with a plump face and graying hair done up in an elaborate coiffure. She began wagging her head dolefully. "And so far from home," she went on. I wasn't able to see her eyes, but I imagine they filled with tears. "I'll bet right now your poor old mother is sitting somewhere over there and saying, 'I wonder where the hell my boy is tonight.'" She reached out and seized the nearest boy's hand. "Ain't it true?" she demanded.

For a moment the boy looked shocked. Then he grinned. "I suppose so, Ma'am," he said. "I suppose so."

I STAYED some time at the Astor. Then, toward midnight, I suddenly grew tired of the hubbub around me, so I went out and walked up to the Trans-Lux newsreel theatre at Forty-ninth Street. It was crowded, but at least it was fairly quiet and soothing. When I came out, it was nearly one o'clock, and the look of the street, and almost its whole atmosphere, had changed. All the theatre marquees were dark now, and so were the cut-rate bookshops, the jewelry stores, and the music shops. Except where light flared out from some bar or restaurant, the air had that hazed look it gets late at night, as if darkness were something almost palpable. There were fewer cars and taxis, and they moved more swiftly. Only the crowd seemed the same, and it was not till I had walked up Broadway a few blocks and then turned back that I noticed there was a difference in it, too. It had thinned out, for one thing, and the result was that instead of being chiefly impressed by the sheer mass of the faces and figures moving around me, I now found myself noticing individuals—the tall girl in the high-shouldered fur jacket walking slowly along with the even taller, thin-faced naval officer; the two boys in tweed coats with their faces swathed

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New York *Colorado Springs* *Chicago*

in bandages (some fraternity initiation stunt, perhaps), standing under the dark marquee of the Capitol; the three soldiers with good, solid, corn-fed faces, standing in a row against the wall in front of Jack Dempsey's, slowly chewing gum, watching the crowd; the two young New Zealanders in their small, jaunty caps and blue-gray uniforms, dodging hastily through the crowd, one calling to the other, "We'll never myke it at this ryte, y'know. We'd better *run!*"; and the plump young Italian girl leaning hard against her escort's arm and adjusting one of her shoes while they waited at the curb for the lights to change. As I passed the Nat Lewis clothing store near the corner of Fiftieth, I heard a girl's voice, in a darkened doorway, saying earnestly, "Do you understand? Do you *really* understand?" I glanced in. She was a short, slender girl with dark hair, in a light cloth coat, and she was standing with a sailor. They had their arms locked loosely around each other and the sailor was looking down at her upturned face and nodding slowly. Farther on, I saw, coming out of a bar, three French sailors, very short, very *opéra bouffe* in their white hats and red pompons, literally swarming around a huge and extremely drunk American Marine, trying desperately to keep him upright.

I saw a great many drunks, but there were also a great many sober couples: the soldier and his girl, the sailor and his girl, the Marine and his girl—the girls almost invariably pretty and the boys young and healthy-looking, walking slowly along, sometimes hand in hand and sometimes not touching each other, just walking side by side, as placidly as they might have done in some small town, going home from the movies.

BY two o'clock, the couples had mostly disappeared. They were in the big stained-glass-fronted Automat that faces Longacre Square, or in the Mayflower doughnut shop, or in Childs', or in the subway and on their way home. The street was left chiefly to the drunks—the youthfully, pitifully drunk drunks who, never having had much to do with liquor before, didn't know how to manage their drinking, and now sat or sprawled, sick and hopeless, at the curbstone or in doorways, sometimes with a couple of M.P.'s looking down at them and sometimes with a companion hovering helplessly. The street was left to these, and to a few couples hurrying this way and that, and to wandering men in uniform, men moving uptown or downtown, stopping, peering into bars, turning back, moving on again. By three o'clock, these men had the street to themselves, and the restlessness of their movements had increased. They were still looking for something they had missed, for an evening they had lost, and since they didn't have many such evenings to waste, there was something almost desperate in their activity. I remembered that earlier—in the Turf Bar, I think it was—I had seen a sailor who was slow in finishing his drink being hurried along by his companion. "Come on, drink it up. Let's get out of here," the other had said. "We ain't got much time. We got to be back aboard ship by nine in the morning." There was the same sense of urgency now.

"Let's go here," one soldier would say.

"Nah, let's not," a second soldier would say.

"Let's go down to the Crossroads, then," a third man would say.

"O.K. Let's," a fourth would say.

The four men would start down the street, pull up short in front of some bar (Roth's Grill, maybe), hesitate, and then go in. As they did, still other figures were walking uptown, silhouettes till the light from some window struck them, youths with anxious, unsatisfied faces for a moment, and then silhouettes again as they walked on.

"Let's go up to Jack Dempsey's."

"Nah. Abe Attell's."

"Let's go back to the Astor."

They'd go back, or go on, as the mood struck them, and as they went they'd be peering into other bars, wondering if that wonderful something they had been hoping to have happen to them would be waiting for them there.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

It's next to impossible to tell anyone what to put in a will or how to distribute his possessions. The "natural objects of his bounty" as the judicial phrase runs, are usually entitled to first consideration, especially the very old and the dependent. The important thing is to put yourself on record clearly, sensibly and justly, in a valedictory document that will protect those nearest and dearest to you.—*From "The Art of Writing a Will," by Melville Cane, published in the Saturday Review of Literature, March 13, 1943.*

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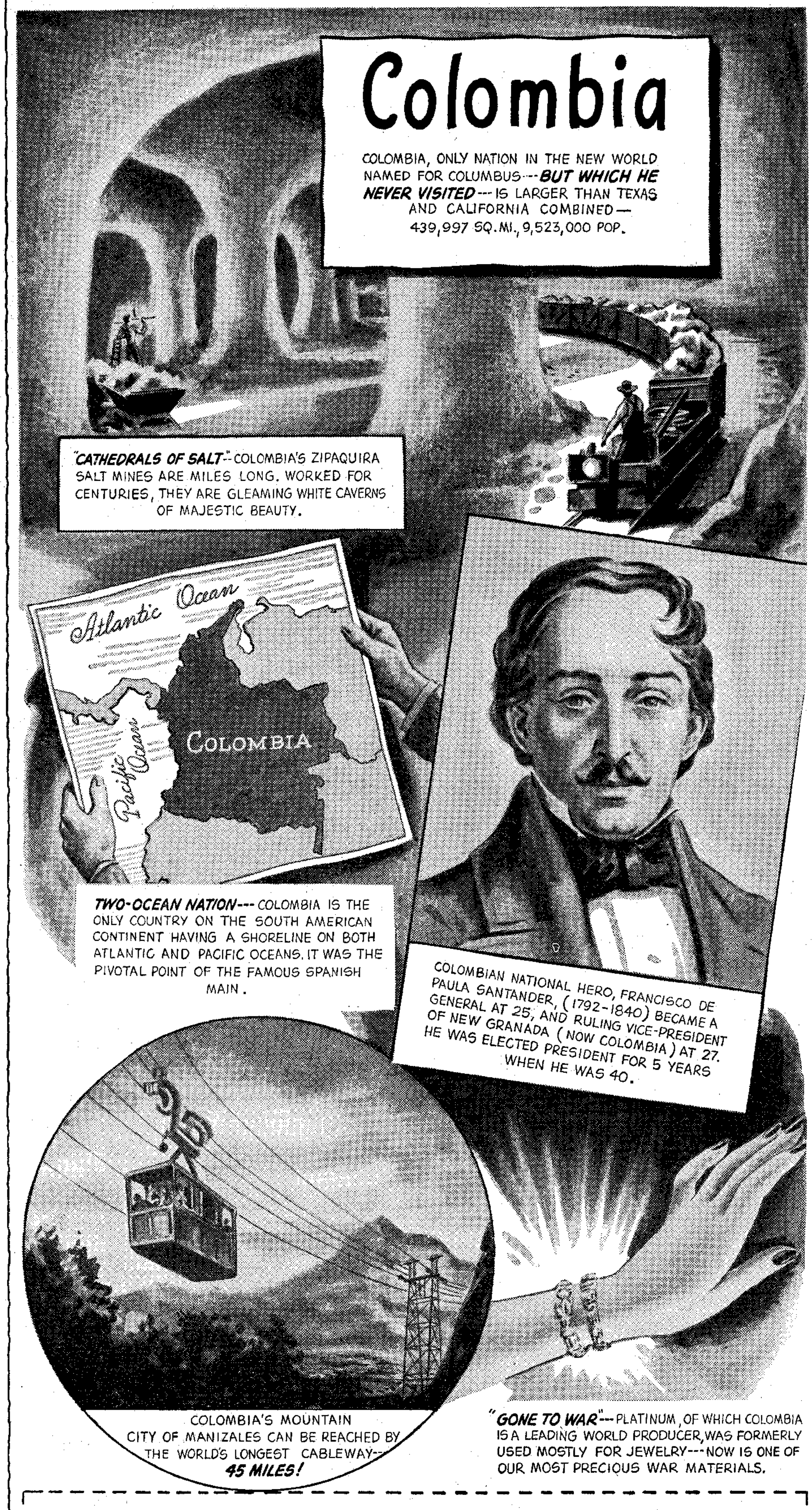

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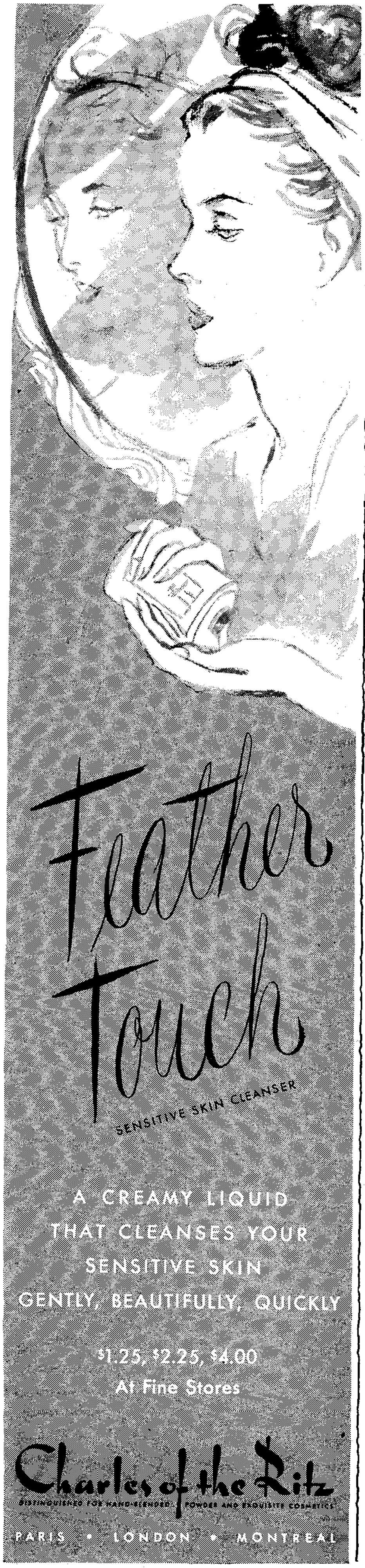
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THE RACE TRACK

Sand in Their Shoes

AMONG the surprises at Belmont last week may be listed the victory of Who Goes There in the Withers Stakes at exactly 19–1. The reason for his long odds, all out of proportion to what they should have been, was obviously that everybody addicted to studying past performances concluded that because the colt had failed in the Swift Stakes, a shorter race earlier in the meeting, he simply wasn't up to going the Withers mile. What nobody remembered—until the Withers was over, of course—was that Who Goes There, in the Swift, ran all the way in the deep going along the rail and tired in the last furlong. Trainers insist that you can count on the thumbs of one hand the horses able to plow through the loose sand that manages to collect on the rail at Belmont. Who Goes There, they insist, is not in this select company. In the Withers, he drew one of the outside post positions, got away to a good start, quickly took the lead, picked his own path, and won by lengths. I suppose that people now will start saying again that he's just as good as his stablemate Platter, or maybe better. He's rather well named, incidentally; his sire was Challenger II and his dam was After Dark. Who Goes There is also the leading money winner in George Widener's stable; his share of the Withers purse ran to a tidy $16,250.

There seemed to be some crowding in the Withers, which By Jimminy escaped and Boy Knight didn't, and Rodney Stone and Broadcloth were more or less bogged down on the rail. I fancy that winning the Derby Trial and finishing second in the Kentucky Derby had a lot to do with making Broadcloth such a short-priced favorite. Maybe, on the other hand, it was merely because he's black; Saturday horseplayers dote on black horses.

Last week I picked Stir Up to win the Withers. Sorry; he wasn't eligible. Diogenes Checkpoints, my factotum, who is rather a green hand at miracles, must have been thinking of a couple of other horses.

NOW for something easy. If I could have any one of the thirty-five racers in Warren Wright's stable, I'd pass up Pensive and take Twilight Tear. The way she runs reminds me of Dawn Play, who was as good a filly as I've seen in years. I expect that Twilight Tear will win the Coaching Club Oaks this weekend as easily as Dawn Play once did. It may have seemed foolhardy to tell Ben Jones, as I did after Twilight Tear galloped off with the Acorn Stakes the other afternoon, that I thought she could beat all the colts, including Pensive. However, Ben Jones, who trains them both, said, "I don't know but you're right."

THE races for two-year-olds are getting bigger and better. Even the old grumblers can't find fault with them—not much, anyway. Easily the best two-year-old turnout last week was the Juvenile Stakes, in which Flood Town, Forum, Jeep, and Sole Parate (one of my eligibles for the Radio Announcers' Handicap) finished heads apart. Flood Town, the winner, who is by Johnstown, is a fast fellow, but I like Jeep, who gave him four pounds and didn't have a bit of the best racing luck.

On the whole, I'm pleased, too, with Bossuet, who's a four-year-old but isn't much bigger than some horses half his age. He carried 125 pounds the other afternoon and ran six furlongs in 1:10⅘. Fitzsimmons, his trainer, is worried because there is no limit to the weight the handicapper may assign the colt.

NOT exactly for daily-doubles players: Davies, Auerbach, Cornell, & Hardy, who argued the case of the Jockey Club against Robert Merritt recently, have privately printed "A Story of the Regulation of Racing in New York and the Part of the Jockey Club Therein, with Some Account of Racing History." The bibliography runs from Aristophanes to Vosburgh.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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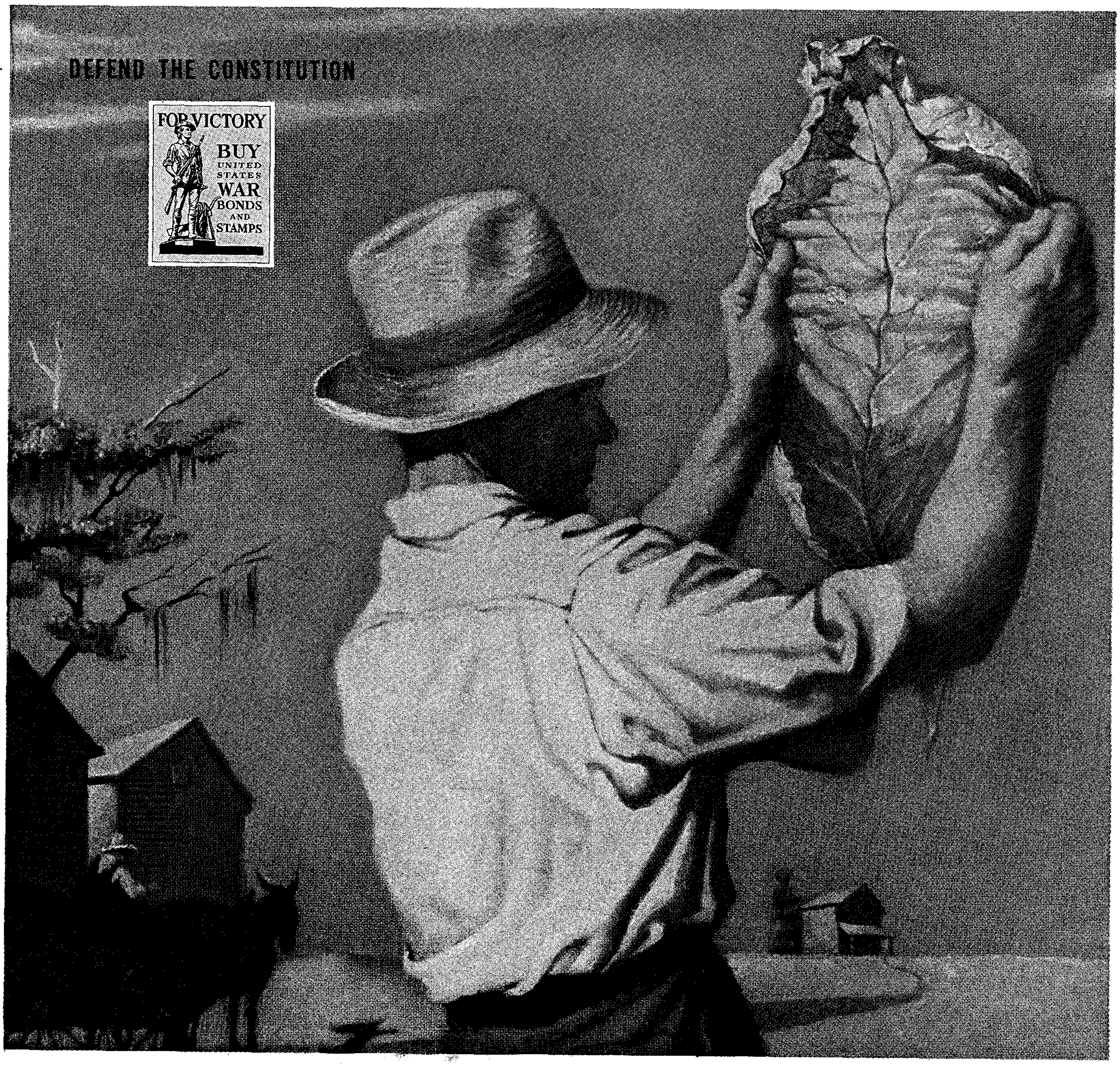
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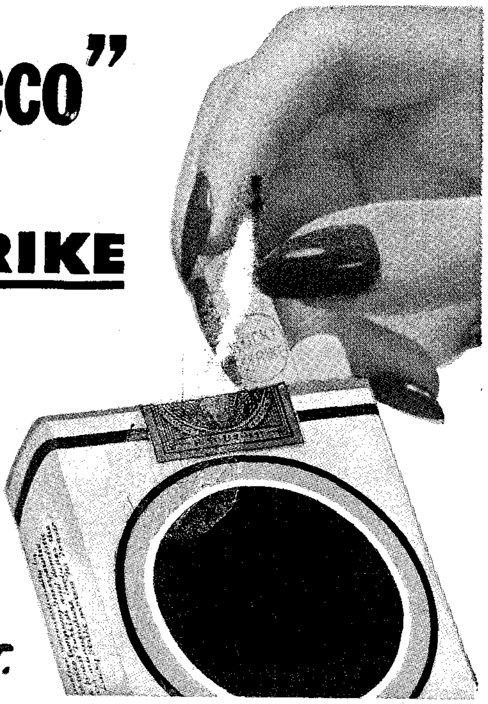

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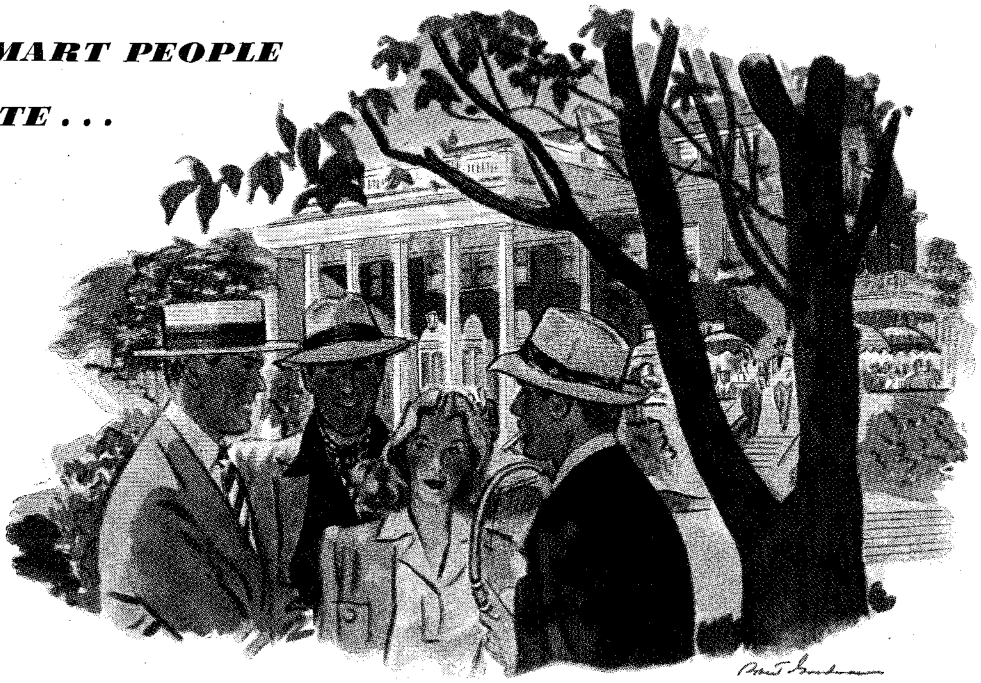

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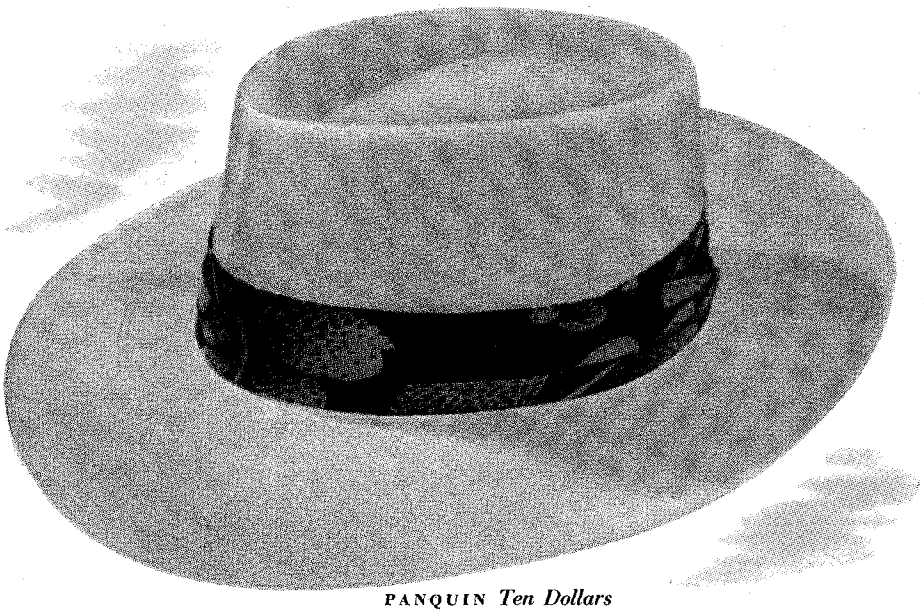

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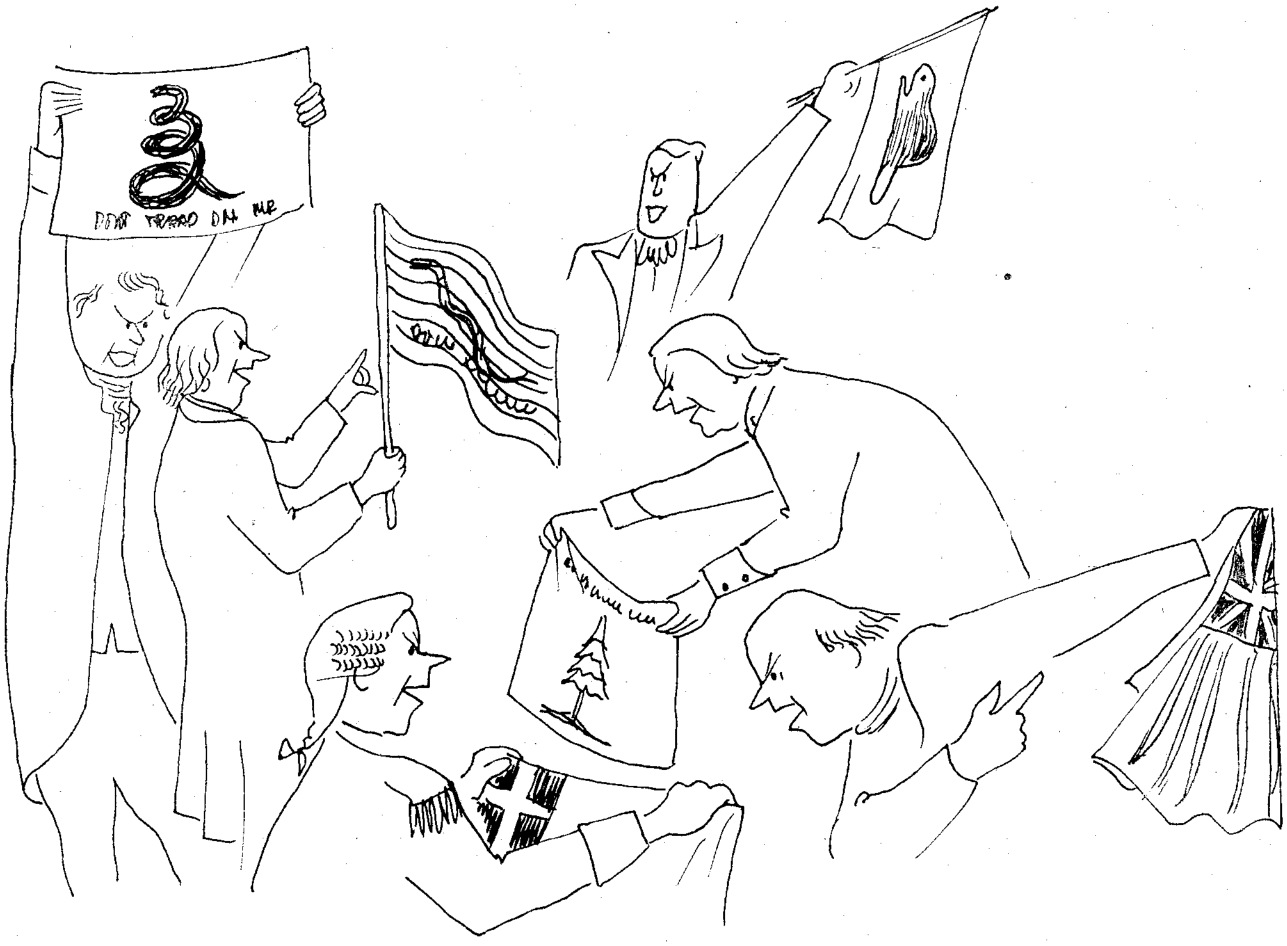
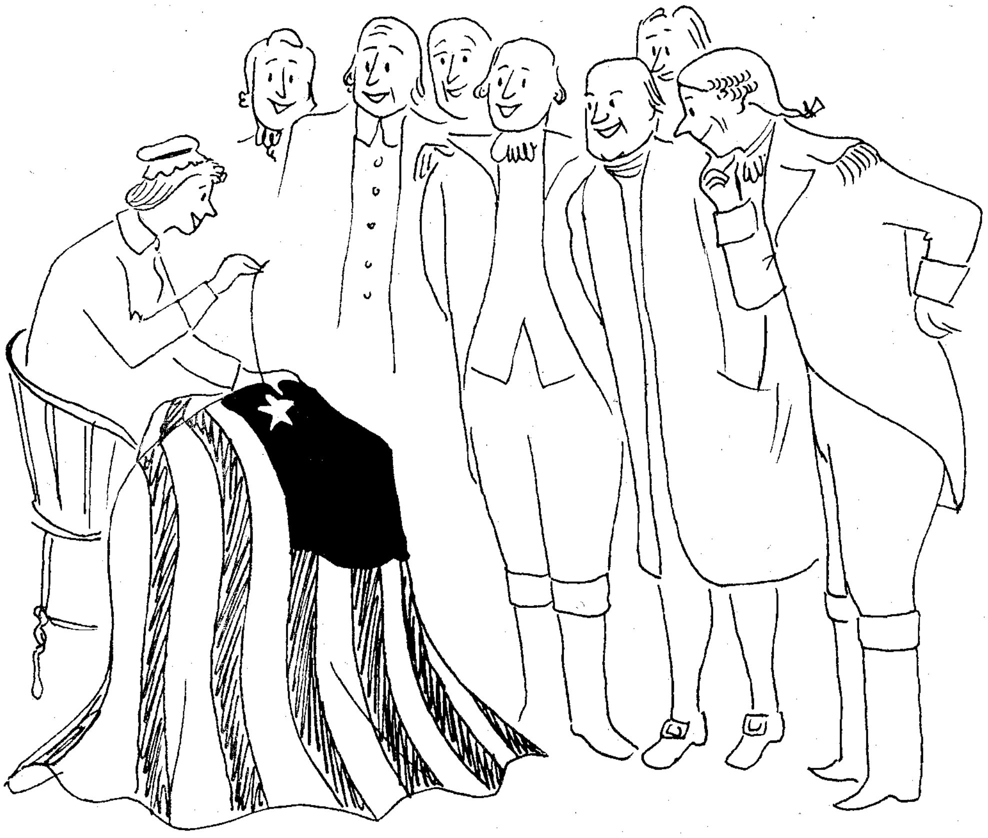

DONT TREAD ON ME



FLAG DAY 1944

LADIES' HOME
JOURNAL

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

LEWIS & CONGER seem to be as crammed as ever with new inventions. A current prize for sun bathers is a featherweight cot which looks like an oversized snowshoe—white canvas laced to an elliptical frame of bentwood which rests on short legs; $12.50. It's light and easy to lift, it's springy, and it's cool, because the air can circulate underneath. For indoor sprawlers (and I trust there won't be too many of *these* this summer), there's another fine idea—a pillow support for the ends of studio couches and for beds which have no headboards. It's a leatherette-covered board with a flap which slides between the spring and mattress, anchoring the board in an upright position to support the pillows of a reader-in-bed or to keep them from being shoved onto the floor by a restless napper. The back-rest part can be folded down flat and slid under the mattress, out of sight, when you're not using it. This is $3.95.

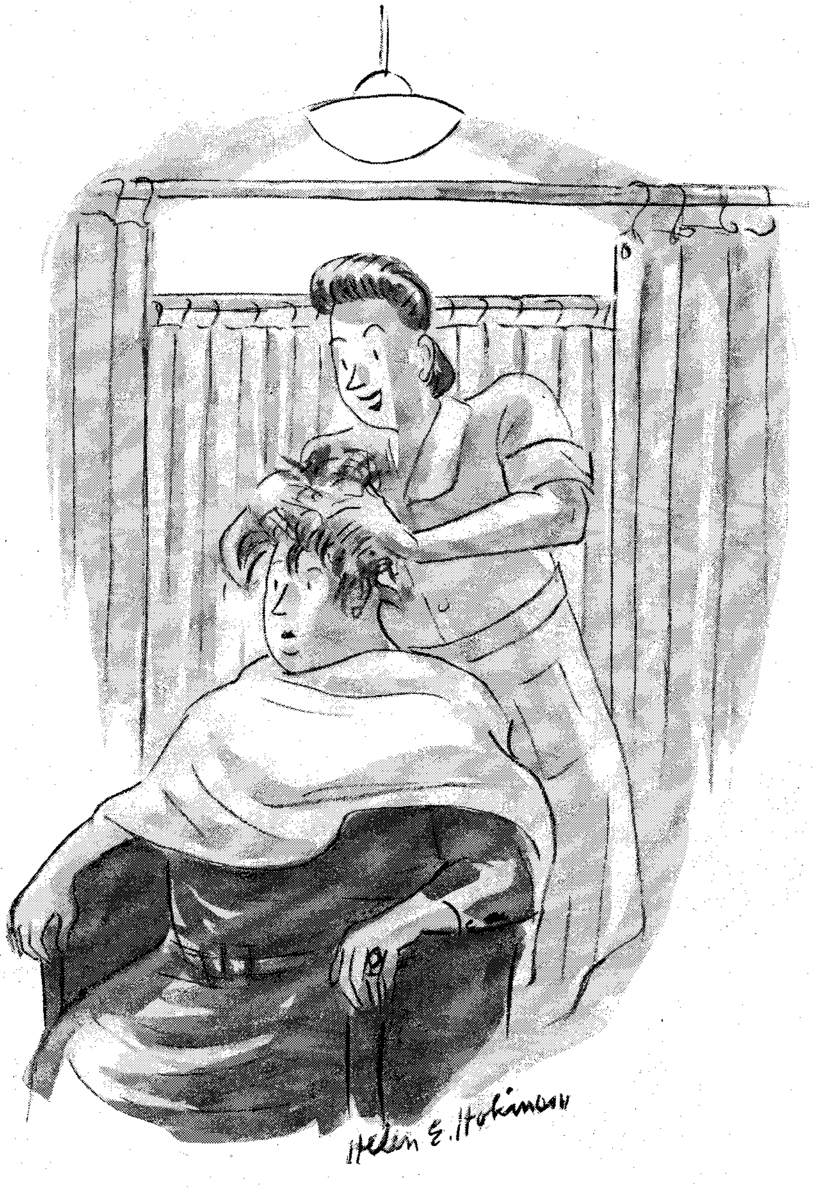
A weird bit of modern magic is L. & C.'s pillow concealing a small loudspeaker which, when hooked up to a convenient radio, burbles softly into the ear that rests against the pillow and, what is more important, into no other ear. This, complete with pillowcase, costs $6.95—a wonderful and inexpensive example of what the postwar world is going to be like.

If you have been led to believe that there are no longer any electrical devices to be had except reconditioned ones, the electric Hot Cup, for A.C. ($14.50), should be a pleasant surprise. Its capacity is three cups of liquid, which it heats to the boiling point in three minutes; it will also boil eggs, six at a clip, and do a quick job of heating the baby's bottle. Altogether, it's one of the handiest helps you could hope to have, either in temporary quarters which haven't a good kitchenette or in the upstairs rooms of the best-equipped house in the world.

There's plenty more here for householders. A drain cleaner of the suction type ($3.95), which the water pressure in any faucet will work and which can be successfully operated even by the family butterfingers, is a useful thing to have around the house in these times, when the plumber may arrive a week from the day you call him, if you're lucky. Somebody's butler (somebody apparently still has a butler) has designed a dish drainer, all of wood, which holds more than two dozen plates in less than half the space the old wire baskets used to take up on drainboards; $1.79. Foot-size rubber mats have arrived to take the place of the vanished larger ones which used to keep you from taking a tumble in the bathtub or the shower stall. They work fine, are made of legal rubber, and cost $2.35 a pair (one for each foot, see?). Here is something which may sound inconsequential except to people who have wondered vaguely and wistfully where they could get such stuff: sets of strong, plain wooden legs ready to be screwed into the corners of box springs to convert them into beds or couches. Four legs, each one with a screw already affixed and sticking up out of the top, come to $3. In the store's collection of Coors baking china, which has the advantage of being both lightweight and white—two unusual qualities in a cook-and-serve ware—there is a five-cup biggin ($4.25), which not only brews perfect drip coffee but is a fine figure of a pot besides.

For Victory gardeners, a wheel hoe which, at $5.95, is a creditable substitute, almost entirely made of wood, for that peerless time- and back-saver, the prewar metal wheel cultivator. For men who have to sit at desks all day thinking hard, office-chair pads filled with shredded latex; $4.95, and even springier than the aerated-rubber ones of glorious memory.

AT America House, 485 Madison Avenue (52nd), there are some new table mat sets with pleasant modern designs hand-blocked on Pequot muslin—really fine things for country houses or for informal summer meals any-



"The shortage of critical materials worried Miss Renée so that she suddenly thought of a much better *scalp tonic."*

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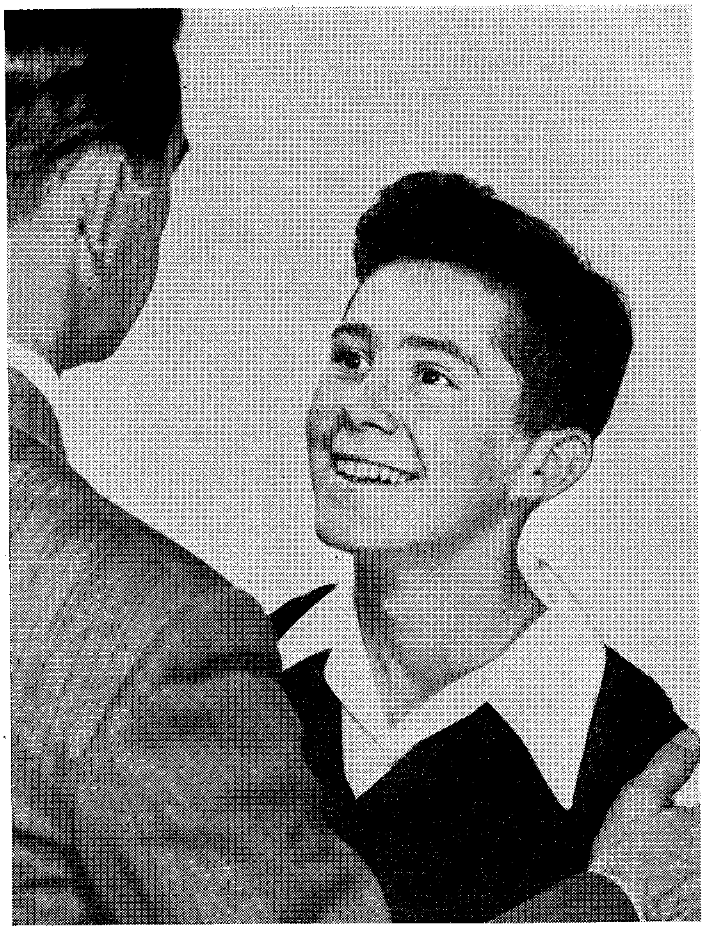

A TRIBUTE TO YOUTH

IN the midst of world conflict, all Americans are thinking about the kind of world we shall live in after the war. Careful plans are being made by thoughtful men in every line of endeavor.

In all the complexities of this planning, one thing is certain. The America of the future will be administered not by today's planners, but by the millions who were boys at the time of Pearl Harbor. As always, our future depends upon the character and the quality of our youth.

Our country can be no stronger than its youth, and its system for training its youth. And no organizations are more vital to the progress of the nation than those which develop the character of the young generations.

Foremost among character-building organizations in the world today is the Y.M.C.A. This organization, which celebrates its 100th anniversary on June 6, has influenced the lives of millions of Americans, without distinction of race or religion.

Bankers Trust Company, as one unit of the great American Banking system, could not exist without a constant succession of new, young employees of exceptional character and ability. We are delighted to take this opportunity to pay public tribute to the Y.M.C.A. on its one-hundredth birthday and to wish it continued success in a work which is fundamental to the maintenance of those qualities upon which this country must always rely.

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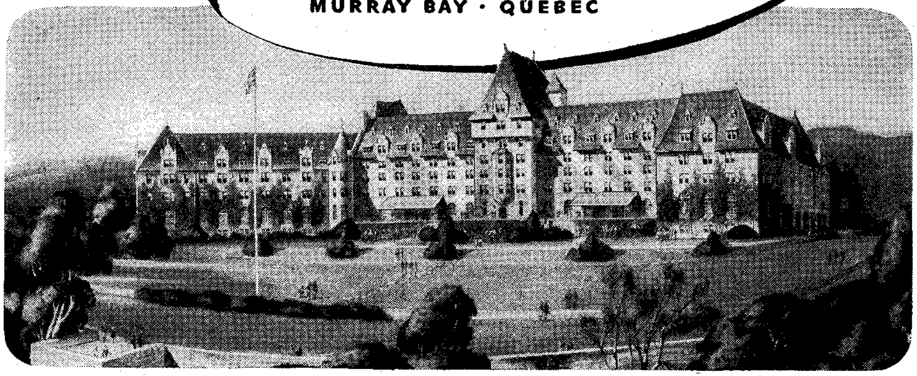

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where. Picture patterns called, accurately enough, Big and Little Elephants, Farm Animals, Fish, and so on, appear upon mat and napkin sets for four, six, and eight lunchers; $5, $7.50, and $10. A set of eight mats and eight napkins has a plaid design in gray and red, green and blue, and other handsome combinations and is $14.50.

THE New York Exchange for Woman's Work, 541 Madison Avenue (54th), has what looks like a nonesuch collection of aprons in duck, printed cottons, chambray, and chintz, in the prettiest bibbed and unbibbed styles; from $2.25. White duck aprons have stencilled French mottoes on them; a long, bibbed, flowered-chintz one, to wear over a dinner dress, is $4.95. The Exchange has also come through with a householder's scrapbook which is perfection, or about as close to it as any scrapbook has ever come. It's a big, looseleaf affair, covered with stiff boards in washable fabric. It has a supply of extra pages, is generous with pockets to hold loose clippings until you get around to them (dangerous encouragement to procrastinators, but handy), *and* is indexed for the conventional domestic subjects, all for $2.50.

THE tarpaulin shortage is being dealt with in masterly fashion by Gimbel, which now offers you a fitted, black rubberized cotton raincoat for standard-size terrace chaises; an oiled-cotton cover, in a deep olive green, for gliders; and a great oblong, again of the rubberized cotton, which can be thrown over any large outdoor piece. These covers all cost around $5.

MEANWHILE, the less utilitarian aspects of home life are also being attended to at shops here and there. Paul Bry, over at 204 East 57th Street, who last year began tinkering with tiles bearing underglaze decorations of animal figures adapted from ancient Asiatic pictures (horses, rabbits, a marvellous Siamese cat with fathomless china-blue eyes), has a couple of agreeable new ideas. The animals, painted with a flourish which makes them dramatic rather than sentimental, now are being done, to order, on seven-inch and nine-inch ivory-white breakfast plates ($3.75 and $4.75 each) and on good, big ashtrays ($3.50 to $7.50), which may also have names, dates, and even, if you're so inclined, inscriptions of your own devising. Such elaboration naturally raises the price a bit. —B. B.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Thoughts on Miss Davis

IN that the rôles that Bette Davis plays are generally those of rather affected women, it's often hard to tell whether she's a good actress or rather affected herself. However, she sometimes has parts that are more relaxed, as in "Old Acquaintance," for a recent example, and on these occasions, if you watch closely, you may decide that she is putting in some solid acting. When you have studied her in such parts and got some confidence in her, the next thing to do is see her at her most mannered, as in "Mr. Skeffington," for a current example, and you may notice that, mannered or not, she creates a consistent character and plainly knows what she's doing from start to finish. That's a pretty long time, too, in this case; nearly two and a half hours.

Although Miss Davis understandably doesn't have the title rôle in "Mr. Skeffington," she has considerably more to do than Claude Rains, who does. I don't know how much the picture is like the book of the same name, because I didn't read it. Anyway, in the picture, Skeffington is a Wall Street broker of foreign Jewish extraction who has made a fortune out of nothing and is somewhat scorned in the set in which he comes to move. Miss Davis plays his wife, a young New York beauty who has married him for his money and to whom he is devoted in spite of the fact that she only tolerates him. The time of the story is from 1914 to 1940, and toward the end, world events, mainly anti-Semitism at home and abroad, have a bearing on the action. Until past the middle of the picture, though, you don't even know the man is a Jew, and it comes as a surprise when he suddenly tells his young daughter so. In other words, his problem, or a large part of it, is belatedly introduced, and it isn't explored very thoroughly at all. Goings on in the world are used mostly to underscore the frivolity of his wife (close-up of headline, "U. S. at War with Germany;" sound of Fanny Skeffington's voice saying, "That's dreadful!;" cut to Fanny handing back to her milliner what she considers a dreadful hat). Miss Davis is, as usual, the busiest person in the film, and it's lucky she's as good

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Brooks Suits, Brooks Collar-Attached Shirts, Brooks Foulard and Striped Rep Neckties, Brooks Hats, Brooks Socks, Brooks Shoes, and every other visible article of clothing we sell are almost always distinguishable at first glance, and command a second long look.

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CLOTHING,
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

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CORONET V.S.Q. BRANDY
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CORONET
VSQ
Fine Brandy
CORONET BRANDY
THEY also serve...
who BUY and HOLD War Bonds
California Grape Brandy 84 Proof. Schenley Distillers Corporation, N. Y.

as she is. Mr. Rains is good, too, but his part just doesn't amount to enough. Neither he nor Walter Abel, Richard Waring, George Coulouris, or Marjorie Riordan, who are all in the cast, had a much bigger job in the making of this picture than Perc Westmore, the makeup man, who constructed some extremely elaborate and almost too gruesome faces for Miss Davis to wear as a ravaged old lady in the final sequences.

A big problem in making as long a movie as this one, particularly since scenes in Hollywood are shot in erratic, unchronological order, must be to keep some kind of integrity of approach and remember that drama can't suddenly become farce and vice versa. Here and there in "Mr. Skeffington," which is meant to be a fairly serious piece of work, come completely farcical moments which can't help but throw the audience off balance. A rather seriously drawn minor character, for instance, may all at once become a comic henpecked husband and mugg his way, with clearings of the throat and fingerings of the collar, through a comic "Yes, dear," "No, dear" routine. There appears to be, in "Mr. Skeffington," a need for more sustained concentration on somebody's part or else—and this may be a splendid solution—a shorter picture.

THE latest fantasy on the market is "It Happened Tomorrow," with Dick Powell, Linda Darnell, and Jack Oakie. As in most fantasies, the idea is the main thing, and this time it has to do with a young newspaper reporter who, through a certain supernatural arrangement, gets a copy every morning of the next day's paper. This naturally enables him to score a number of beats. He is discouraged one morning to find that the paper reports his death in a shooting fray and even the fact that he has a list of the afternoon's winners at the race track doesn't cheer him. You can learn what becomes of him by seeing the picture, which is light and digestible.

—DAVID LARDNER

•

RONNIE AND THE TEN COMMANDMENTS
BY MRS. A.C. OSBORN HANN

This is a companion book to Mrs. Hann's "Ronnie and the Creed" and "Ronnie and the Lord's Prayer." Here we have the further adventures of this small English boy who learns the meaning of the Ten Commandments by inadvertently breaking each one of them.—*Macmillan book catalogue.*

There's *one* book that's an Imperative for us.

THE ATTIC

WHEN it became apparent that little Emily's convalescence from an attack of rheumatic fever was going to be a long one, Philip Elliott insisted that his wife have some help in caring for the child, at least during part of each day.

"You've taken her through the worst of it splendidly," he told Gertrude, "and now you need some rest. You must have lost fifteen pounds worrying over the kid. Doctor Henley agrees with me, too. I talked it over with him on the phone this afternoon."

Gertrude, who was more tired than she had ever thought possible, said that Philip's scheme sounded fine but a little theoretical, considering the shortage of nurses, either trained or practical, in their particular suburb.

"Em doesn't need a nurse at all, according to Henley," Philip said. "Just a good, sensible woman who'll fix her up every morning, trot up and down with trays and eggnogs and things, and perhaps help her with her schoolwork when she's stronger. He said he'd find you someone right away."

As Gertrude had suspected, the supply of good, sensible women who wanted to trot up and down stairs with trays turned out to be just about as limited as that of trained nurses. Almost two weeks passed before Doctor Henley telephoned her to report triumphantly that a Mrs. George Atkinson would be glad to take the position.

"She was a volunteer nurse's aide over at the hospital for a while last year," he explained, "but her husband's been ill since then and she needs to make some money to catch up on things. Very fine woman, lives in that big gray house at the corner of Cypress and Heath. She'll come in every morning at seven-thirty and stay until after Emily's nap. Want me to tell her to start in tomorrow?"

"Indeed I do," said Gertrude wearily.

MRS. ATKINSON turned out to be a tall, calm, and very attractive woman in her middle forties, who dealt competently not only with Emily but with practically everything else in the Elliott household.

"I think I'll bring you breakfast in bed for a while," she told Gertrude a day or so after her arrival. "I don't like to see those circles under your eyes a bit, Mrs. Elliott."

"Oh, I wouldn't dream of letting you do that, Mrs. Atkinson," Gertrude said. "If you take care of Em, I'll get rested up soon enough."

Mrs. Atkinson smiled faintly and appeared the next morning at Gertrude's bedside with a tray on which was arranged an ample breakfast, the morning paper, and a small vase filled with yellow roses. "From my own garden," she said proudly. "My roses are famous all over town, you know. I've won a lot of firsts with them at the Garden Club exhibits in my day."

"They're lovely," said Gertrude, leaning back luxuriously against the pillows, which Mrs. Atkinson had fluffed up for her. "You shouldn't pamper me so, though."

"I only wish I'd been able to make the tray a little nicer," Mrs. Atkinson said, looking it over with dissatisfaction. "I couldn't find a breakfast set. I hunted all through your cupboards."

Gertrude laughed. "I never owned a breakfast set in my life," she said, "and if I had, the cleaning woman would have broken it long ago."

"I can see she's been hard on your dishes," said Mrs. Atkinson. She turned away from the bed and began to straighten up the room with smooth, unhurried gestures. "You know, Mrs. Elliott," she said presently, "I have a great many things stored away in my attic. There's a lovely breakfast set, tray and all, among them, the kind you can't find any more. I'd be glad to bring it up here tomorrow if you'd like to use it."

"That's awfully nice of you," Gertrude said, rather taken aback, "but I won't be breakfasting in bed very long, you know. I'd hate to get completely spoiled."

Mrs. Atkinson gave another of those shadowy smiles which seemed to be all she ever allowed herself, and said, "I'd been planning to take it down to the antique shop on Main Street to sell, but I'd much rather have you use it instead, Mrs. Elliott. It's a lovely set. You just wait and see."

"She was right, too," Gertrude told her husband the next evening. "Mrs. Atkinson is always right about everything, but somehow that doesn't annoy me as much as it might. That set was made in France. It's the kind you dream about having but hardly ever find."

"Why don't you buy it from her if she's so anxious to get rid of it?" Philip said. "That is, if her price isn't too high. Sounds like the chance of a lifetime to me, and you have a few treats coming to you after all you've been through."

"Perhaps I will," said Gertrude, "if you don't think it's too foolish of me."

Mrs. Atkinson was delighted at the chance of selling her breakfast set and the price she named was very reasonable indeed.

"It will be a tremendous help with my debts," she told Gertrude. "We had to use up most of our savings to carry us over Mr. Atkinson's illness."

Gertrude, feeling slightly guilty about Mrs. Atkinson's wages, which were modest, immediately upped the price of the breakfast set a couple of dollars. Mrs. Atkinson thanked her serenely and went in to attend to Emily, who seemed very fond of her.

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Atkinson was not a talkative woman, Gertrude amassed a good deal of information about her as time went on, bits of which she retailed to her husband in the evenings.

"She's really very brave about it all," she told Philip enthusiastically. "Not ostentatiously brave, but cheerful, in a quiet way. She used to have servants of her own. Then Mr. Atkinson's business folded up, and before he could get into anything else he had to have three operations, and now she's doing all her own work and holding down this job, too."

"I thought you said you'd never have another person around who'd seen better days," Philip said, laughing. "Particularly after that Mrs. Perkins we had two years ago, who told you that she never put anything but linen sheets on *her* beds."

"Mrs. Atkinson isn't like that a bit," said Gertrude indignantly. "She has a whole attic full of beautiful things, Philip, but she hardly ever mentions them at all."

"Is that where our new silver teapot came from?" Philip asked.

"Well, yes," said Gertrude, her cheeks reddening. "But it's really quite a bargain, darling, and there was a man at Mrs. Atkinson's house that day being simply brutal about some bill."

"Providential, I call it," Philip remarked.

It seemed that Mrs. Atkinson never actually suggested the sale of any of the treasures in her attic, but somehow, in

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the next month or two, a number of items in it made their appearance in the Elliott household. Among them were a screen, which proved very useful in keeping the drafts off Emily, an orange-juice squeezer of the type which had gone off the market with the coming of the war, a leather sewing case, and a set of cocktail glasses monogrammed with an elaborately curlicued A which, if you didn't look too closely, might well be mistaken for an E.

"What are all these things doing in her attic?" inquired Philip when the glasses appeared at cocktail time one evening. "Doesn't Mr. Atkinson ever take a drink?"

"I don't know," said Gertrude. "She doesn't talk about him very much. I imagine she's put most of these things away so that she won't have the bother of cleaning them."

"It's all very nice," Philip said, leaning back and sipping his drink. "But don't you think we'd better cut down on it a little pretty soon?"

Gertrude sighed. "I know we should," she said. "But it's terribly hard, Phil. She's really very generous in other ways, and simply marvellous to us. For instance, she brought up her own electric mixer today and whipped up a cake for us with it. That's not part of her job at all."

"Going to buy the mixer?" Philip asked.

"No," said Gertrude. "She never suggested it. She took it home at noon."

"Well, don't be a sucker, that's all," said Philip. "You're too soft-hearted. That's your trouble."

WHEN Gertrude went into her daughter's room the following morning, Emily was sitting up in bed, her cheeks scarlet with excitement, clutching a large, expensive-looking doll. A number of doll clothes, obviously handmade, were scattered over the counterpane.

"Look, Mom," Emily said, her voice high-pitched and wavering. "Isn't this the loveliest doll you ever saw in your life?"

Mrs. Atkinson, standing beside the bed, put out a restraining hand as Emily began to bounce up and down. "It was just gathering dust upstairs," she told Gertrude, "and I wanted Emmy to have it."

"Oh, you shouldn't have done that, Mrs. Atkinson," said Gertrude, with a gasp. "It's much too nice to give away."

"Emmy's been such a good girl, not

fussing a bit about her tonic," Mrs. Atkinson said. "I told her she could have the doll when the first bottle of it was all gone."

"Now, Mrs. Atkinson," said Gertrude, with an effort at firmness, "you really mustn't bring Em such valuable things. It will just make things harder when you've gone. We don't want to spoil her, you know."

"I'm not spoiling her," Mrs. Atkinson said placidly.

There was an embarrassing pause, during which Emily clutched the doll to her chest and Mrs. Atkinson straightened out medicine bottles on the bedside table.

"I didn't know you had children of your own," Gertrude said presently.

"She doesn't," Emily said. "This belonged to Mr. Atkinson's little girl. She's grown up now and moved away. You're going to let me keep it, aren't you, Mom?"

"I suppose so," Gertrude said.

LATER on, in the kitchen, Gertrude got up enough courage to speak to Mrs. Atkinson again about the doll.

"You'll let me pay for it, of course," she said, trying to keep her voice free of the irritation which had been rising in her all morning.

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Atkinson. "Em's a darling child. I just wanted her to have the doll, that's all."

"But don't you see, Mrs. Atkinson," said Gertrude, her voice trembling in spite of herself. "It puts us in rather an uncomfortable position to have you doing so much for us all the time."

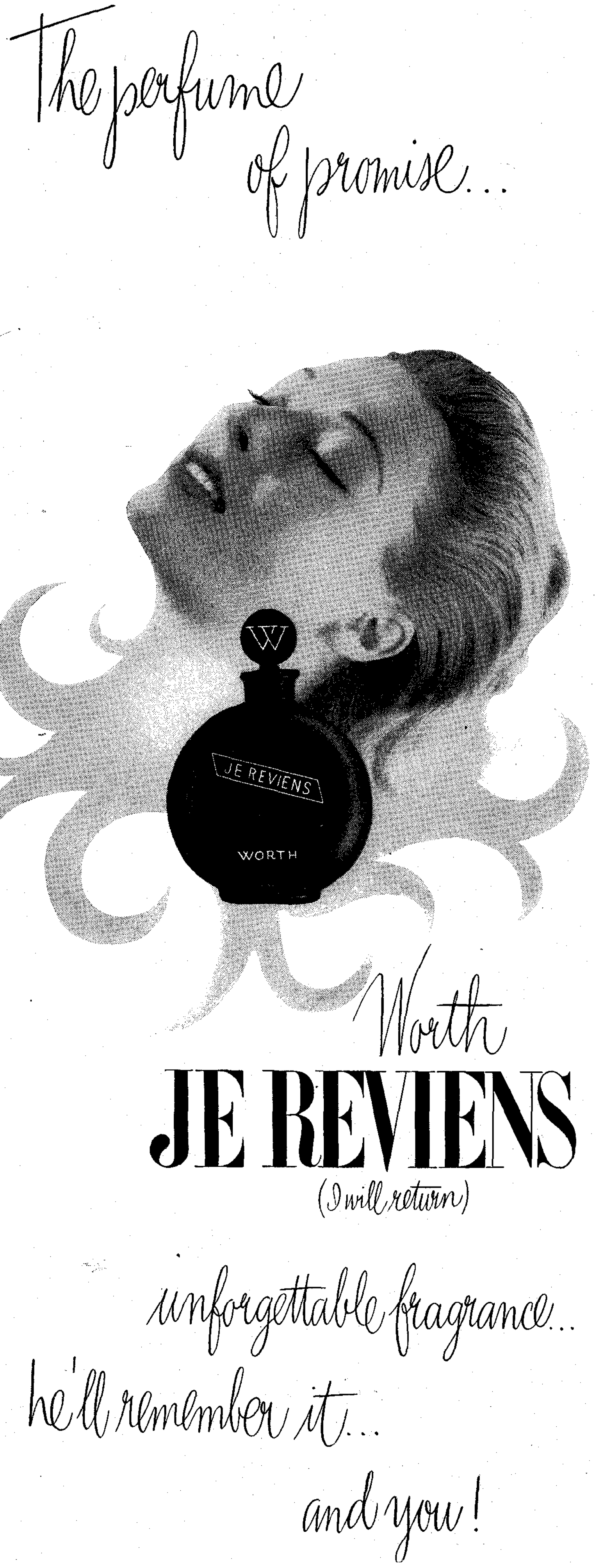
Mrs. Atkinson considered this for a while. Then she said, "Well, I can see how you might feel that way, Mrs. Elliott. I tell you what. I brought up a laundry basket this morning, along with the doll and the clothes. I wasn't going to mention it to you, but if you really want to pay me something, I'll sell you that, at a bargain. Your basket's practically in shreds."

"Fine," said Gertrude, somewhat relieved. She opened a drawer in the kitchen table and took out her pocketbook. "How much are laundry baskets, anyhow?" she asked.

"About two-fifty, I believe," said Mrs. Atkinson, "but that's a very old one. It must have been up in our attic for ten years. I wouldn't think of taking more than a dollar for it."

Gertrude took out a dollar bill and handed it to Mrs. Atkinson, who folded it neatly and put it in the pocket of her apron.

"You're sure you don't need the



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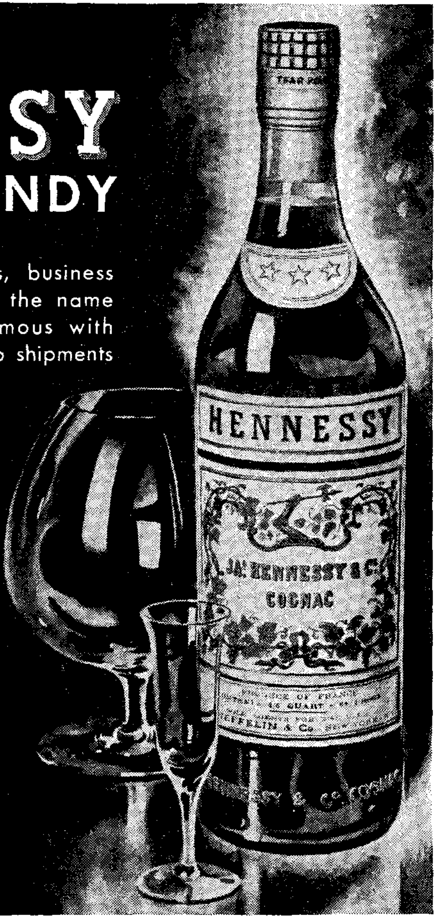

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basket yourself?" Gertrude asked.

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Atkinson, with a faint smile. "I have a lovely one in my laundry, far nicer than this."

Gertrude stared at her. "How on earth do you happen to have *two* laundry baskets, Mrs. Atkinson?" she asked. "That seems a funny thing to have two of. I don't believe I ever met anyone before who had so many extra things, or so many treasures just stored away in the attic."

Mrs. Atkinson stared back at her in genuine surprise. "Why, didn't I ever happen to tell you?" she asked. "They belonged to the first Mrs. Atkinson, you see. Naturally I put them away when I came to the house. I wouldn't want to have them around all the time, would I?"

"I suppose not," said Gertrude faintly.

Then, for the first time since she had entered the Elliott house, Mrs. Atkinson laughed out loud. "You know, Mrs. Elliott," she said confidentially, "it seems funny to think of it now, but when I married Mr. Atkinson five years ago, I was terribly jealous. But I've gotten over it now, I really have. I'm not a bit jealous any more—not the least little bit."

—CONSTANCE BELKNAP

•

"There's no end to the trails you blaze when you begin to stand on your own feet. Your entire existence changes into a far better thing than it ever was before. . . . Little by little you gain initiative and confidence and release the individual you are potentially. . . . I have found this business of standing on my own feet to be comprised of little things. . . .

"It's such a little thing as meeting people more bravely. So you don't shrink down into your shoulders and talk too fast or else mumble so no one knows or cares what you say. So, instead, you speak up and, with your hand outstretched, say 'How do you do. How are you?' And, consequently, become more important in others' eyes.

"It is such a little thing as when someone says: 'Would you like a cocktail?' You do not answer: 'If you want one I'll take one,' but say, 'Yes, thank you. I would like a Scotch Old-Fashioned!' "
—*Interview with Anne Shirley in a movie magazine.*

Stand back, everybody, we're going to blaze a trail!

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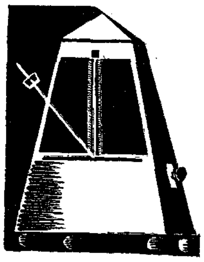
DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From the Los Angeles Examiner*]

2. Sit on floor, arms shoulder height and legs straight in front of you. Walk around the room in this position. This breaks down and discourages fatty tissue.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Late-Season Specials



AN exceptional new work for chorus, soloists, and orchestra arrived in Town Hall last week—Lukas Foss's dramatic cantata, "The Prairie." This work, based on the poem by Carl Sandburg, had its première by the Collegiate Chorale under the direction of Robert Shaw. Mr. Foss, one of the youngest composers who have had such a large-scale essay presented hereabouts—he's just twenty-one—turned in an impressive exhibit of sound, ingenious, listenable, and communicative music.

It seemed to me that the composer caught admirably the spirit of the Sandburg verses. I wasn't altogether enchanted by the actual setting of the words, because accents and quantities, as well as the imagery of the lines, sometimes were pushed around to accommodate the musical design. There were episodes, also, in which the music kept arguing a point long after it had been made. These objections, however, can be discounted considerably in view of the power and vitality of the work. Let it be reported with pleasure: we have with us a gifted and accomplished composer in Lukas Foss, and, in "The Prairie," a composition that is likely to have many more hearings. The audience was enthusiastic for the work and for the fine performance by Mr. Shaw and his forces.

THERE have been various doings lately in lighter opera. The New Opera Company, which has had a succession of successes in operetta, twice offered a double bill consisting of Pergolesi's "The Maid as Mistress" and Wolf-Ferrari's "The Secret of Suzanne" at the Alvin Theatre. The production of the Pergolesi whimsey, with added material in which an assortment of high-life characters are made to exchange erudite quips about eighteenth-century music, had been on view previously at a New Opera special performance. This time, the whole show was done with a greater effort to be gay and romping, and you know what usually happens when people go in for that sort of thing. It happened to "The Maid as Mistress," all right. "The Secret of Suzanne," a one-acter that hinges on the 1909 heroine's attempt to conceal from her husband her predilection for smoking cigarettes, was also subjected to a curious pepping-up. When Suzanne relaxed with a cigarette, she saw a vision of two fauns and a nymph cutting up in her living room. If she'd gone in for cigars, maybe she would have seen a complete production of "Swan Lake." The basic "Suzanne," however, registered agreeably, with good acting by Brenda Lewis and Hugh Thompson. Marion Farquhar furnished intelligible and singable lyrics for the occasion.

At Brander Matthews Hall, on West 117th Street, the Columbia Theatre Associates, coöperating with the Columbia University Department of Music, introduced "Pieces of Eight," a two-act operatic comedy composed by Bernard Wagenaar to a book by Edward Eager. There were some diverting notions and bright lines in the libretto, and some skillful and amusing music in the score, but "Pieces of Eight" didn't ever settle down to being a consistently entertaining or effective show. The singing and the orchestral contributions, directed by Otto Luening, were good, and the acting, if not subtle, was enthusiastic.

MARTHA GRAHAM and her company appeared at the National Theatre for a week of Miss Graham's productions, and there's no need now to retabulate the many merits of these unusual ballets. Something might be said, though, about the showmanship and theatre sense implicit in her presentation—qualities that supplement and implement the purely artistic aspects of Miss Graham's creations. . . . The City Center Opera Company came across with one of its best operations in "La Traviata," which was fresh-looking and fresh-sounding and brought forward an excellent Violetta, Dorothy Kirsten, who had able collaboration from John Hamill and Mack Harrell, the other principals. Wolfgang Martin's conducting and José Ruben's staging were also noteworthy elements in this bright and musicianly enterprise.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

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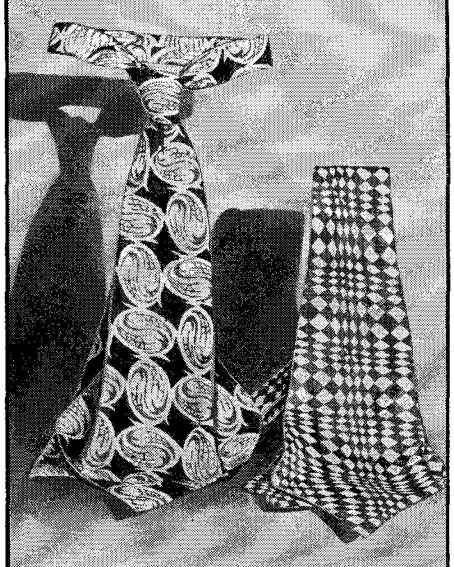
A JAPANESE SPOKESMAN SAID TODAY THAT JAPAN WAS "DOING EVERYTHING IN ITS POWER" FO WALWALBALBALBALBALBAL BALBALBALBALBAL-).—*United Press dispatch received in Washington.*

The Marines have landed.

A SUGGESTION FOR
Father's Day



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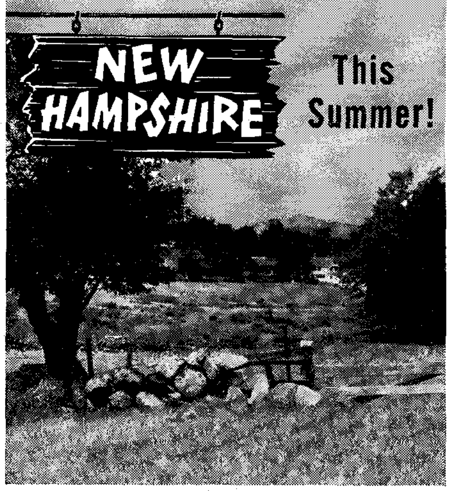

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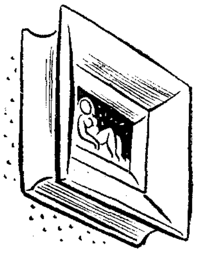
THE ART GALLERIES

Past and Present

IT has been a varied and lively season, certainly, and it isn't quite over yet. There have been French shows and plenty of Americans (both Latin and North and including the Cubans), a big drawings exhibition, and a surprising recrudescence of the Abstractionists. But except for occasional glances at the late nineteenth century, the focus has been generally on the art of the present; to an unusual extent, the painting of the past has been overlooked. In this sense, the season has lacked perspective, and if for no other reason, I suppose we should welcome the show of Dutch seventeenth-century paintings at the Mortimer Brandt, the first real "old masters" collection the year has brought forth; it gives us a sense of the richness and depth of painting history, which has been more or less lost sight of. Another reason, of course, is that it's a pretty good show.



There is something peculiarly satisfying, anyway, about Dutch painting of that period. There was, to begin with, the rise, the flowering, and the decline of Dutch Realism itself—a process that compressed into less than a hundred years such diverse manners as the steely naturalism of the early de Hoogh and the rather rococo romanticism of Hobbema. Inside this framework, too, there was a considerable variation among local styles. There were a dozen Dutch cities where painting groups flourished at that time, but there seems to have been little communication between them, and the result was that, if one excepts such incidental resemblances as the similarities of costume and setting, one finds extensive differences between the mannerisms of one place and another. Perhaps the guild system was the cause of this, perhaps the fact that in each region one artist tended to dominate—Hals at Haarlem, Vermeer at Delft, Rembrandt at Amsterdam—or it may simply be that it was harder for people to get around then than now. Anyway, there it is, and it's a point that is often overlooked in discussions of Dutch art.

What gives the work of the period its greatest appeal to modern eyes is that it was the first really middle-class art in history. It should never be forgotten that the Dutch were the first people of the Western world to set up a democracy, the first to declare officially that there was no divinity of birth or of the right to rule, and, though they took that step hesitantly, one inevitable result was to strip their painting—in the end, all painting—of a good deal of the adulatory trimmings, the dressing up of royalty in mythological trappings, and so on, that were habitual before. They could paint man as man, in all his simplicity, and in consequence the century saw a new interest in landscape (as the common background of man's existence), in still life (the portrayal of man's implements and accessories), and the rise of a generally realistic approach to the ordinary activities of everyday life.

Not all the artists I've mentioned are included in the show. The most notable absentees are the great ones—Rembrandt, Hals, and Vermeer; indeed, the main emphasis of the collection is on artists who are somewhat less well known in this country. A good general picture of the schools and styles of the period emerges, nevertheless. There's a very Halsian "Three Children" by Jan Molenaer, and a Rembrandtesque "Fishermen" by Benjamin Cuyp, while the quality of the work ranges from the almost naïve "Equestrians" by Thomas de Keyser to the florid and glittery though expertly painted "Still Life" by Willem Kalff. Rather better is the "Still Life" by Peter Claesz, with its beautifully smooth texture and suavely realistic handling, and, though the important field of landscape painting seems to be a little scamped, there are at least two excellent examples, in the "Landscape" by Meindert Hobbema and the similarly titled one by Jacob Ruisdael. Through the exhibition, too, there run strong traces of that peculiar down-to-earth quality that makes Dutch painting endearing. Here it is found as much in the rather romantic, Italianate "Bacchanalian Scene" as in Peter de Hoogh's much more formal "The Duet" or the cool, pale "Interior of a Church at Delft" by Hendrick Vliet.

WILLIAM ZORACH has been concentrating on sculpture in recent years, but he has now returned to painting with a collection of water colors, on view through this Saturday at the Downtown Gallery. They're Maine scenes—the woods in winter, the shore and the sea at all seasons—and, though these may sound commonplace, there are a crispness of touch and a real insight in treatment that set them apart from the ordinary. For example, Zorach really *paints* his snow scenes (see his "The Zorach Farm in December") instead of contriving them trickily out of violet shadows and bare white paper, as so many other water-colorists delight in doing, and among the sea pieces his "Maine Morning," with its motionless rowboats and still, pearly water, is a little marvel of dreamy evocativeness.

AT the Nierendorf, Carlos Mérida has a mixed batch of oils, water colors, and temperas, plus three pieces that he calls "Wax Paintings" and that seem to be done in a combination of crayon and encaustic. I liked the oils best, particularly his "Cerulean Blue" and "Rainy Gray," both studies of sky effects under varying conditions. In all his current painting, the design is reduced to the absolute minimum and the emphasis is almost wholly on color organization. Though this sometimes produces effects of great charm and even considerable vigor, there is an ever-present danger that it will slip off into the merely decorative, and in a good many of the other pieces I'm afraid that is just what has happened; the water colors, especially, seemed to me hardly more substantial artistically than wallpaper designs. . . . At 35 Jane Street, a new gallery, the O'Connor, has just opened with a group show of member artists. I liked Maxim Kopf's "Approaching Storm" and "Columbus Circle," as well as Victor Thall's bright, strongly formalized "Flowers." The sculptor Aristide Mian shows a portrait head of a small boy that captures a good deal of the elusive charm of adolescence. . . . Don't forget the Independents, on through this Sunday at the Fine Arts Galleries. In spite of the war, in spite of everything, it's about as big a show as ever, in about the same combination of the good, the bad, and the slightly haywire. As usual, too, it's worth seeing.

—ROBERT M. COATES

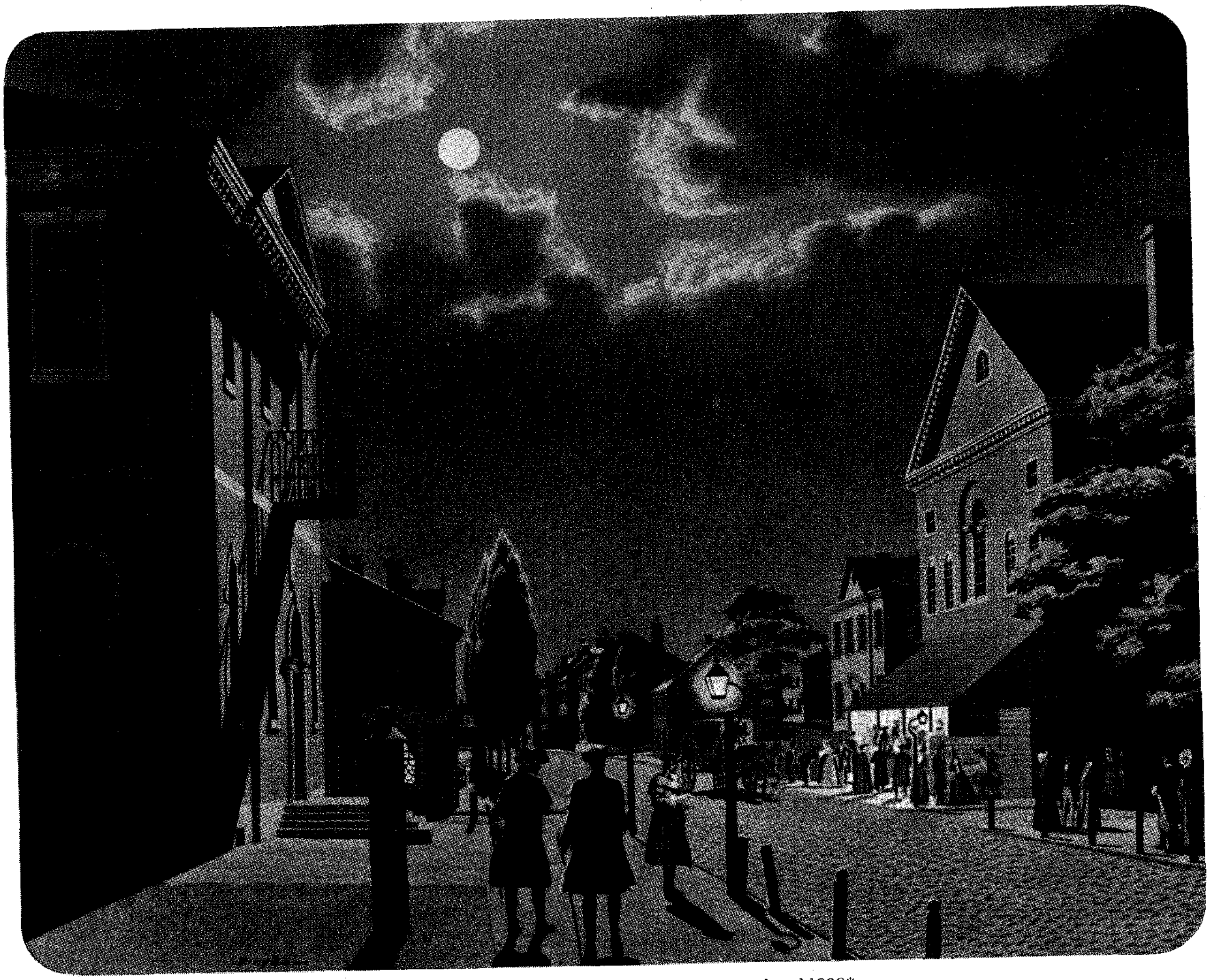
•

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

Miss Hellman . . . was talking about the title of the new play:

"The title 'Searching Wind' I just took. That's what it was and is. You'll find it in 'Bleak House' by Dickens."—*The Sun.*

"I [Miss Hellman] got the title for 'The Searching Wind' from a colored maid who used to work for me. Some mornings when she came she'd say, 'It's a searching wind today.' "—*The Herald Tribune.*



The New Theatre in Chestnut St. . . . from a print dated 1800*

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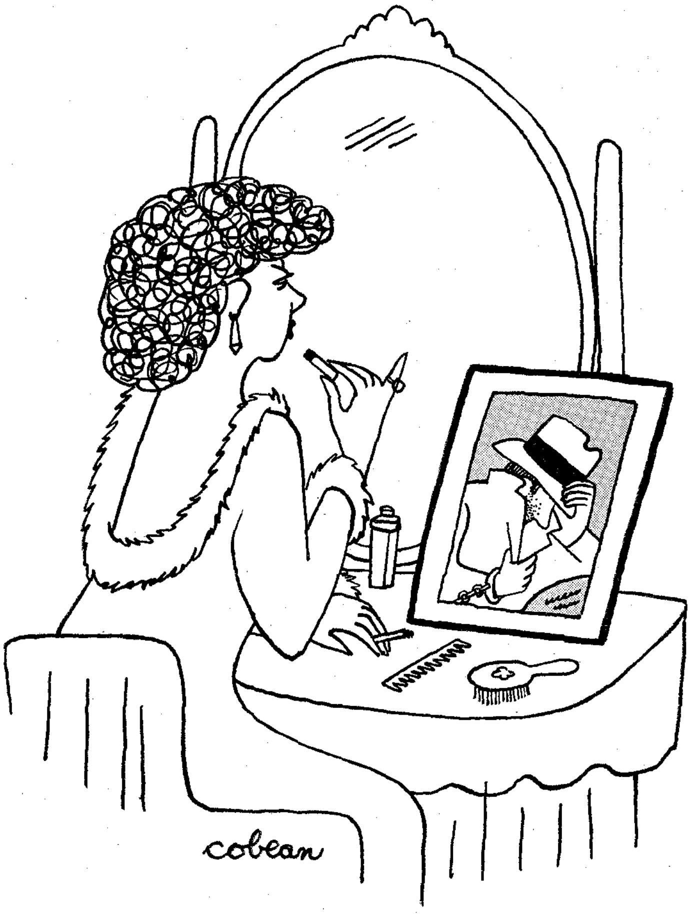
BOOKS

A Treatise on Tales of Horror

BOOKS BOUGHT

THERE has lately been a sudden revival of the appetite for tales of horror. First, Pocket Books published "The Pocket Mystery Reader" and "The Pocket Book of Mystery Stories." Then came "Tales of Terror," with an introduction by Boris Karloff; "Creeps by Night," with an introduction by Dashiell Hammett; and "Best Ghost Stories of M. R. James" (all three brought out by World). Finally, Random House has produced a prodigious anthology called "Great Tales of Terror and the Supernatural," edited by Herbert A. Wise and Phyllis Fraser.

One had supposed that the ghost story itself was already an obsolete form; that it had been killed by the electric light. It was only during the ages of candlelight that the race of ghosts really flourished, though they survived through the era of gas. A candle can always burn low and be blown out by a gust of air, and it is a certain amount of trouble to relight it, as is also the case with a gas jet. But if you can reach out and press a button and flood every corner of the room, leaving the spectre quite naked in his vapor, or if you can transfix him out of doors with a flashlight, his capabilities for haunting are diminished. It is true that one of the most famous of ghost stories, Defoe's "Apparition of Mrs. Veal," takes place in the afternoon; that it is a part of the effectiveness of "The Turn of the Screw" that its phantoms appear outdoors in broad daylight as well as indoors at night; and that that eeriest of all ghost stories supposed to be true, the anonymous book called "An Adventure," purports to give the experiences of two English ladies visiting Versailles in the afternoon; but these are all in the nature of tours de force on the part of the apparitions or the authors. The general run of ghosts needed the darkness. It will be observed in all these anthologies that most of the writers belong by training to the last decades of the nineteenth century, even though a few of their stories have been written in the first years of this.

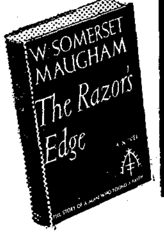


What is the reason, then—in these days when a lonely country house is likely to be equipped with electric light, radio, and telephone—for our returning to these antiquated stories? There are, I believe, two reasons: first, the longing for mystic experience which seems always to manifest itself in periods of social confusion, when political progress is blocked: as soon as we feel that our own world has failed us, we try to find evidence for another world; second, the instinct to inoculate ourselves against panic before the real terrors loose in the world—the Gestapo, the G.P.U., tank attacks, bombing from the air, and empty cities mined with booby traps—by injections of imaginary horror which soothe us with the momentary illusion that the forces of madness and murder may be tamed and compelled to provide us with a mere dramatic entertainment. We even try to make them cozy and droll, as in "Arsenic and Old Lace," which could hardly have become popular or even been produced at any other moment of our history. This craving for homeopathic horror first began to appear some years ago in the movies—with the Frankenstein monsters, the werewolves, the vampires, and the insane sadistic scientists, of which such a varied assortment are now to be seen along West Forty-second Street; and recently, in such films as "The Uninvited," the pictures, too, have been reaching back to pull toward us the phantom fringe which has been exploited by these anthologies.

THE best of these volumes is the new Random House one, because it is the most comprehensive (though the book itself has the fault of so many American omnibuses and anthologies of being too cumbersome to handle comfortably in bed, the only place where one is likely to read ghost stories), and not unintelligently edited. The two collections in the Pocket Book series, both edited by Miss Lee Wright, are, however, quite well selected, and have the merit of costing only a quarter each. And yet one cannot read a large number of pieces in any of these compilations without feeling rather let down. The editors are always building up their authors: "Certain of these stories, like 'Lost Hearts' and 'The Ash-Tree,' " says the foreword to the "Best Ghost Stories of M. R. James," ". . . should, we think, be skipped altogether by the squeamish and faint of heart;" a story by Robert Hichens is "unsurpassed for its subtle unfolding of a particularly loathsome horror;" and "Caterpillars," by E. F. Benson, is "brilliantly told, and without doubt . . . one of the most horrifying stories in this collection." Now, I find it very hard to imagine that any of these particular tales could scare anybody over ten. Two of them simply play on the gooseflesh that is stimulated in certain people by the idea of caterpillars and spiders, and demon caterpillars and demon spiders very easily seem absurd. Other stories much esteemed by these anthologists, such as the one mentioned

"Deserves to rank after OF HUMAN BONDAGE and THE MOON AND SIXPENCE as one of Maugham's three major novels"
—*Time Magazine*

THE Razor's



Edge

By W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

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"A brilliantly done, enormously readable study of a man whom war sent searching for something to tie to, and of a roaming-rich set of Americans who thought they knew but didn't."—JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON, *San Francisco Chronicle*

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DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

above, by Robert Hichens—"How Love Came to Professor Guildea"—or Helen R. Hull's "Clay-Shuttered Doors," have promising macabre ideas—a great scientist who has cut himself off from all human relationships but is driven to desperation by an invisible imbecile who loves him; the wife of an ambitious New Yorker, who regalvanizes her decaying body and goes on playing her social rôle several months after she has been killed in a motor accident—but they are trashily or weakly done and do not realize their full possibilities. In either case, the authors content themselves with suggesting unpleasant sensations. They fail to lay hold on the terrors that lie deep in the human soul and that cause man to fear himself.

These collections, of course, aim primarily at popular entertainment; they do not pretend to a literary standard. But I should like to suggest that an anthology of considerable interest and power could be compiled by assembling some horror stories by really first-rate modern writers, in which they have achieved their effects not merely by attempting to transpose into terms of contemporary life the old fairy tales of goblins and phantoms but by probing psychological caverns where the constraints of that life itself have engendered disquieting obsessions.

I should start off with Hawthorne and Poe, who are represented in these collections, but I should include, also, Melville and Gogol, who are not. The first really great short stories of horror came in the early or middle nineteenth century, when the school of Gothic romance had achieved some sophistication and was adopting the methods of realism. All four of these writers wrote stories that were at the same time tales of horror and psychological or moral fables. They were not interested in spooks for their own sake; they knew that their demons were symbols, and they knew what they were doing with these symbols. We read the tales of Poe in our childhood, when all that we are likely to get out of them is shudders, yet these stories are all poems that express the most intense emotions. "The Fall of the House of Usher" is not merely an ordinary ghost story: the house—see the opening paragraph—is an image for a human personality, and its fate—see the fissure that runs through the wall—is the fate of a disrupted mind. And as for Gogol, he probably remains the very greatest master in this genre. I should put in at least "Viy" and "The Nose"—the former, a vampire story, one of the most terrific things of its kind ever written, and the latter, though it purports to be comic, almost equally a tale of horror, for it is charged with the disguised, lurking meaning of a fear taking shape as a nightmare. And I should include, also, "Bartleby the Scrivener" of Melville, which oddly resembles Gogol in this vein of the sombre-grotesque, as well as "Benito Cereno," a more plausible yet still a nightmarish affair, which ought to be matched farther on by Conrad's "Heart of Darkness."

In the latter part of the century, however, the period to which Conrad belongs, these fables tend to become impure. There is so much more pressure on the artist to report the material and social facts of the nineteenth-century world, and it seems difficult to combine symbolism with inventory or the discussion of public questions. You have Stevenson, Kipling, Henry James. In Stevenson's case alone, this pressure did not inhibit his fancy, for he rarely wrote anything but fairy tales, but he has much less intensity and substance than Conrad or Kipling or James. Nevertheless, though I might do without Jekyll and Hyde, I think I should have to have "Olalla" and "Thrawn Janet" (it is queer that a writer so popular in his time should be represented in none of these collections). But with Kipling you run into the cramping effects of a technical and practical period. I should include a couple of stories of Kipling's—say, "At the End of the Passage" and "Mrs. Bathurst"—as examples of borderline cases of the genuinely imaginative story which is nevertheless not first-rate. In such an early tale of Kipling's as "At the End of the Passage" or "The Phantom 'Rickshaw," he is trying to write a mere vulgar ghost story, but something else that is authentic gets in. If we have carefully studied Kipling, we can recognize in the horrors of these stories—the blinded phantom, the wronged woman—obsessions that recur in his work and to which we can find the key in his life. But a story of this kind should convey its effect without our having to track down its symbols. We need nothing but the story itself to tell us that the author of "Viy" has put all the combined fascination and fear with which he was inspired by women into the vigil of the young student in the little wooden church beside the coffin of the farmer's daughter. When Kipling sets out later on to work up a more complex technique and attempts several layers of meaning, he gives us a piece like "Mrs. Bathurst"—the pursuit by a wronged woman again

"This book is a ring-tailed wonder... a Salt River Roarer, a Mississippi Screamer. In parts it's sweeter than wild strawberries in June, cool as spring water after mint. In other parts it's mean as a western bad-man full of red dog liquor and rattle-snake juice."

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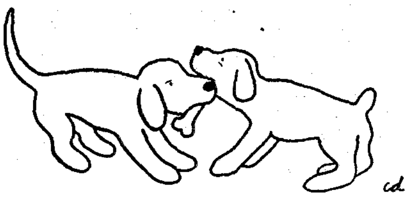
—in which, however, the main character's sense of guilt is tied up through the symbol of the woman with his duty to the British Empire in connection with the Boer War, and he introduces a political element which seems clumsy and out of place in a ghost story and somehow gives Mrs. Bathurst a slight tinge of the newspaper cartoon. Henry James, a more serious writer, produced a strange special case in "The Turn of the Screw." He asserted that he, too, had aimed merely at a conventional ghost story intended for a more knowing audience than that susceptible to the ordinary kind; but readers familiar with his work and conscious of his preoccupations have tended to see in the tale something more: the governess is not really, as she tells us, defending the children in her charge against the influence of malevolent spirits, she is frightening them herself with the projections of her own repressed emotions. There are, however, points in the story which are difficult to explain on this theory, and it is probable that James, like Kipling, was unconscious of having raised something more frightening than the ghosts he had contemplated. At any rate, I should put in "The Turn of the Screw" and also "The Jolly Corner," which seems to me James's other best ghost story. In this latter case, the author is of course quite conscious of what he is doing, but there is here, as in "Mrs. Bathurst," an element rather difficult to assimilate (though Henry James does make us accept it) in the issue between England and the United States, a social and historical question, which provides the moral of the fable.

During this period there were some very good ghost stories done by popular writers of distinction like Conan Doyle and W. W. Jacobs, but, capital fairy tales though "The Monkey's Paw" and the best of Doyle are, I should not admit them to my ideal collection. (The Random House anthology has reprinted two stories of Jacobs, but it seems queer that none of these volumes should have anything from "Round the Red Lamp.") Nor should I—on the basis of the specimens I have read—include anything from a different school which grew up in the late years of the century and which was stimulated perhaps by the encroachments of the spread of the



AN
Open Letter
from
Sherlock
Holmes

221B BAKER STREET
LONDON

I AM BAFFLED. I admit it. I cannot fathom the public's increasing tendency to inquire into my private affairs. My tastes and hobbies; the character of my friends, the personality of my dentist; even so exceedingly personal a matter as my addiction to drugs arouses this strange curiosity. My confrère, Dr. Watson, has also been subjected to constant queries about his medical practice and his amatory experiences. Mrs. Hudson, my housekeeper, has reached the end of her patience in turning away importunate visitors.

For this reason, thirty-three of my good friends—among them Elmer Davis, Christopher Morley, Rex Stout, Alexander Woollcott, Dorothy L. Sayers, Anthony Boucher, Vincent Starrett—have written a book that does, in effect, carry the reader behind the closed door of 221B Baker Street—which is evidently where most readers want to be. Edgar W. Smith has been good enough to edit the compilation, and Louis Untermeyer has graciously supplied an introduction.

I have permitted them to include a number of hitherto secret records, such as my case-annotated maps of England and The World, my genealogical chart and coat of arms, and a variety of portraits and sketches by Julian Brazelton and Frederic Dorr Steele.

This volume is now available. Do not, therefore, address any further inquiries to my attention. Instead, ask your bookseller to supply you with a copy of

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new methods of lighting on the old-fashioned kind of ghost. This school, which is represented abundantly in the Random House collection, derives, I take it, from Arthur Machen, and features, instead of resurrected bodies and insubstantial phantoms, a demonology of ancient cults driven underground by Christianity but persisting into our own day, and exploits the identification of the Devil with the pagan god Pan. Machen's story on this theme called "The Great God Pan" (in the Random House collection) seems to me to sum up in a fatal way everything that was most "ham" in the aesthetic satanism of the *fin de siècle*. M. R. James, a great favorite of these anthologists, played countless variations on this theme and had some really fiendish flashes of fancy, but he never took any trouble to make his stories seem even halfway plausible, so his hobgoblins are always verging on parody.

A better writer is Algernon Blackwood, who belongs to this same general group and has an even greater reputation than M. R. James. He, too, tends to lean on anti-human creatures that embody the forces of nature, but he is interesting for another reason: you can see in him very clearly the shift from a belief in evil spirits as things that come to plague us from outside to a consciousness of terrors inside us that merely take possession of our minds. But where Kipling or Henry James knew how to dramatize these terrors in solid images that command our credence, Blackwood, beginning as a rule with a locale which he has actually observed and which he more or less convincingly describes, invariably transposes the story, from the moment when the supernatural element appears, onto a plane of melting, gliding nightmare where nothing seems to be really taking place. Now, a story of this kind, to impress us, must *never* seem to be a dream. The tales of Poe, for all the wildness of their fantasy, are as circumstantial as Swift or Defoe; when Gogol retells a Ukrainian legend, he so stiffens its texture with authentic detail that we seem to hear the voices of the peasants and smell the countryside.

I should, therefore, decline to pass Algernon Blackwood, but I should certainly admit Walter de la Mare, who sometimes errs in the direction of the too dreamlike but makes up for it through poetic imagination. His story called "Seaton's Aunt" comes close to being a masterpiece in this genre, and I should also include "Out of the Deep," which is equally good in concep-

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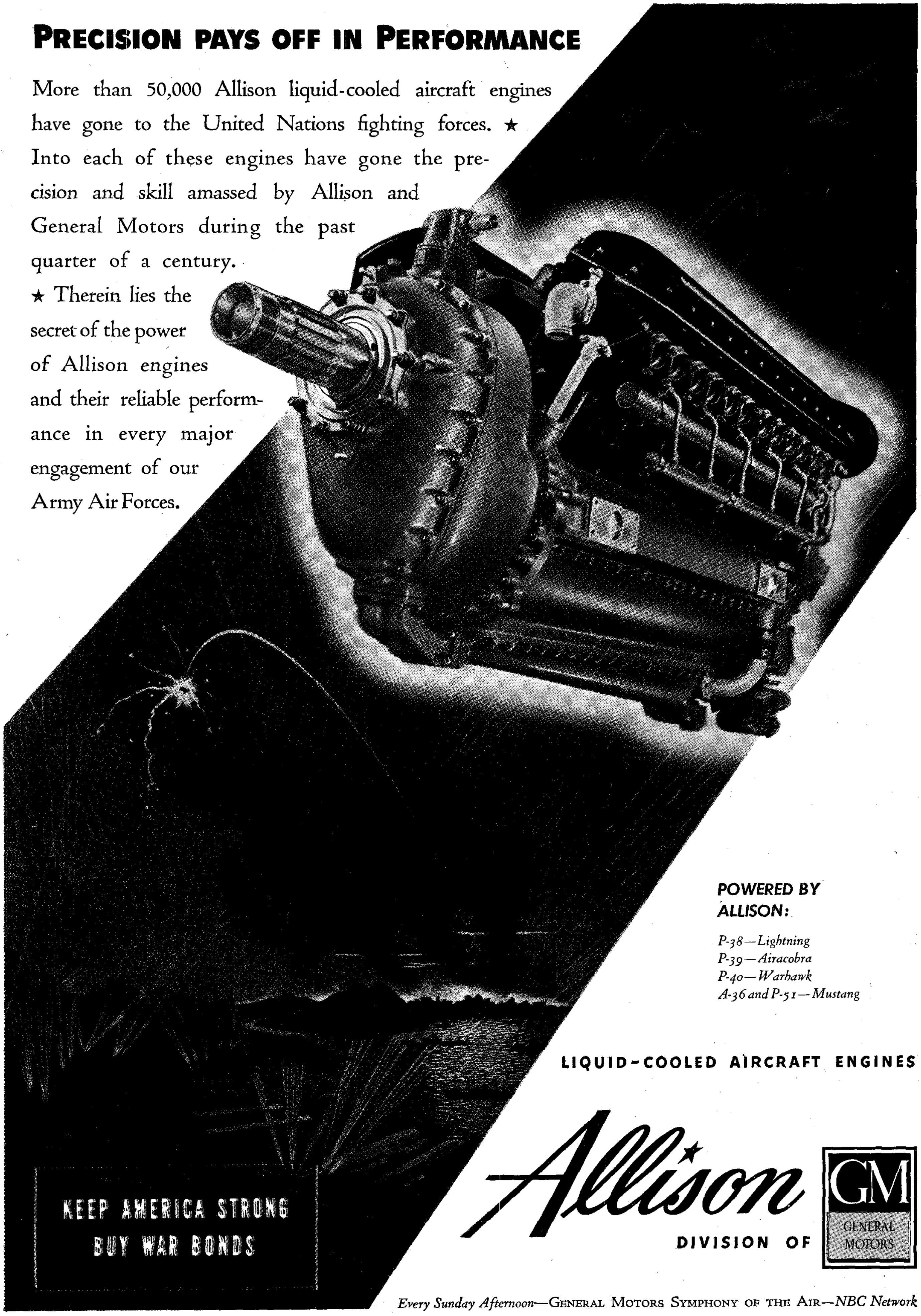

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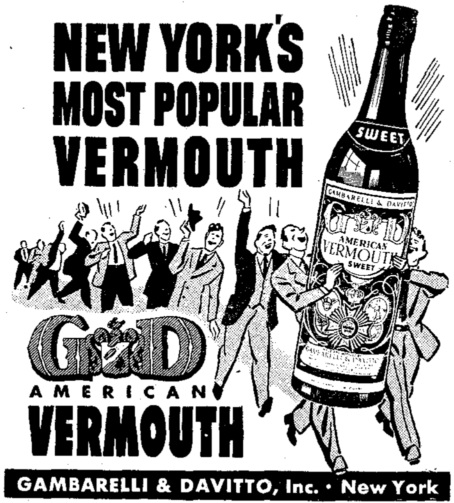

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a swing around the journalistic circle, takes a look at its more prominent members, and comes to the conclusion that things were better, much better, in the "good old days" of William Lloyd Garrison. The trouble, as he sees it, is that our dailies are nearly all controlled by persons of considerable wealth who care more about personal profit than about the public weal, and that newspaper publishing, by and large, has become a big business. Mr. Villard's material is of considerably greater interest than his thesis, which, while sound enough, is not precisely original or brand-new.

AMERICA, by Stephen Vincent Benét (Farrar & Rinehart). A pamphlet (it would be unfair to call it more than that) in which the author of "John Brown's Body" and "Western Star" attempts, with only moderate success, to tell the story, historical and spiritual, of the United States from Plymouth to Pearl Harbor. Mr. Benét was such a competent craftsman that it was almost impossible for him to turn out a less than competent job, but since more than competence is needed in the handling of such a theme as this, the book will probably be listed as one of his lesser works—which, in all likelihood, he understood it to be.

OKLAHOMA!, by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein, 2nd (Random House). The complete dialogue and all the words of all the songs in the celebrated musical play. A perfect supplement to your album of "Oklahoma!" records. Photographs.

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THE GROOM LAY DEAD, by George Harmon Coxe (Knopf). A trying time is had by all the weekend guests at an estate in the Finger Lakes region when the host is killed (shortly after his marriage) by an exploding wine bottle, a health cult that is practicing nearby breaks into peculiar antics, and Mickey Finns are passed out to practically everyone. A solution is worked out by an admirer of the bride, a Marine officer with psychoneurotic troubles. You may find yourself with a psychosis or two if you read this late at night.

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(Little, Brown). Readers of the Bounty trilogy, who of course expect excitement from Mr. Hall, will be terribly let down by this quiet chronicle of the conversion of a Polynesian island into a base for American bombers. This tiny pinpoint of land, untouched by war, is a paradise when our engineers reach it—honest natives with a passionate love for their island, cultivated gardens, a venerated mission church, and a happy, innocent life. The Americans proceed to do all the things the natives have been told to expect from the Japanese. The inhabitants are evacuated, everything on the island is destroyed to make room for runways and gun emplacements, and the soldiers get virtuous native girls on a neighboring island into what is known as trouble. It is not easy to discover the moral Mr. Hall wishes to point; one feels very sorry for the islanders but, for that matter, one feels very sorry for the soldiers, too.

GENERAL

Call it North Country, by John Bartlow Martin (Knopf). A pleasant, unpretentious book about the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, the narrow strip of land that juts eastward between Lake Michigan and Lake Superior. The author has made full use of the section's folklore without ever becoming folklorish about it, which earns him a badge of merit, and anyone who liked the series of regional guides put out by the W.P.A. Writers' Project ought to like this book. It's unfortunate, though, that Mr. Martin decided that rough-and-tumble situations, of which the early history of upper Michigan was full, call for rough-and-tumble prose. His best chapters by far are his quieter ones. Illustrated.

Our Civil Liberties, by Osmond K. Fraenkel (Viking). A lawyer's book for non-lawyers, about the Bill of Rights and the sections of the Constitution that touch upon it. Mr. Fraenkel isn't altogether successful in making some of the legal matters he covers clear, but his book nonetheless should be of great value to all those who would like to have a better understanding of the political cornerstone upon which our democracy rests.

The Disappearing Daily, by Oswald Garrison Villard (Knopf). A lament, loud and long, over the decline of the daily newspaper in the United States. Mr. Villard goes for

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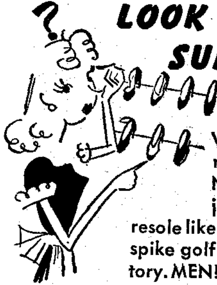

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miration for them in *our* time, represent a retrogression or a progress in the development of modern literature in general, I shall not attempt to say.

—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

RETURN OF THE TRAVELLER, by Rex Warner (Lippincott). An English novel dealing imaginatively with a theme which has usually proved singularly unmanageable: the problem of the significance, if any, of death on the field of battle. The spirit of a soldier killed in the war returns to earth to put the question that is tormenting him ("Why was I killed?") to half a dozen individuals—a gentleman, a defense worker, a priest, a man who has fought in Spain, a woman who has lost her son, a refugee from a foreign tyranny—all of whom have suffered greatly because of the war. This novel is a subtle philosophical inquiry into the nature of sacrifice and, although none of the characters offers an answer commensurable with the urgency of the dead soldier's question, his final conclusion is, on the whole, a satisfying one. Mr. Warner writes with style that is rare in our generation.

THE DARK GLASS, by Joan Charles (Harper). A serious first novel about a young woman who is a patient first at a private sanitarium for mental cases and then at a state hospital for the insane. The flashbacks to the heroine's early life and unsatisfactory marriage are sensitively and delicately done, although, viewed as attempts to trace an increasing instability, they might not be approved by a psychiatrist. For that matter, it's hard to believe that anybody gets popped into an asylum for such very mild neuroses as the author describes. Still, this book gives you an uneasy feeling that it *could* happen.

THE CABIN, by Marquis W. Childs (Harper). An unpretentious story about a likable thirteen-year-old boy who spends the summer on a small, rough farm in the Middle West. There is a selfish, nagging grandmother, an honest, unheroic grandfather, and an aunt whom the boy loves. He works hard, shoulders responsibilities, is present at his aunt's deathbed, and at the end of the summer realizes that he has unaccountably left childhood behind. Clearly and pleasantly written.

LOST ISLAND, by James Norman Hall

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tion though not quite so good in execution. (The first of these has been included in "The Pocket Book of Mystery Stories" and the second in the Random House anthology; they are otherwise rather hard to get hold of.) De la Mare, a great admirer of Poe, has done work that is quite his own in this field of supernatural fiction; it is in my opinion superior to his verse. His stories at their best are poetic, profound, and creepy to a high degree.

And, finally, I should include Franz Kafka, also absent from any of these collections. Stories like "The Metamorphosis" and "Blumfeld, an Elderly Bachelor" are among the best things of their kind. The first of these unpleasant pieces deals with a young travelling salesman who suddenly wakes up one morning to find that he is an enormous cockroach, to the great horror of his parents, with whom he lives and who have been counting on him to pay off their debts; the second tells of an office worker, a selfish and bureaucratic upper clerk, who is haunted by two little bouncing balls that represent his niggardly consciousness of two children that help him in his office. The stories that Kafka has written on these two unconventional subjects are at the same time satires on the bourgeoisie and visions of moral horror; narratives that are logical and compel our attention and fantasies that generate more shudders than the whole of Algernon Blackwood and M. R. James combined. A master can make it seem more horrible to be pursued by two little balls than by the spirit of a malignant Knight Templar, and more natural to turn into a cockroach than to be bitten by a diabolic spider. Kafka, who was writing these stories at the time of the last World War, had brought back the tale of terror to the true vein of Gogol and Poe. In his realm of imagination no social or political problems intrude in such a way as to spoil the show. The modern bourgeoisie and the Central European bureaucracy have turned into the enchanted denizens of a world in which, prosaic though it is, we can find no firm foothold in reality and where we can never even be certain whether souls are being saved or damned. As an artist in this field of horror, Kafka is among the greatest. Living in the era of Freud, he went straight for the morbidities of the "psyche" with none of the old puppetry of spectres and devils that earlier writers still carried with them. Whether his making out of these subjects at that time of day the Hoffmannesque fantasies that he did make, and whether the rapt ad-

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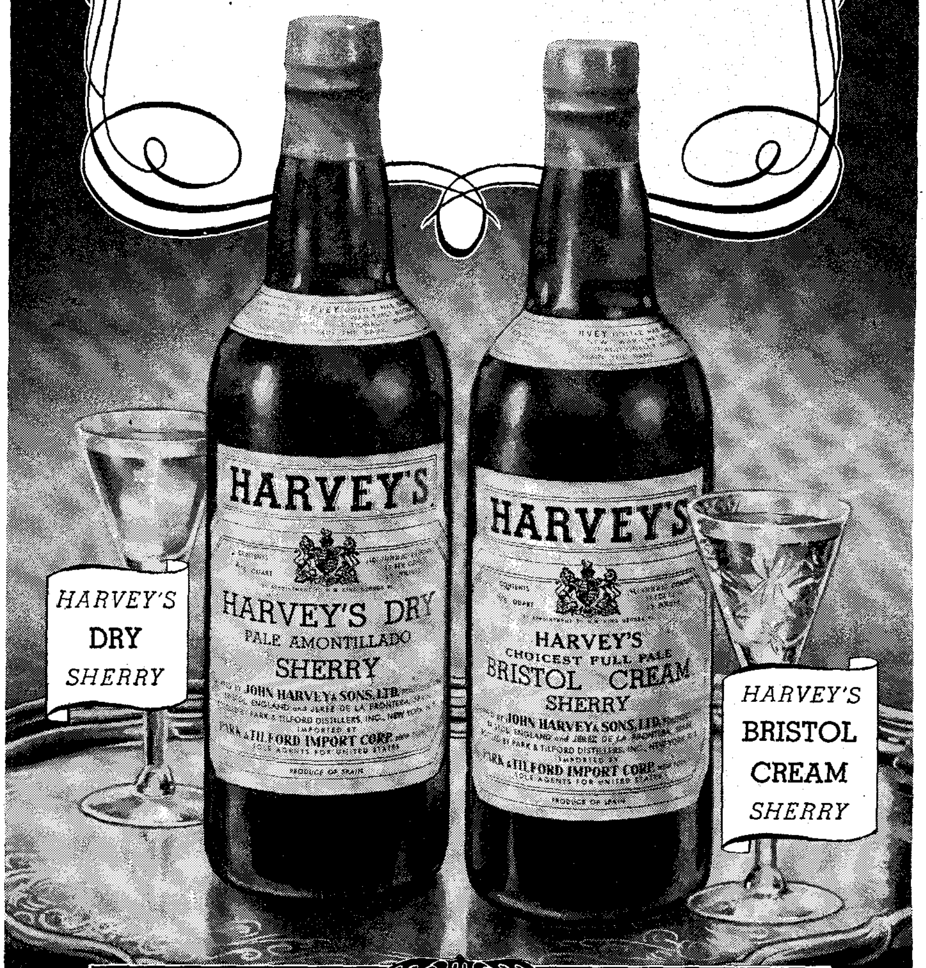

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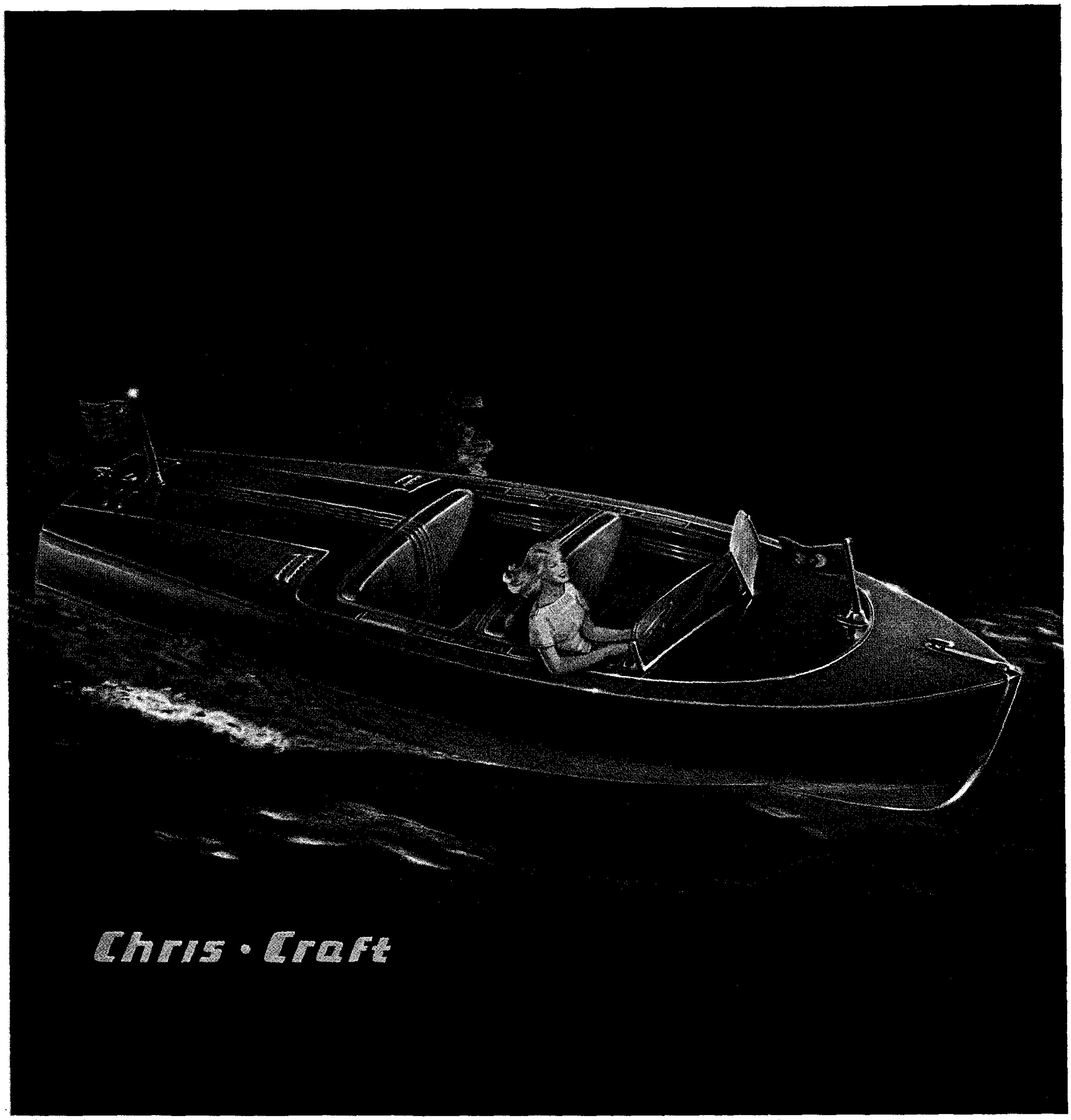

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